

20
Mus. Pr.

532

A SELECTION
OF
IRISH MELODIES,

WITH
Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY
Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND
CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY
Thomas Stoor Esq.

No. 1.



PRICE 15s.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 34, STRAND.

Mus. pract.

532

Stevenson

Tom I







J. POWER takes the Liberty of announcing to the Public a WORK which has long been a *Desideratum* in this Country. Though the Beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the Want of appropriate English Words, and of the Arrangement necessary to adapt them to the Voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in Obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with Characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, Allusions to the Manners and History of the Country. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the Arrangement of the Airs; and the Lovers of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful Hands, the native Charms of the original Melody will not be sacrificed to the Ostentation of Science.

In the Poetical Part, POWER has had Promises of Assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. MOORE, whose Lyrical Talent is so peculiarly suited to such a Task, and whose Zeal in the Undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to SIR JOHN STEVENSON on the Subject:—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this Kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only Talent for which our English Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected; and, while the Composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the Honesty of Acknowledgment, we have left these Treasures in a great Degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our Countrymen, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the Service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.—The Task which you propose to me, of adapting Words to these Airs, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various Sentiments which they express must feel and understand that rapid Fluctuation of Spirits, that unaccountable Mixture of Gloom and Levity, which compose the Character of my Countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest Strains we find some melancholy Note intrude, some minor Third or flat Seventh, which throws its Shade as it passes, and makes even Mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our Claims upon OSSIAN for him,) his heart would have been proud of such Music, and his Genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another Difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular Structure of many of those Airs, and the lawless Kind of Metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these Instances the Poet must write, not to the Eye, but to the Ear; and must be content to have his Verses of that Description which CICERO mentions, ‘ *Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful Air, ‘ The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic Character of the Swiss *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little Talent which I can bring to surmount them, the Design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much Pleasure in giving it all the Assistance in my Power.

“ *Leicestershire, Feb. 1807.*”

The Work will be continued in Numbers, containing each Twelve Melodies, several of them arranged for One, Two, or Three Voices.

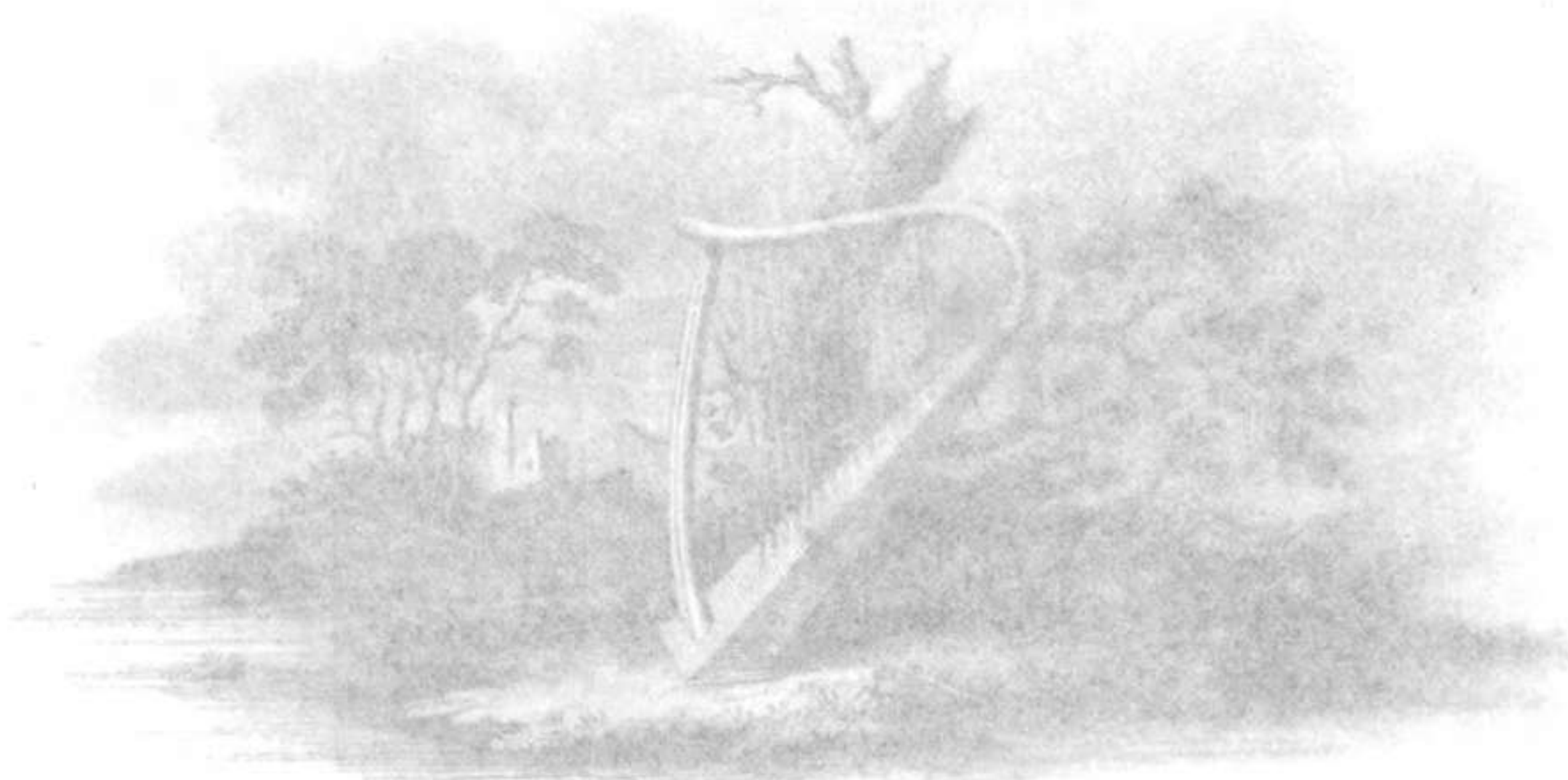
* * POWER will be much obliged by the Communication of any Original Melodies which the Lovers of Irish Music may have the Kindness to contribute to this Work.

a The Writer forgot, when he made this Assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic Genius of Miss OWANSON has been employed upon some of our finest Airs.

Irish Melodies

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON



(First Number)

London

1807

Printed & Sold at J. Powers's Music & Instrument Warehouse & by Strand

Sold at Stationers Hall



A Selection of
Irish Melodies.

with Symphonies and Accompaniments by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic words by

Thomas Moore Esq.



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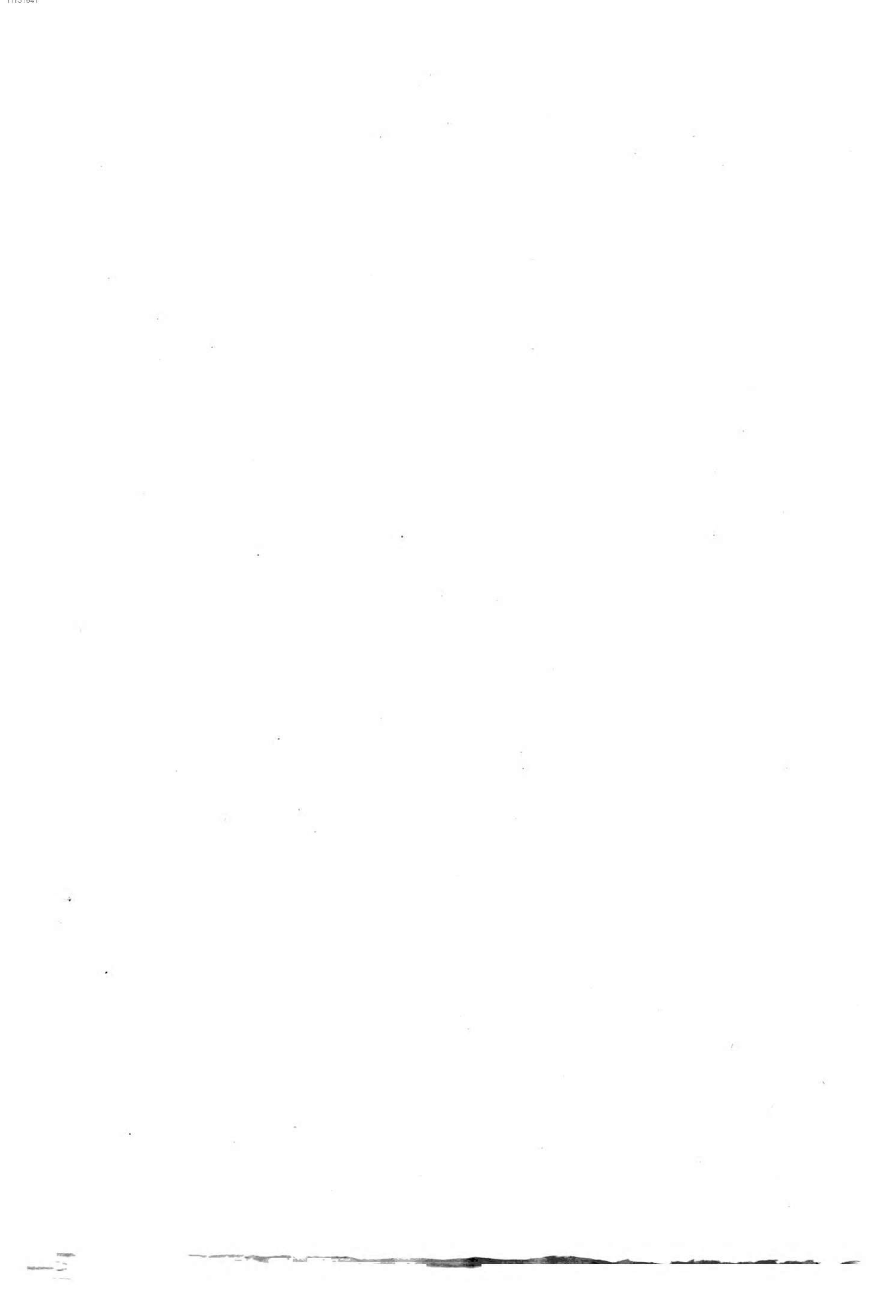
R. 1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1.
1. 1. 1. 1.

To the
Nobility and Gentry
of
Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By
The Publisher.



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Introductory piece for two Performers on one Piano Forte.

Carolans Concerto.

First Performer
Bold
Second Performer

ff *pp* *ff*

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

8^{va}

pp *f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

f *ff*

loco

f *ff*

Gres

p *Gres* *ff* *pp*

8va

Air The Pleasant Rocks.

First Performer
Slow

Second Performer

8va
lentando.

lentando.

Cres *hr* *f* *p* *ffp*

hr *hr* *f* *p* *ff*

hr *lentando*

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

50

Air. *Plenty Drury.*

Carolus.

First Performer

Lively

Second Performer

Air The Beardless Boy.

First Performer
Minor
Second Performer

The musical score is written in a minor key with a 6/8 time signature. It features two melodic lines for the 'First Performer' and 'Second Performer', and a keyboard accompaniment. The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows the two melodic lines with dynamics *p* and *f*. The second system shows the keyboard accompaniment with dynamics *p*, *f*, *pp*, and *ff*. The third system shows the keyboard accompaniment with dynamics *f* and *ff*, and includes an *8va* marking. The fourth system shows the two melodic lines with dynamics *p*, *f*, and *ff*. The fifth system shows the keyboard accompaniment. The score concludes with a double bar line.

loco

p *f*

p

p

8va

p

ff

ff

FINE

7

Go where Glory waits thee.

for one or two Voices.

Tenderly

espress^o lento.

Go where glo-ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember

Go where glo-ry waits thee; But, while fame elates thee, Oh! still remember

espres^o lento.

me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then remember

me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest Oh! then remember

Sym

8

me. O-ther arms may press thee, Dear-er friends ca-ress thee,

me. *a tempo* O-ther arms may press thee, Dear-er friends ca-ress thee,

f *p*

11 12 13

All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,

All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,

14 *lento* 15 16

And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then re-member me.

And when joys are dear-est, Oh! then re-member me.

17 18 19 20

2^d VERSE.

espress lentando.

21 22 23

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

When, at eve, thou rov_est By the star thou lov_est, Oh! then remember

24 25 26

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

me. Think, when home re_turning, Bright we've seen it burning,

Sym

espress lentando

27 28 29

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

Oh! thus re_member me. Oft, as sum_mer clos_es,

atempo

f *p*

30 31 32

When thine eye re-poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,
When thine eye re-poses On its ling'ring roses, Once so lov'd by thee,

33 34 35 *lento*

Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember
Think of her who wove them, Her who made thee love them; Oh! then remember

36 37 38 39 40

me.
me.

 AIR—*Maid of the Valley.*

I.

Go where glory waits thee ;
 But, while Fame elates thee,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be ;
 But when friends are nearest,
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh ! then remember me.

II.

When, at eve, thou rovest
 By the star thou lovest,
 Oh ! then remember me.
 Think, when home returning,
 Bright we've seen it burning,—
 Oh ! thus remember me.
 Oft, as summer closes,
 When thine eye reposes
 On its ling'ring roses,
 Once so lov'd by thee,
 Think of her who wove them,
 Her who made thee love them ;
 Oh ! then remember me.

III.

When, around thee, dying,
 Autumn-leaves are lying,
 Oh ! then remember me :
 And, at night, when gazing
 On the gay hearth blazing,
 Oh ! still remember me.
 Then should Music, stealing
 All the soul of Feeling,
 To thy heart appealing,
 Draw one tear from thee ;
 Then let Mem'ry bring thee
 Strains I us'd to sing thee ;
 Oh ! then remember me.

 REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AIR—*Molly Macapin.*

I.

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the Brave^a,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er ;
 Tho', lost to Mononia^b, and cold in the grave,
 He returns to Kinkora^c no more!
 That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword
 To light us to victory yet.

II.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of Slavery there ?
 No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains !

III.

Forget not our wounded companions^d, who stood
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died !
 The Sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain :—
 Oh ! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain !

^a Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the Battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th Century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

^b Munster.

^c The Palace of Brien.

^d This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the Battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—“*Let stakes*” (they said) “*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*”—“Between seven and eight hundred wounded men,” (adds O'Halloran,) “pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited.”—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book XII. Chap. I.

WAR SONG

Remember the Glories of Brien the brave.

Bold *p* *stac:*

ff *p* *espress:*

espress:

Remember the glories of BRIEN the brave, Tho' the days of the hero are

p

o'er. Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave. He returns to Kin-kora no more! That

espress.

star of the field, which so often has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is set; But e-

lento. *pa tempo.* *stac:*

nough of its glory remains on each sword To light us to vic-tory yet!

Gres *f* *p* *3.* *Gres*

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes.

Allegro

Cres *p* *pp* *Cres*

E-RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain-bow that

f *p*

hangs in the skies; Shin-ing thro' sor-row's stream, Sadd'ning thro'

Cres *f* *pp*

pleasure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt-ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes, ¹⁵
Harmonized for four Voices.

Slow

1st Treble
2nd Treble
Tenor & Notes lower
Bass

Piano Forte Accompt.

Dim p
Cres
f
p

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes

E - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes *p*

E - - - RIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend-

pp ⁵ *Cres* ⁶ ⁷ ⁸

Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in thy skies;

Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in thy skies;

Blend like the rain - bow that hangs in thy skies;

--- like the rain - bow that hangs in thy skies;

16

Shin - ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n - ing thro' pleasure's beam,
Shin - ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n - ing thro' pleasure's beam,
Shin - ing thro' sor row's stream, Sadd'n - ing thro' pleasure's beam,
Shin - ing thro' sorrow's stream, Sadd'n - ing thro' pleasure's beam,

crest.

Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!
with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!
with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!
Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!

50

23 *2^d VERSE.* *cresc.* *p.* 26 17

E--RIN! thy si--lent tear ne--ver shall cease,
 E--RIN! thy si--lent tear ne--ver shall cease,
 E--RIN! thy si--lent tear ne--ver shall cease,
 E--RIN! thy si--lent tear ne--ver shall cease, E--

pp 27 *28 Cres* 29 30

E--RIN! thy lan--guid smile ne'er shall in--crease,
 E--RIN! thy lan--guid smile ne'er shall in--crease,
 E--RIN! thy lan--guid smile ne'er shall in--crease,
 ---RIN! thy lan--guid smile ne'er shall in--crease,

31 *f* 32 *p.3* 34

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious tints u - nite,

35 *Cres* 36 37 *pp* 38

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!

39 40 41 42 43 44

58

AIR—*Aileen Aroon.*

I.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
Shining thro' sorrow's stream,
Sadd'ning thro' pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

II.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace!

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—The Brown Maid.

I.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

II.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Oh! breathe not his name,

21

for one or two Voices.

Sensibly



pp *f* *p*

espress

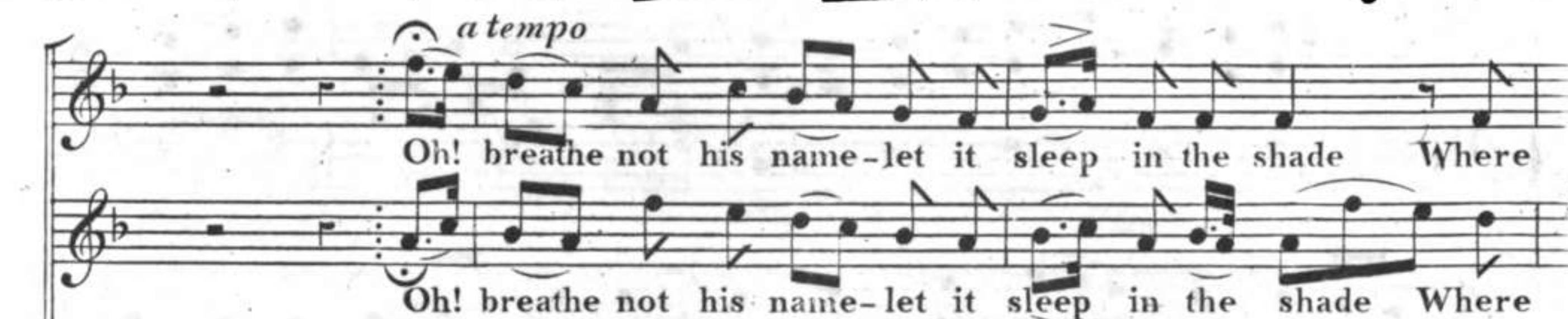


Cres *f* *Dim*

a tempo

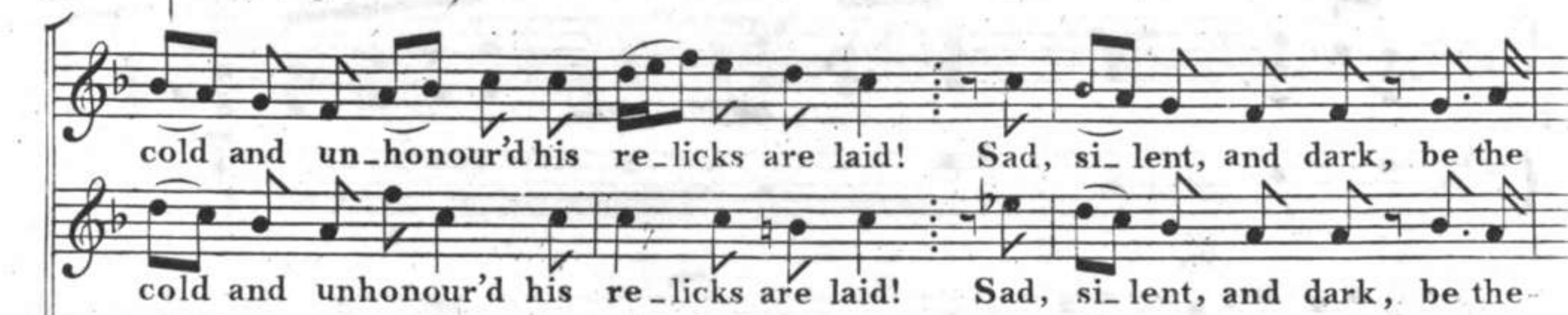
Oh! breathe not his name-let it sleep in the shade Where

Oh! breathe not his name-let it sleep in the shade Where



cold and un_honour'd his re_licks are laid! Sad, si_lent, and dark, be the

cold and unhonour'd his re_licks are laid! Sad, si_lent, and dark, be the



tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!



2^d VERSE.

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in si_lence it weeps, Shall brighten with

ver_dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

verdure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

secret it rolls, Shall long keep his me_mory green in our souls.

Then he who adores thee!

Slow and with feeling

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with dynamic markings *f* and *p* alternating. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has dynamic markings *ff* and *p*. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "When he who a_dores thee has left but the name Of his". The piano part has a dynamic marking *p* and the instruction *pespress*.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fault and his sorrow be_hind, Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they". The piano part has a dynamic marking *h*.

dark_en the fame Of a life that for thee was re_sign'd? Yes,

espress weep! and, howe_ver my foes may condemn, Thy tears shall efface their de_

for

cree; For Heav'n can wit_ness, tho' guil_ty to them, I have

been but too faith_ful to thee!

Cres

p

AIR—*The Fox's Sleep.*

I.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep! and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, tho' guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

II.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

AIR—*Gramachree.*

I.

THE harp that once, thro' Tara's halls,
The soul of Music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled :—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more !

II.

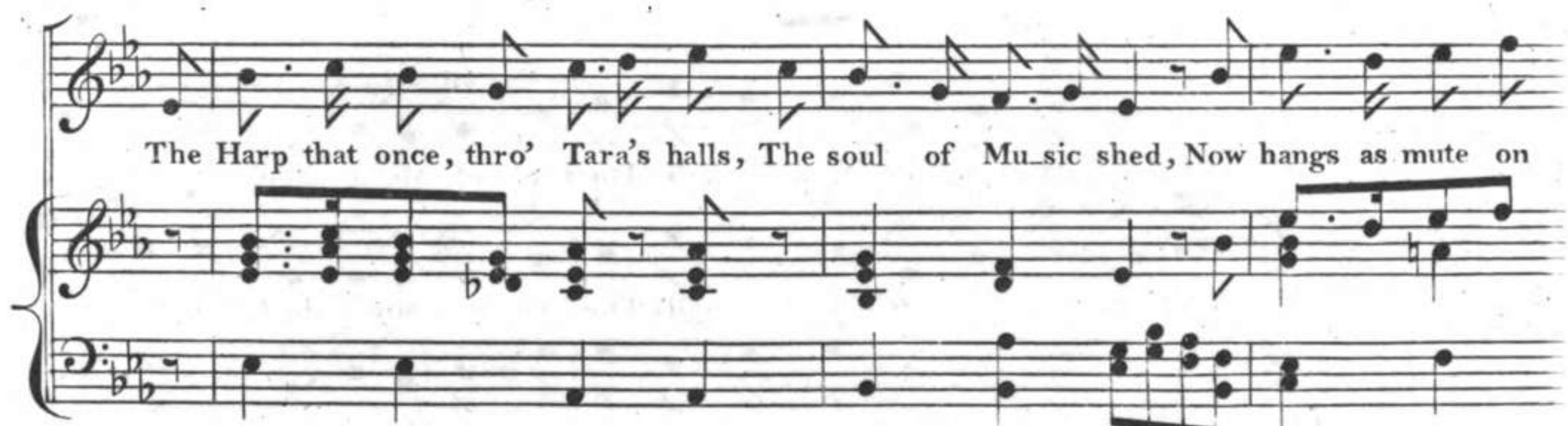
No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells :—
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives !

The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.²⁷

Slow



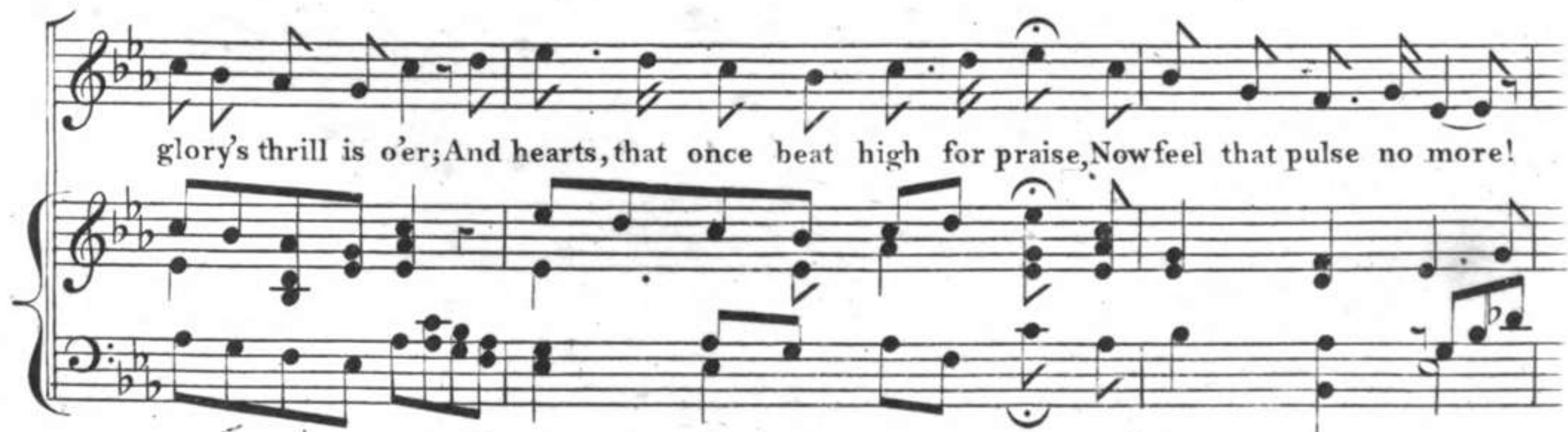
The Harp that once, thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs as mute on



Tara's walls As if that soul were fled:— So sleeps the pride of former days, So



glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!



The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls.

Harmonized for four Voices.

Now

1st Treble

The Harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now

2nd Treble

The Harp that once, thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

*Tenore
& Notes lower*

The Harp that once, The soul of Music shed, Now

Bass

The Harp thro' Ta - ra's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs on

*Piano
Forte
Accomp!*

hangs as mute on Tara's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

Ta - - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps the pride of former days, So

hangs on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So - - - sleeps the pride So

Ta - - ra's walls As if that soul were fled: So sleeps so sleeps the pride So

glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now
 glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now
 glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now
 glo-ry's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now

feel that pulse no more!
 feel that pulse no more!
 feel that pulse no more!
 feel that pulse no more!

2^d VERSE.
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The
 No more to chiefs and ladies bright The Harp of Tara swells; The chord, a-
 No more to chiefs The Harp of Tara swells; The
 No more to chiefs The Harp the Harp of Ta-ra swells; The chord, a-

Cres *f*

chord, a lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

lone. that breaks at night, Its ru - - in tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

chord, that breaks at night, Its tale of ruin tells: Thus - - - Freedom now The

lone that breaks Its tale of ruin tells: Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes, The

f *p*

only thro' she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only thro' she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only thro' she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

only thro' she gives Is when some heart indignant breaks, To show that still she lives!

Fly not yet!

Lively

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the midnight flow'r, That

The first line of lyrics is accompanied by musical notation on two staves. The melody continues with eighth notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

scorns the eye of vulgar light, Be-gins to bloom for sons of night, And

The second line of lyrics is accompanied by musical notation on two staves. The melody continues with eighth notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

The third line of lyrics is accompanied by musical notation on two staves. The melody continues with eighth notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

beauty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at-tractions glowing

The fourth line of lyrics is accompanied by musical notation on two staves. The melody continues with eighth notes, and the piano accompaniment remains consistent.

Set the tides and gob_lets flow_ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so seldom

weaves a chain Like this to night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so

soon. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel_dom weaves a chain Like

this to night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

lento

Fly not yet

Harmonized for two Voices.

Lively

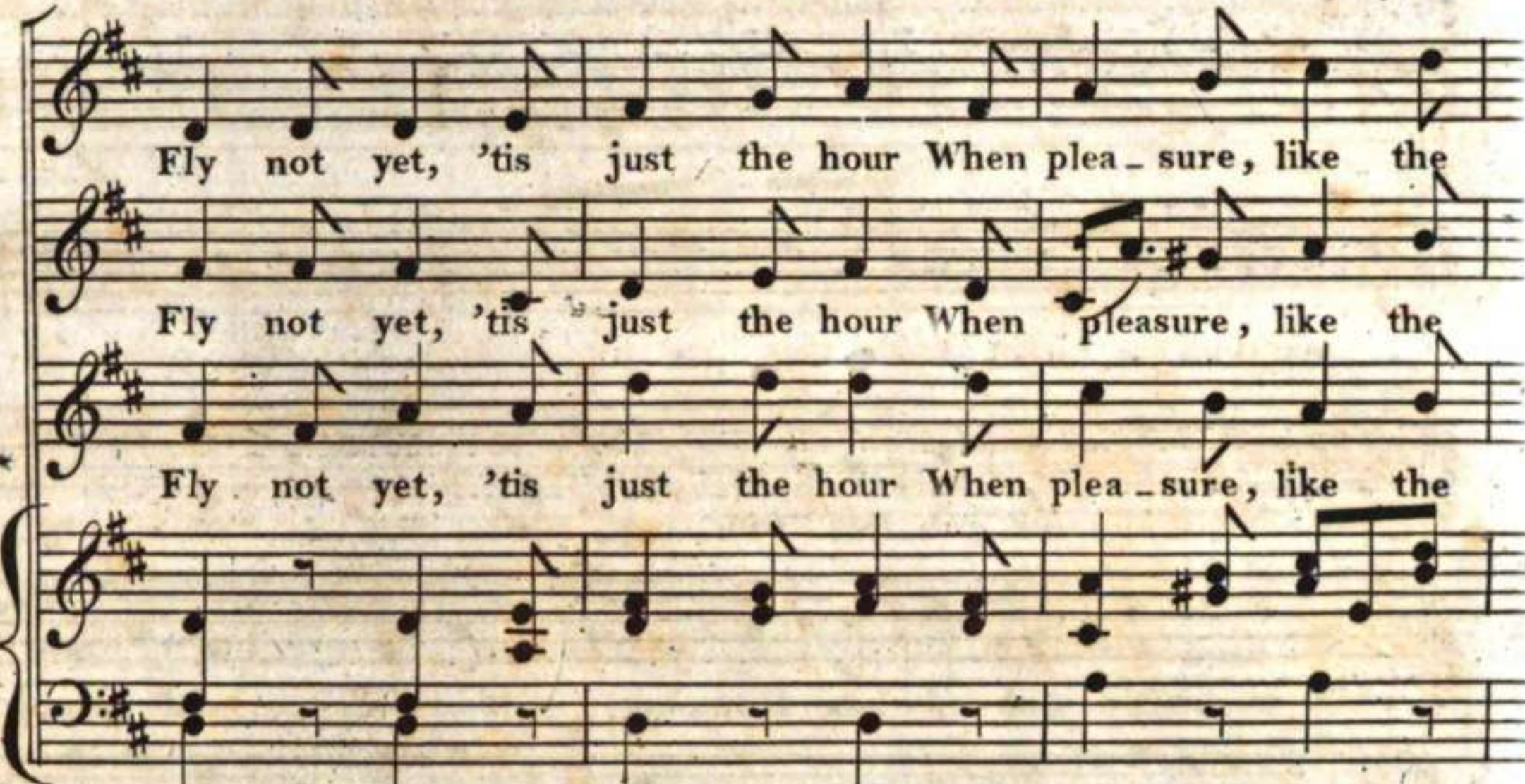


*Soprano
First Voice*

*Soprano
Second Voice*

*Tenor
Second Voice**

*Piano Forte
Accomp!*



Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the



midnight flow'r, That scorns the eye of vulgar light, Begins to bloom for



sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That

* This part to be used if sung by a Male Voice.

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - tractions glow - - ing

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - tractions glow - - ing

beau - ty and the moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - tractions glow - - ing

Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay, — oh! stay, — Joy so seldom

Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay, — oh! stay, — Joy so seldom

Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay, — oh! stay, — Joy so seldom

weaves a chain Like this to - night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

weaves a chain Like this to - night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon. Repeat the Chorus

weaves a chain Like this to - night, that, oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.

a tempo

Gres

2^d VERSE.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd In times of old thro' Ammon's shade, Tho'

i -- cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i -- cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

i -- cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, began To

burn when night was near; And thus should wo-man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo-man's heart and looks At

burn when night was near; And thus should wo-man's heart and looks At

noon be cold as win-ter-brooks, Nor kin-dle till the night, return-ing,
 noon be cold as win-ter-brooks, Nor kin-dle till the night, return-ing,
 noon be cold as win-ter-brooks, Nor kin-dle till the night, re-turn-ing,

Brings their ge-nial hour for burn-ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning
 Brings their ge-nial hour for burn-ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning
 Brings their ge-nial hour for burn-ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morning

e-ver break, And find such beaming eyes a-wake As those that sparkle here!
 e-ver break, And find such beaming eyes a-wake As those that sparkle here! Repeat the Chorus
 e-ver break, And find such beaming eyes a-wake As those that sparkle here!

Cres

AIR—*Planxty Kelly.*

I

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower,
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon!
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing!
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

II.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd,
 In times of old, thro' Ammon's shade*,
 Tho' icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near;
 And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter-brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here!

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

AIR—*John O'Reilly the Active.*

I.

OH: think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow:—
No, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns!
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile;
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind!
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart, that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine—
That the sunshine of Love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of Friendship console our decline!

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light!

Playful

Oh! think not my spirits are al_ways as light, And as

free from a pang, as they seem to you now; Nor ex-

pect that the heart-beam-ing smile of to night Will re - turn with to -

morrow to brighten my brow:— No, life is a wase of

weari-some hours, Which sel - dom the rose of en - joyment a -

dorns; And the heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs Is

always the first to be touch'd by the thorns! But send round the

bowl, and be happy a--while; May we never meet worse in our

pil - grimage here Than the tear that en-joy-ment can gild with a

smile, And the smile that compas-sion can turn to a tear!

lento *espress* *a tempo*

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin!

Slow

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand. The vocal line includes lyrics and is marked with dynamics such as *f*, *Gras*, and *Dim*. The score is divided into several systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Tho' the last glimpse of ERIN with sorrow I see, Yet wher-e - - ver thou art shall seem E-RIN to me; In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wher-e - - ver we roam." The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

Tho' the last glimpse of

ERIN with sorrow I see, Yet wher-e - - ver thou art shall seem E-RIN to me;

In exile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my climate wher-

e - - ver we roam.

Dim

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin!

43

Harmonized for four Voices.

Alto

Gras

1st Treble

2nd Treble

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Bass

Piano Forte
Accomp!

Tho' the last glimpse of E-RIN with sor-row I

see, Yet wher-e-ver thou art shall seem E-RIN to me;

see, Yet wher-e-ver thou art shall seem E-RIN to me;

see, Yet wher-e-ver thou art shall seem E-RIN to me;

see, Yet wher-e-ver thou art shall seem E-RIN to me;

1-1 *p* *9 Crescda* *10 a* *10 b* *11* *p*

In ex__ile thy bo_som shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

In ex__ile thy bosom shall still be my home, And thine

12 *3* *13* *14* *15*

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e__ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e__ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e__ver we roam.

eyes make my cli__mate wher__e__ver we roam.

16 *17* *18* *19* *20*

Cres

21 *22* *23* *24* *25* *26* *lentando*

Cres *Cres* *Dim*

2^d VERSE.

27 28 29

To the gloom of the de- - sert, or cold rock - - y

To the gloom of the de- - sert, or cold rock - - y

To the gloom of the de- - sert, or cold rock - - y

To the gloom of the de- - sert, or cold rock - - y

pia

30 31 32 33 h. 34

shore Where the eye of the stran-ger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,

shore Where the eye of the stran- - ger can haunt us no more,

46

h. ³⁵ *Gres* *h.* ³⁶ *f* ³⁷ *p* ³⁸

I will fly with my Cou - lin, and think the rough wind Less

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less

I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind Less

³⁹ ⁴⁰ ⁴¹ *h.* ⁴²

rude - - - than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

rude - - - than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

rude than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

rude than the foes we leave frown - - ing be - - hind:-

Gres

Gres *Gres* *Dim* *lento*

AIR—*Coulin*.

I.

THO' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me ;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam

II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind :—

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes ;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair*.

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulines*, (long locks,) on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a Song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish Virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this Song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF IRISH BARDS, page 134.—Mr. WALKER informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

AIR—*The Summer is coming.*

I.

RICH and rare were the gems she wore*,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
 But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

II.

“ Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
 “ So lone and lovely, thro’ this bleak way?
 “ Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
 “ As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

III.

“ Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm;
 “ No son of Erin will offer me harm:
 “ For, tho’ they love woman and golden store,
 “ Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!”

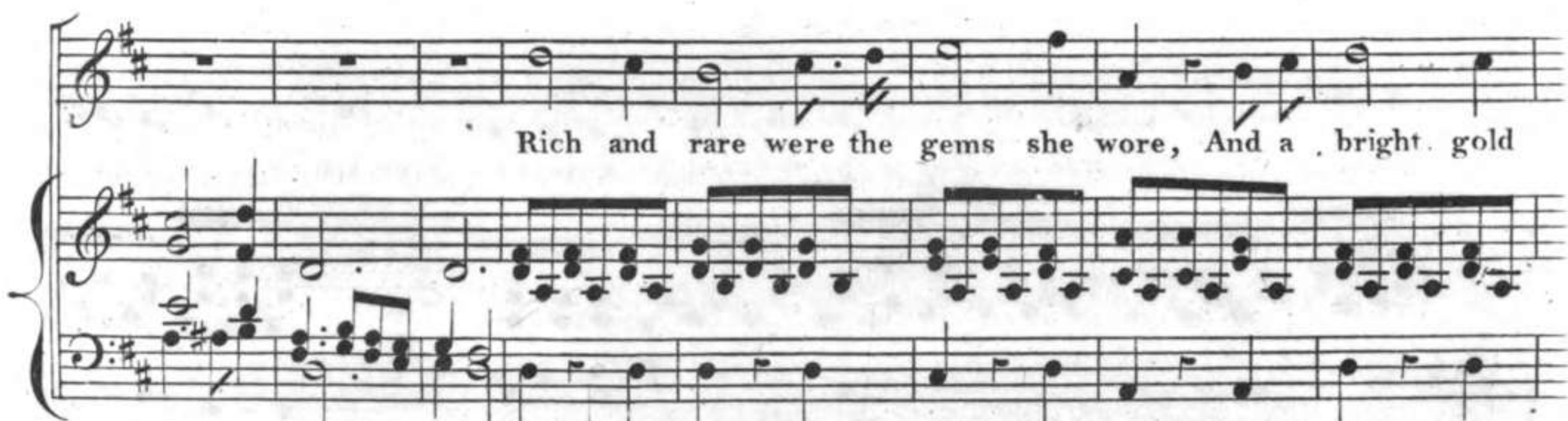
IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
 And bless’d for ever is she who relied
 Upon Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride!

* This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—“The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of BRIEN, and by his excellent Administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young Lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the Kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the Laws and Government of this Monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels.”—WARNER’S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 10.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore. 49

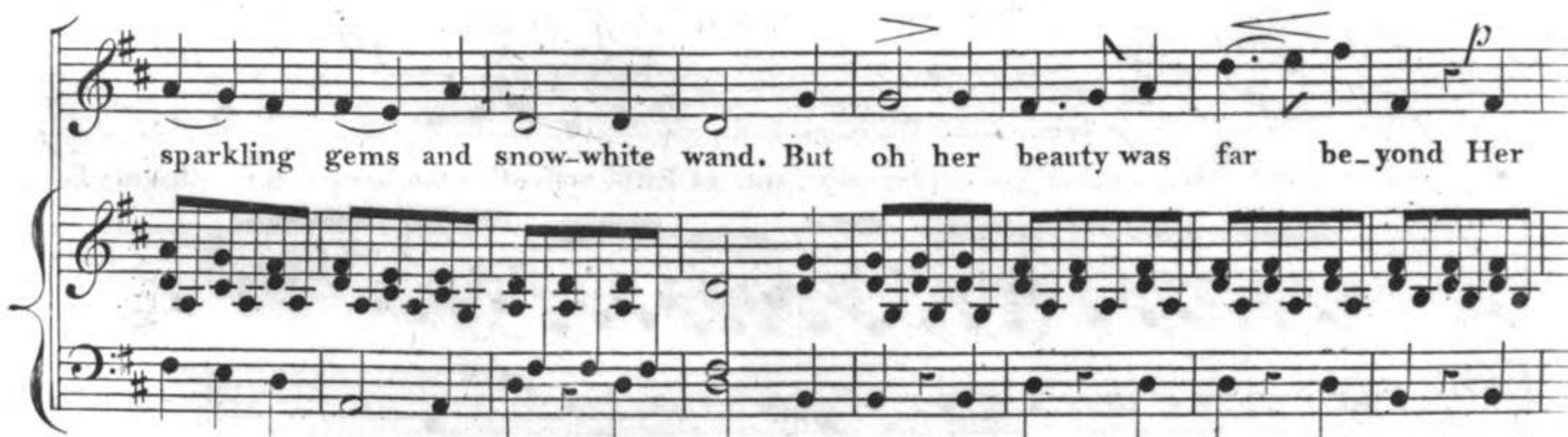
Moderate Time



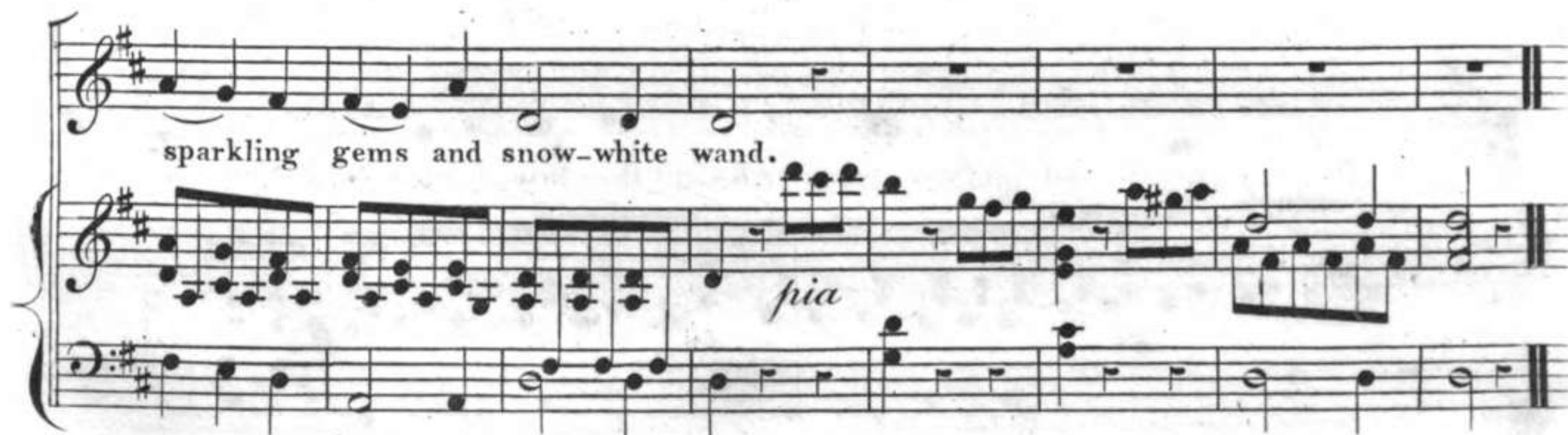
Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a bright gold



ring on her wand she bore; *1st* bore; *2^d* But, oh! her beauty was far beyond Her



sparkling gems and snow-white wand. But oh her beauty was far beyond Her



sparkling gems and snow-white wand. *pia*

2^d VERSE.

“La_dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and lovely, thro’ this bleak way? way? Are ERIN’S

sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN’S sons so

good or so cold As not to be tempted by woman or gold?”

3^d VERSE.

“Sir Knight! I feel not the least a_larm; No son of ERIN will offer me harm; Sir harm; For,

tho’ they love woman and golden store, Sir Knight they love honour and vir_tue more!” For

tho they love woman and gold-en store, Sir Knight! they love honour and vir-tue

4th VERSE.

more! On she went, and her maid-en smile In

safety light-ed her round the Green Isle; 1st 2^d Isle; And blest for e-ver was she who re-

lied Upon E-RIN'S honour and E-RIN'S pride! And blest for e-ver was she who re-

lied Upon E-RIN'S honour and E-RIN'S pride!

52 *Rich and rare were the gems she wore,*
Harmonized for four Voices.

Moderate Time

1st. Treble
2nd. Treble
Tenor
8. Alto
Bass
Piano Forte
Accomp!

Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a
 Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a
 Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a
 Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was
 bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau - ty was
 bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beauty was
 bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her beau - ty was

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand But oh! her

16 for 19 20 21 22 23 24

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

beauty was far be_yond Her sparkling gems and snow-white wand.

Cres *p*

2^d VERSE.

Handwritten numbers: 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, *fix*

“La - - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro’

“La - - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro’

“La - - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro’

“La - - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - - ly, thro’

Handwritten numbers: 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36

this bleak way? Are E - RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E - RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E - RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

this bleak way? Are E - RIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

38 39 40 *f* *f*

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

tempted by woman or gold? Are ERIN'S sons so good or so cold As not to be

46 47 48

tempted by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

tempted by woman or gold?"

Gres *p*

56 *As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow:*

Delicately

8va loco Cres

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the tide runs in

darkness and coldness be low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny

smile, Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

f ff pp p

As a beam o'er the face of the Waters may glow;
Harmonized for four Voices.

Pensively

8va loco Cres

1st Treble

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

2nd Treble

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

*Tenor
8. Notes lower*

As a beam o'er the face -- of the waters may glow, While the

Bass

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow, While the

*Piano Forte
Accomp.*

tide runs in darkness and coldness be - low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in darkness and coldness be - low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be - low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

tide runs in dark_ness and coldness be - low, So the cheek may be ting'd with a

warm sunny smile, Tho'the cold heart to ru-in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho'the cold heart to ru_in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho'the cold heart to ru - in runs darkly the while.

warm sunny smile, Tho'the cold heart to ru _ in runs darkly the while.

p *p* *f* *pp* *p*

2^d VERSE.

One fa - - tal re - mem - brance, one sor - row, that throws Its

One fa - - tal re - mem - brance, one sor - row, that throws Its

One fa - - tal re - - - mem - brance, one sor - row, that throws Its

One fa - - - tal re - mem - brance, one sor - row, that throws Its

bleak shade a - - like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a - - like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a - - like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

bleak shade a - like o'er our joys and our woes, To which

espress

life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life nothing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

life no_thing dark_er or bright_er can bring, For which

Joy has no balm, and Af_flic_tion no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af_flic_tion no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af_flic_tion no sting:—

Joy has no balm, and Af_flic_tion no sting:—

p *pp* *p*

AIR—*The Young Man's Dream.*

I.

AS a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Tho' the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

II.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting:—

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THERE IS NOT IN THIS WIDE WORLD.

AIR—*The Old Head of Denis.*

I.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet^b
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart !

II

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill ;
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still :—

III.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear ;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet Vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

* "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow ; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

^b The rivers Avon and Ovoca.

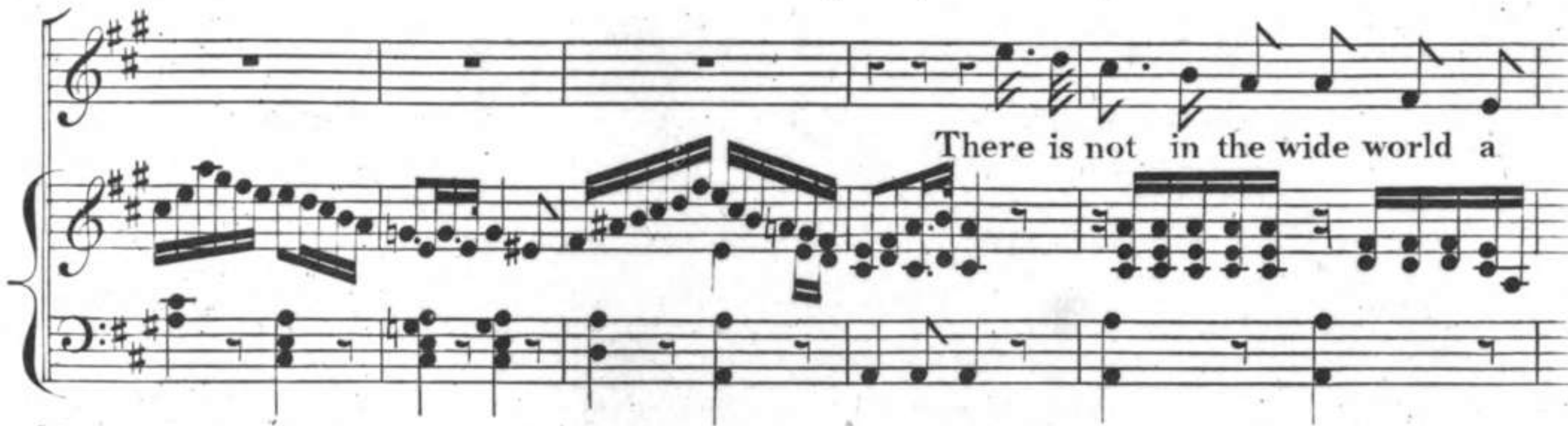
The meeting of the Waters!

63

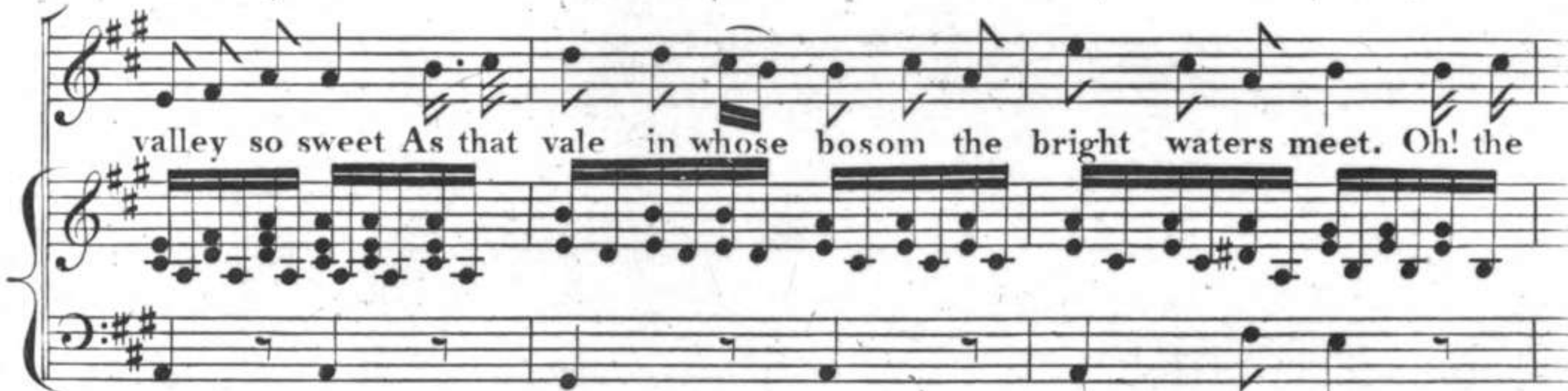
*With
Expression*



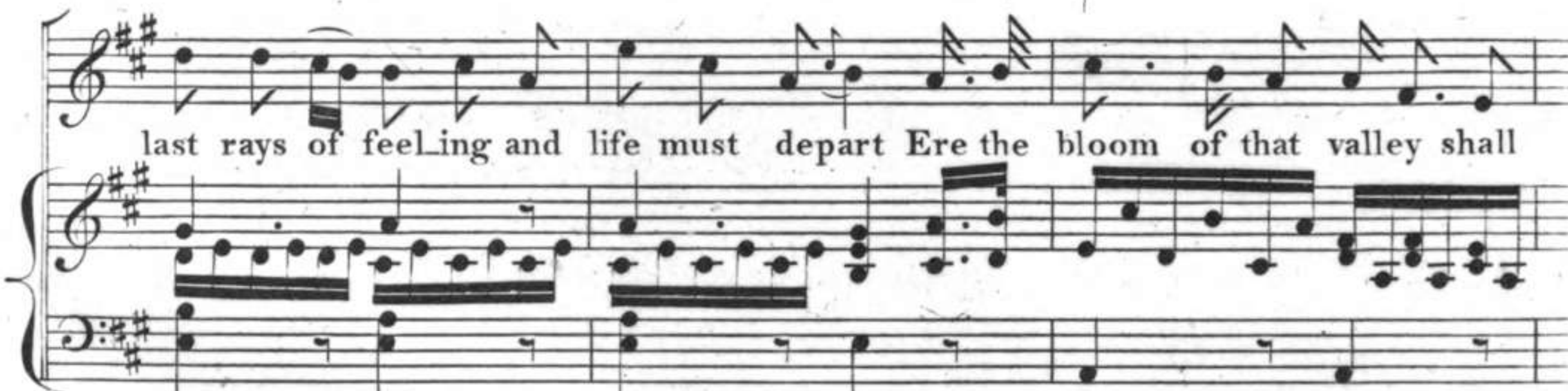
Piano introduction in 6/8 time, key of D major. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.



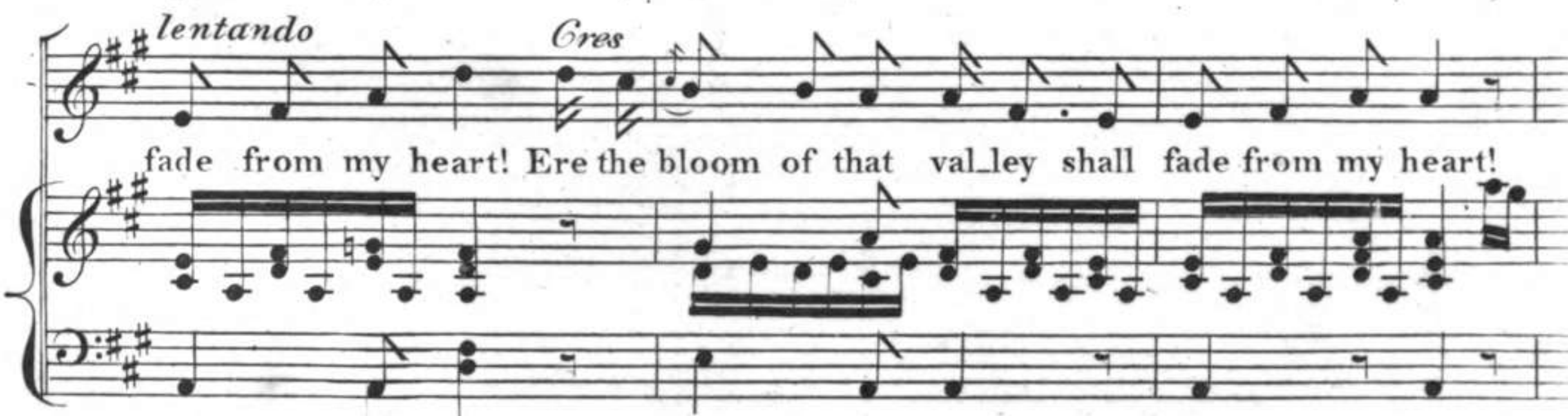
There is not in the wide world a



valley so sweet As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet. Oh! the



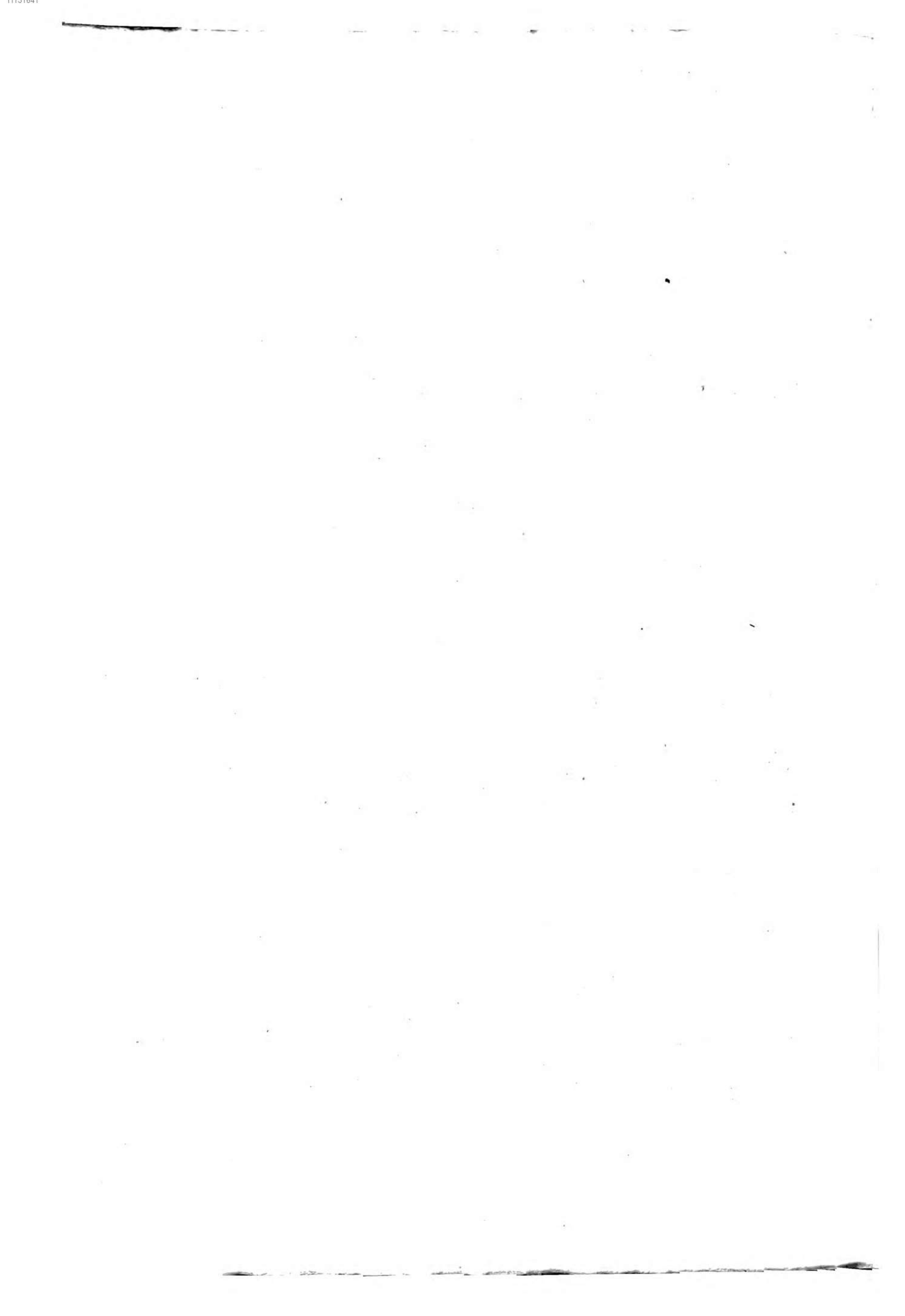
last rays of feeling and life must depart Ere the bloom of that valley shall



lento *Cres*
fade from my heart! Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart!



Final system of piano accompaniment, concluding with a double bar line.



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The pleasant Rocks
Planxty Drury
The Beardless Boy
Go where Glory waits thee
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.—Price 15s.—Containing

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15s.—Containing

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

No. IV.—Price 15s.—Containing

Love's young Dream—(Oh! the Days are gone)
The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

No. V.—Price 15s.—Containing

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15s.—Containing

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15s.—Containing

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

No. VIII.—Price 15s.—Containing

Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

The Illustrations designed by T. STOTHARD, R.A., &c. &c., and engraved by MITAN, ROSE, &c. &c.

POPULAR NATIONAL AIRS.

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Should those fond hopes Portuguese	Oh! no, not e'en when first we lov'd Cashmerian	When first that Smile Venetian
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	Nets and cages Swedish	Where shall we bury our shame Neapolitan

** This Work is published in Royal Quarto, embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. STOTHARD, R. A., and engraved by CHARLES HEATH, J. MITAN, and C. MARR.

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Who is the Maid? (St. Jerome's Love)	Go, let me weep	Almighty God! (Chorus of Priests)
The Bird let loose	Come not, oh Lord!	Oh fair! oh purest! (St. Augustine to his Sister)
Oh! Thou who dry'st the Mourner's Tears		

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Tho' my Visions of Life	The Crystal Waters	Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

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The Lament of Llywarch Hen	Sweet Vale of the Tywi
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Caswallon's Triumph	Ye free Sons of Cambria
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From the Hill
Oh! come thou not near
Maid of the wildly-wishing Eye

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Che dice mal d'amore	Mayer	1	6	Oh quanto l' anima	Mayer	1	0
Deh vieni alla finestra	Mozart	1	0	Su l'aria	Duett Mozart	1	0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	Rossini	2	0	Sul Margine		1	0
Fin ch' han dal vino	Mozart	1	0	Tu che accendi	Rossini	2	0
Fra tante angoscie	Carafa	2	0	Vederlo sol bramo	Duett Paer	2	6
Giovinette'che fate, Duett and Chorus	Mozart	1	6	Vedrai carino	Mozart	1	0
La ci darem la mano	Duett Mozart	1	0	Voi che sapete	Mozart	1	0
La dove prende, Duett	Ditto	1	0	Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano, .. Trio	Rossini	2	0

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SONGS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
ABSENCE	Bishop	2	0	Grotto	Parry	1	6
Adieu, at day-break	Kiallmark	2	0	Hapless Mary!	Dr. Clarke	2	0
A farewell!	Stevenson	2	0	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	Kelly	1	6	Heath, this night, must be my bed	Kemp	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1	6	Hence, faithless hope!	Stevenson	2	0
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Sue	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
Alice of Fyfe	West	2	0	Here's the bower	Moore	2	0
A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Houx	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse	1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
A rosy cheek	Horn	1	6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1	6
Auld lang syne	Burns	1	0	How happy once	Moore	2	0
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1	0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1	6
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1	0
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1	6	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1	0	I can no longer stifle	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2	0	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1	6
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
Can I again that form caress?	Moore	1	6	I'm wearing awa	Burns	1	0
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2	0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2	0
Cease your funning, (<i>New Edition</i>)	1	0	In days of old	Horn	1	0
Chain and lute	Walmisley	2	0	Indian maid	Kelly	1	6
Chapter on pockets	1	0	I never told my love	Ditto	1	6
Child of glory	Kelly	1	6	I never will deceive thee	Parry	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1	6	In moments of delight	Walmisley	1	6
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2	0	In the days of my youth	King	1	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1	6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	Ditto	2	0	Invitation, the	Turnbull	2	0
Contradiction	Cooke	1	6	In yonder bower	Arnold	1	6
Day of love	Moore	2	0	I sigh for the days that are gone	Kelly	1	6
Damon's complaint	Kelly	2	0	It is not that a woman's eyes	Cooke	1	6
Dandy beau	Cooke	1	0	Kitty of Coleraine	1	0
Dear aunt	Moore	2	0	Lament, the	2	0
Dear Fanny	Stevenson	2	0	Land of Shillelah	1	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	Howell	1	6	Land o' the Leal (<i>New Edition</i>)	1	0
Dearest Ellen, awake	Emdin	2	0	Light as the shadows of evening	Stevenson	1	6
Deep in my soul	Duval	1	6	Light sounds the harp	Moore	2	6
Did not?	Moore	1	6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	2	0
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	Smith	1	6	Little Mary's eye	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	Stevenson	1	6	London, now is out of town	Ware	1	6
Donald, (<i>new edition</i>)	1	0	Look that says I love thee	Cooke	1	6
Emblem	Horn	2	0	Lord of the castle	King	1	6
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	Hawes	2	0	Lottery, the	Moore	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2	0	Love	Horn	1	6
Exile of Erin	Campbell	1	0	Love and Folly	Smith	1	6
Expostulation	Kelly	1	6	Love and Time	Kelly	2	0
Fair as the morn's light	B. Livius, Esq. ..	1	6	Love Bird	Smith	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	Cooke	1	6	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	1	6
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1	6	Love in a storm	Barry	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2	0	Love, like an April day	Horn	1	6
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Lover's Smiles	Turnbull	2	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	Molineux	1	0	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	2	0
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
Fly, fly away	Parry	1	6	Love will find out the way	Little	2	0
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing ..	Horn	1	6
Fly to the desert	Kiallmark	2	0	Maid of Marlival	Stevenson	2	0
Folly, the	Kelly	1	0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	1	6
For her I die	Stevenson	1	6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	2	0
Friend of my soul	Moore	1	6	Mansion of love	Emdin	2	0
From glory's heights descending	Kelly	1	6	March away, Helen!	Horn	1	6
From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
Gallant Troubadour	Stevenson	2	0	Monody	Hawes	2	0
Georgian maid	Bishop	2	6	My heart and lute	Moore and Bishop ..	2	0
Give, love! give	Beethoven	2	0	My heart's my own	1	0
Golden chain	Leonard	2	0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	1	6
Good night	Moore	2	0	My love hastes him home	Horn	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	Stevenson	2	0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	2	0
Green spot that blooms	Kelly	1	6	My dying sire	Kelly	1	6
				My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	1	0

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Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	There's not a joy this world can give	Ditto	2	0
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
No joy without my love	Cooke	1	6	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Now morn is blushing	Stevenson	2	0	Think no more, love, of our parting	Clifton	2	0
Obey!	Horn	1	6	Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	Tho' fate, my girl	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! fair as the seaflower	Welsh	2	0	Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	Kelly	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke	1	6	Thou hast sent me a flowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Thunder-bolt frigate	Horn	1	6
Oh! Liberty	Moore	2	0	Thy gentle manners	Attwood	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	Horn	2	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	Bishop	2	0	'Tis love that should rule the breast	Kelly	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke	2	0	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart	King	1	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! Patrick	Bishop	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	Triumph of Russia	Ditto	2	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	Trumpet of glory	Moore	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	Stevenson	1	6	'Twas his own voice	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	'Twas on a wild and lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Oh! Woman!	Ditto	2	0	Ulrica	Cooke	1	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Wake, maid of Lorn	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	Waters of Elle	Stevenson		
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	What's life unblest with Love	Ditto	1	6
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	When a man weds	Horn	1	6
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	Whence can you inherit		1	0
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When Charles was deceived	Moore	2	0
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	When fickle'man for woman sighs	Kelly	1	6
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When from thy sight, love	Ditto	1	6
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When I first fold my Rosa I lov'd	Ditto	2	0
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When I think of my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When Leila touch'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When love gets in the youthful brain	Horn	1	6
Plumed casque	Kelly	1	6	When love and truth together play'd	Philipps	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love was fresh from his cradle	West	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0	When midst the gay	Moore	2	0
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When night was spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed	King	1	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When the days of the summer	Kiallmark	2	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the girl of my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	0
Remembrances	Mrs. Mc Mullan	2	0	When the rose-bud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1	6	When twilight dews	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke	1	0	When woe on the bosom of mercy	Howell	1	0
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While parted from the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listen to thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on the beach I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose of honor	Kelly	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	Bishop	2	0	Who would not love?	Cooke	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0	Why comes he not	Smith	1	6
Sea Boy's Dream	Smith	2	6	William and Jannett	Sanderson	1	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	0	Will you come to the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Winds, whisper gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's power ending never	Kearns	1	0
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman's smile	Parry	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woman, who conquers all	Cooke	1	6
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodbine cottage	Stevenson	2	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodman's eot	Kelly	1	0
Summer	Ditto	2	0	Woodpecker	Ditto	2	0
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Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Yes, thro' the wide world	Mrs. —	1	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young Jessica	Moore	2	0
Sweet robin		1	6	Young love	Ditto	2	0
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Young son of chivalry	King	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth I adore	Cooke	1	6
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	Youth is but short	Dallas	2	0
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Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6	Zounds, my lad	Cooke	1	0

DUETTS.

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Ah! say if the glance	Black	1	6
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevenson	1	6
As with slow-moving oar	King	2	0
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Could a man be secure (<i>new edition</i>)		1	0
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Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1	6
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Fare thee well!	Ditto	2	0
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2	0
Heave one sigh	Horn	1	0
Here is the lip	Moore	2	0
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2	0
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1	6
If fortune smile	Kelly	1	6
In search of glory	Cooke	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2	0
Joys that pass away	Moore	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2	6
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No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2	6
Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2	6
O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2	0
Our first young love	Moore	2	0
Peace!	Stevenson	2	0
Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1	6
Should we be forced to part	Cobbe	2	0
Song of war	Moore	2	0
Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2	0
Surprise	Ditto	1	6
Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2	0
Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2	0
That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1	6
Think on me	Ditto	2	0
Thro' silent woods	King	2	0
Time has not thinn'd (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0
Tit bits	Cooke	1	6
Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1	6
Turn to this heart	Horn	1	6
Wake thee, my dear	Moore	2	0
Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2	6
Well-a-day!	Horn	1	0
When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2	0
When Jove from the skies	Horn	1	6
When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1	6
Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2	6
While parted from the youth I love	King	1	6
Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2	0
Wine to cheer	Parry	1	6
Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1	6
Young rose	Moore	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.
A broken cake	Stevenson	2	0
Allen-a-Dale	Horn	2	6
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2	6
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2	0
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2	6
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2	0
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	6
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3	0
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2	0
Come, follow me	Ditto	5	0
Day set on Norham's castle steep	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Stevenson	1	6
Ella	Ditto	2	6
Fairy glee	Ditto	5	0
Fair and False	Lord Burghersh	2	0
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1	6
Finland love-song	Moore	2	6
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5	0
Happy love	Ditto	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	King	1	6
Here's the bower	Stevenson	2	6
Hermits	Ditto	3	0
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Moore	5	0
I mark'd not eyes	Stevenson	2	0
Lonely isle	Horn	3	0

		s.	d.
Merrily O!	Stevenson	2	6
Mountain cot	Richards	2	0
Nor throne of state	Kelly	1	6
Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5	0
Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2	6
Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3	0
Ocean king	West	2	6
Oh! lady fair!	Moore	3	0
Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3	0
Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	2	6
Raise the song	Stevenson	1	6
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	3	0
Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1	6
Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	2	6
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	2	6
Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	3	0
Spirit of Bliss	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	3	0
This is love	Moore	2	6
Ting-a-tingle	Horn	2	0
Tis done! the fatal deed	Lord Burghersh	2	6
To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	2	6
To thy lover	Ditto	2	0
Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	2	6
Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1	6
Up, quit the bower	Attwood	2	0
Wake, Rosa, wake (<i>serenade</i>)	Bartlett	2	6
We fairy folk	Stevenson	2	0
When time, who steals our years	Phelps	2	6
Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	2	6
Why so pale?	Lord Burghersh	2	6
Wood nymph	Smith	2	6
Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	2	6

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NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

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<p>— "Aria" in C 2 0</p>	<p>Pria che l'Impegno <i>Gelinek</i> 2 6</p>
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<p>La ci darem <i>Gelinek</i> 2 0</p>	<p>Tu che accendi, Flute accomp. <i>Little</i> 2 0</p>
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Drink to me only with thine eyes.....	<i>Weippert</i>		2	0	Sun-flower, the (from the Irish Melodies).....	<i>Hummell</i>		2	6
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Merch Megan.....	<i>Miss Dibdin</i>		1	6	To Ladies eyes.....	<i>Ditto</i>		2	6
My love is like the red, red rose.....	<i>Hummell</i>		2	6	We're a' Noddin.....	<i>Chipp</i>		2	6
Munich Waltz, &c.....	<i>Hummell</i>		2	6					





Mus. Pr.

532

A SELECTION
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IRISH MELODIES,
WITH
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BY
Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.
AND
CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

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Stevenson

Tom. 2.



J. POWER takes the Liberty of announcing to the Public a **WORK** which has long been a *Desideratum* in this Country. Though the Beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the Want of appropriate English Words, and of the Arrangement necessary to adapt them to the Voice, that many of the most excellent Compositions have hitherto remained in Obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original **IRISH MELODIES**, with Characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, Allusions to the Manners and History of the Country. Sir **JOHN STEVENSON** has very kindly consented to undertake the Arrangement of the **Airs**; and the **Lovers** of simple National Music may rest secure, that, in such tasteful Hands, the native Charms of the original Melody will not be sacrificed to the Ostentation of Science.

In the Poetical Part, **J. POWER** has had Promises of Assistance from several distinguished Literary Characters, particularly from Mr. **MOORE**, whose Lyrical Talent is so peculiarly suited to such a Task, and whose Zeal in the Undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir **JOHN STEVENSON** on the Subject:—

“ I feel very anxious that a Work of this Kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only Talent for which our English Neighbours ever deigned to allow us any Credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected*; and, while the Composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland, very often without even the Honesty of Acknowledgment, we have left these Treasures in a great Degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our **Airs**, like too many of our Countrymen, for want of Protection at Home, have passed into the Service of Foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better Period both of Politics and Music; and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the Tone of Sorrow and Depression which characterizes most of our early Songs.—The Task which you propose to me, of adapting Words to these **Airs**, is by no means easy. The Poet who would follow the various Sentiments which they express must feel and understand that rapid Fluctuation of Spirits, that unaccountable Mixture of Gloom and Levity, which compose the Character of my Countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest Strains we find some melancholy Note intrude, some minor Third or flat Seventh, which throws its Shade as it passes, and makes even Mirth interesting. If **BURNS** had been an Irishman, (and I would willingly give up all our Claims upon **OSSIAN** for him,) his Heart would have been proud of such Music, and his Genius would have made it immortal.

“ Another Difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular Structure of many of those **Airs**, and the lawless Kind of Metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these Instances the Poet must write, not to the Eye, but to the Ear; and must be content to have his Verses of that Description which **CICERO** mentions, ‘*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*’ That beautiful Air, ‘The Twisting of the Rope,’ which has all the romantic Character of the Swiss *Rans des Vaches*, is one of those wild and sentimental Rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober Wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these Difficulties, and the very little Talent which I can bring to surmount them, the Design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much Pleasure in giving it all the Assistance in my Power.

“ *Leicestershire, Feb. 1807.*”

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*** **J. POWER** will be much obliged by the Communication of any Original Melodies which the Lovers of Irish Music may have the Kindness to contribute to this Work.

The Writer forgot, when he made this Assertion, that the Public are indebted to Mr. **BUNTING** for a very valuable Collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic Genius of Miss **OWENSON**, has been employed upon some of our finest **Airs**.

Second Number

A Selection
of
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with Symphonies and

Accompaniments

by
SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.



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Nobility and Gentry
of
Ireland,

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By
The Publisher.



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TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

<i>Oh! haste, and leave this sacred Isle (St. Senanus and the Lady).....</i>	The Brown Thorn	64
<i>Take back the virgin Page</i>	Dermott	73
<i>How oft has the Benshee cried</i>	The dear Black Maid	80
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<i>Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms.....</i>	My Lodging is on the cold Ground....	114

St. Senanus and the Lady.

Moderate Time

Staccato *Cres*

pp

f *pp*

ST. SENANUS

Cres *f* *p*

“Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle Unho-ly

bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho’ dark it be, A female

tr *lento*

form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne’er by

woman’s feet be trod.”

p

The musical score is written in a 3/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The piano part begins with a staccato texture, marked 'Moderate Time'. The vocal line enters with the lyrics 'Oh! haste, and leave this sacred isle Unho-ly bark! ere morning smile; For on thy deck, tho’ dark it be, A female form I see; And I have sworn this sainted sod Shall ne’er by woman’s feet be trod.’ The score includes various dynamic markings such as *pp*, *f*, *p*, and *pp*, as well as performance instructions like *Staccato*, *Cres*, *tr*, and *lento*. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, and the vocal line is on a single staff.

THE LADY

“Oh! Father, send not hence my bark, Through wintry winds, and o'er billows

dark; I come, with humble heart, to share Thy morn and ev'ning

pray'r; Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint, The brightness

of thy sod to taint.

TRIO

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurnd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

The Lady's pray'r Senanus spurnd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-

Gras *f*

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de -

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de -

turn'd: But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light de -

lento *p*

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

isle. And giv'n the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

p

St. Senarius and the Lady



St. Senarius

*"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle
Unholy bark, ere morning smile
For on thy deck, tho' dark it be
A female form I see
And I have sworn this sainted sod
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod!"*

OH. HASTE, AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE

AIR—*The Brown Thorn.*

*St. Senanus**. “ OH! haste, and leave this sacred isle,
 “ Unholy bark! ere morning smile;
 ‘ For on thy deck, tho’ dark it be,
 “ A female form I see;
 “ And I have sworn this sainted sod
 “ Shall ne’er by woman’s feet be trod!”

The Lady. “ Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
 “ Thro’ wintry winds, and billows dark;
 “ I come, with humble heart, to share
 “ Thy morn and ev’ning pray’r;
 “ Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
 “ The brightness of thy sod to taint.”

The Lady’s pray’r Senanus spurn’d;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return’d:
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning’s light delay’d,
 And given the Saint one rosy smile,
 She ne’er had left his lonely isle.

* In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS. and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken to the Island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious Answer of Senanus, according to his Poetical Biographer:—

*Cui Præsul, quid fæminis
 Commune est cum monachis,
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admitted in insulam.*

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB. Page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a Personage than the River Shannon; but O’Connor, and other Antiquarians, deny this Metamorphosis indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

AIR—*The Twisting of the Rope* *.

I.

HOW dear to me the hour when day-light dies,
And sun-beams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee!

II.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

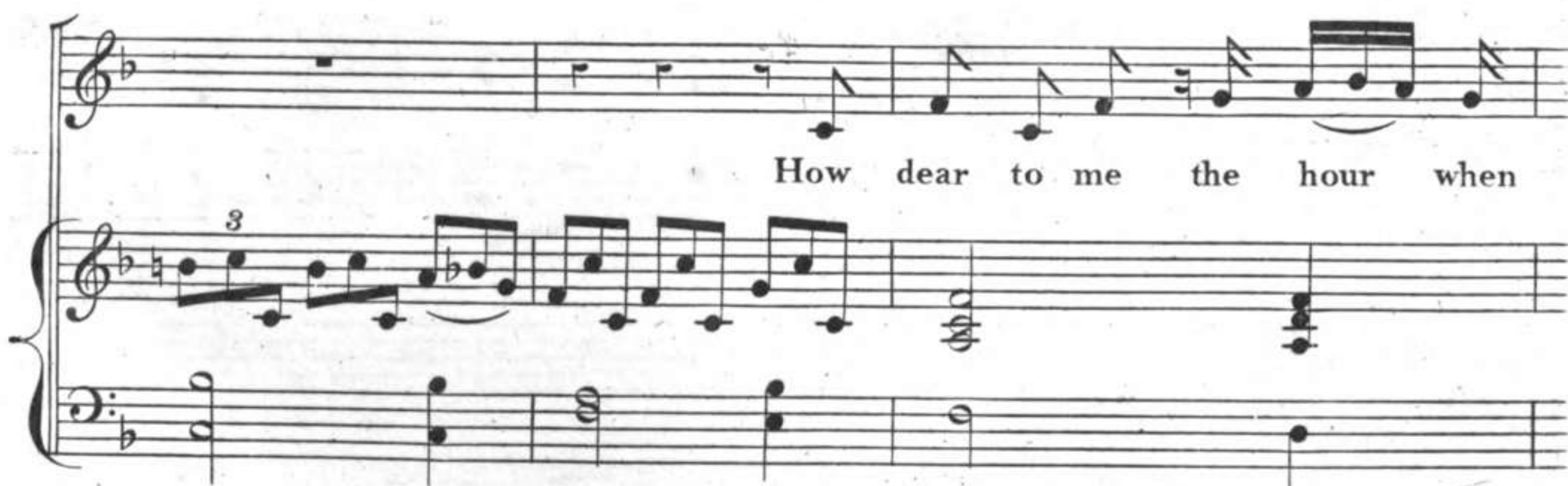
* I had not sufficiently considered the structure of this delightful Air, when I asserted (in the Letter prefixed to this Work) that it was too wild for words of a regular metre.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies.

*Slow and
to be played
very smoothly*



pia



How dear to me the hour when



day - - light dies, And sunbeams melt a - long the si - lent sea;

For then sweet dreams of o - ther days a - rise, And

Mem'ry breathes her vesper sigh to thee! For then sweet dreams of o - ther

lento

days - a - rise, And Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh - to

thee!

3

3

3

pia

tenuto Dim

Cres

2^d VERSE.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays Along the smooth wave tow'rd the

burning west, I long to tread that golden path _ _ of rays And

think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest! I long to tread that golden

path of rays And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest!

pia *tenuto pp*

Take back the Virgin Page!

With Feeling.

Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - written still;

lento
Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill. Thoughts come as pure as light,

lento
Pure. as ev'n you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

1st *2d* *lento*

Take back the Virgin Page!

*With
Feeling*

First system of piano introduction in 3/4 time, featuring treble and bass staves.

Second system of piano introduction in 3/4 time, featuring treble and bass staves.

First system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;". The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time.

Second system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.". The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time.

9 10 11 12

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;

Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you require;



13 14 15 *lento* 1st 16 2d

But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.

But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire. fire.



TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[Written on returning a blank Book.]

AIR—Dermott.

I

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still;
 Some hand, more calm and sage,
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even you require;
 But oh! each word I write
 Love turns to fire.

II.

Yet let me keep the book;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you!
 Like you 'tis fair and bright;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild Passion write
 One wrong wish there!

III.

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away, I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Tow'rds you and home,
 Fancy may trace some line
 Worthy those eyes to meet;
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
 Pure, calm, and sweet!

IV.

And, as the records are,
 Which wand'ring seamen keep,
 Led by their hidden star,
 Thro' winter's deep;
 So may the words I write
 Tell thro' what storms I stray,
 You still the unseen light,
 Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

AIR—*Unknown.*

I.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
 Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn to night.

II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door
 Where weary travellers love to call*:
 Then if some Bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of Song.

III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh! never, its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom blest!
 But when some warm devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Oh! then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

* "In every house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in Music."—O'HALLORAN.

THE LEGACY.

77

When in Death, I shall calm recline.

*With Feeling
and Gaiety*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

When in death I shall calm recline, O bear my heart to my mistress dear;

The first line of lyrics is set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The melody is simple and follows the rhythm of the lyrics.

Tell her it liv'd upon smiles, and wine Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here:

The second line of lyrics is set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The melody continues from the previous line.

Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sully a heart so brilliant and light; But

The third line of lyrics is set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The melody continues from the previous line.

balmy drops from the red grape borrow, To bathe the relic from morn'till night.

The fourth line of lyrics is set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The melody continues from the previous line.

The piano conclusion consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

2^d VERSE.

When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your ancient hall;

Hang it up at that friendly door Where wea - ry tra - vel - lers love to call:

Then if some Bard, who roams for - saken, Revive its soft note in passing a long, Oh!

let one thought of its master waken Your warmest smile for the child of song.

50

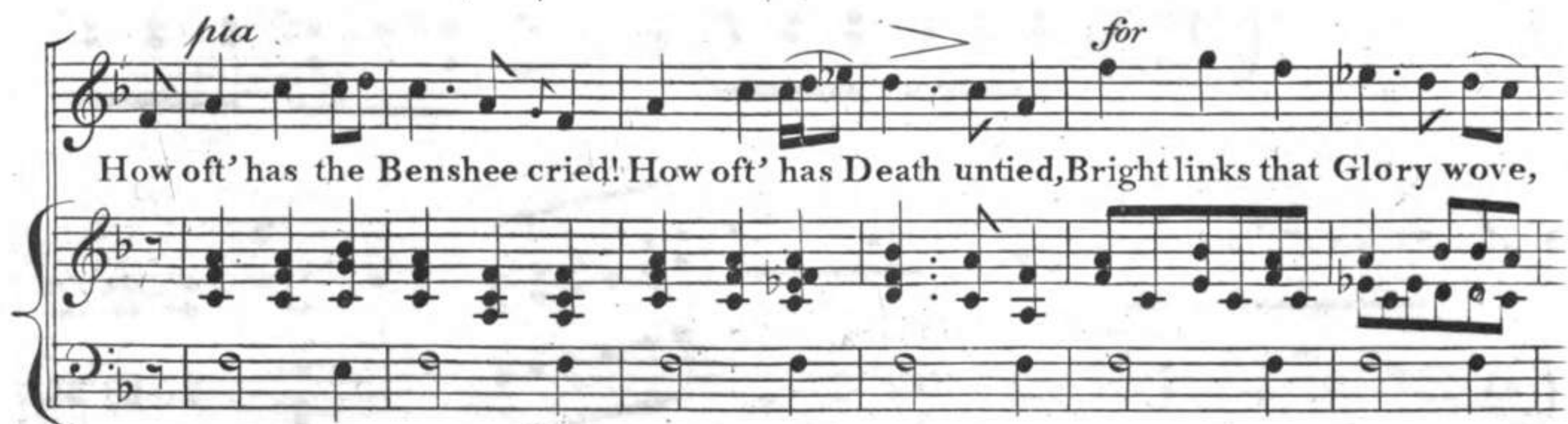
How oft' has the Benshee cried! 79

Slow and with Solemnity



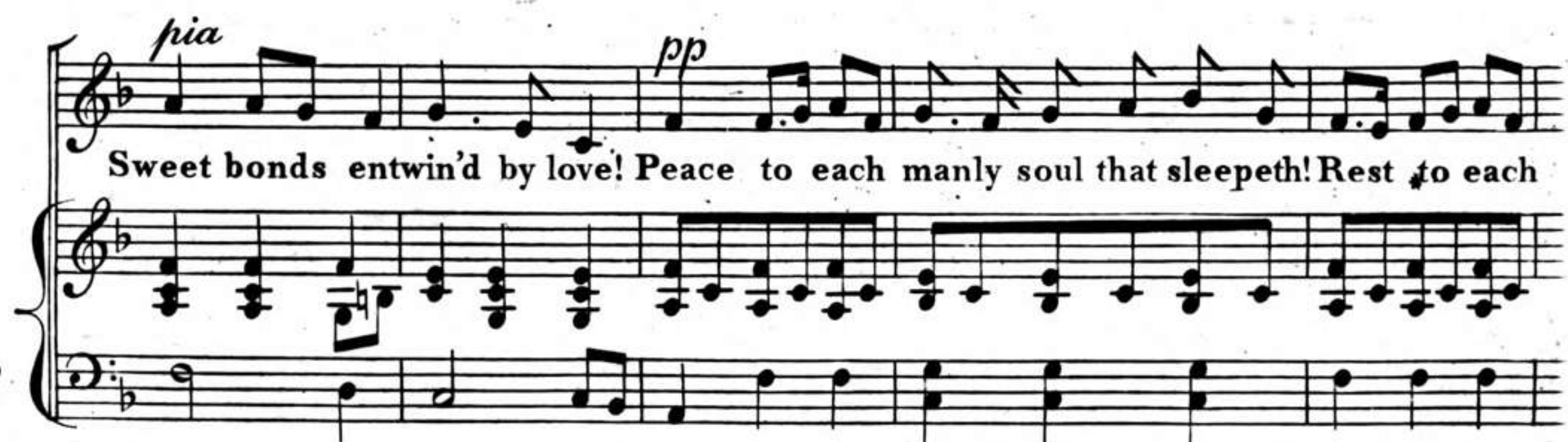
pia *for*

How oft' has the Benshee cried! How oft' has Death untied, Bright links that Glory wove,



pia *pp*

Sweet bonds entwin'd by love! Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth! Rest to each



Cres *for*

faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.



Dim



THE DIRGE.

How oft has the Ben-shee cried;

Harmonized for Four Voices.

*Slow and
With Solemnity*

Cres *f* *p*

How oft has the Ben-shee cried! How oft has Death untied

p

Bright links that Glo-ry wove, Sweet bonds en-twin'd by love!

First Voice
Peace to each man-ly soul that sleep-eth Rest to each

Second Voice

Tenor & Notes lower
Peace to each man-ly soul that sleep-eth Rest to each

Bass

Piano Forte

faithful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the

p
he-ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep-eth! Rest to each

Peace to each soul that sleep-eth! Rest to each

he-ro's grave. Peace to each manly soul that sleep-eth! Rest to each

Peace Peace Rest to each

faith-ful eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

eye - - - that weepeth! Long may the fair and brave Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

p *Cres pp*

We're fall'n up - on gloo - my days; Star af - ter star de - cays:

Ev'-ry bright name, that shed Light o'er the land, is fled.

p
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope that ne'er returneth;
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth Lost joy that ne'er returneth;

Cres
 But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he-ro's bier! Dark falls the
 But brightly flows the tear Wept o'er a he-ro's bier! Dark falls the

Dark

tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, that ne'er return_eth;
 tear which mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;
 tear of him who mourneth Lost joy or hope, return_eth;
 Dark Lost joy that ne'er - - - return_eth;

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

But bright - - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a hero's bier!

p *Dim pp*

Oh! quenched are our beacon lights, Thou, of the hundred fights!

Thou, on whose burn - ing tongue Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!

But mute— but, long as Va— lour shin— eth, Or Mer— cy's

But mute— but, long as Va— lour shin— eth, Or Mer— cy's

soul at war re— pineth, So long shall E— rin's pride Tell how they

soul re— pineth, So long shall E— rin's pride Tell how they

p liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va— lour shineth,

Both mute— but, while Love shineth,

liv'd and died! Both mute— but, long as Va— lour shineth,

mute— mute—

Cres
 Or Mer - cy's soul at war re - pin - eth, So long shall
 Or Mercy's soul re - pineth, So long shall
 Or Mer - cy's soul re - pineth, So long shall
 Or Mercy's soul - - - re - pineth, So long shall

Dim *p*
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell how they liv'd and died!
 E - - rin's pride Tell - - - how they liv'd and died!

p *f* *Dim*

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED

AIR—*The dear Black Maid.*

I.

HOW oft has the Benshee cried !
 How oft has Death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love !
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth !
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth !
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave !

II.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days* ;
 Star after star decays :
 Ev'ry bright name, that shed
 Light o'er the land, is fled.
 Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth ;
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er the hero's bier !

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,
 Thou†, of the hundred fights !
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom, hung ‡ !
 Both mute—but, long as Valour shineth,
 Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they liv'd and died !

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this Work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

† This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," Page 433 :—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories !"

‡ FOX, "ultimus Romanorum."

WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

 AIR—*Garyone*.

I.

WE may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest,
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west ;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own Green Isle
 For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

II.

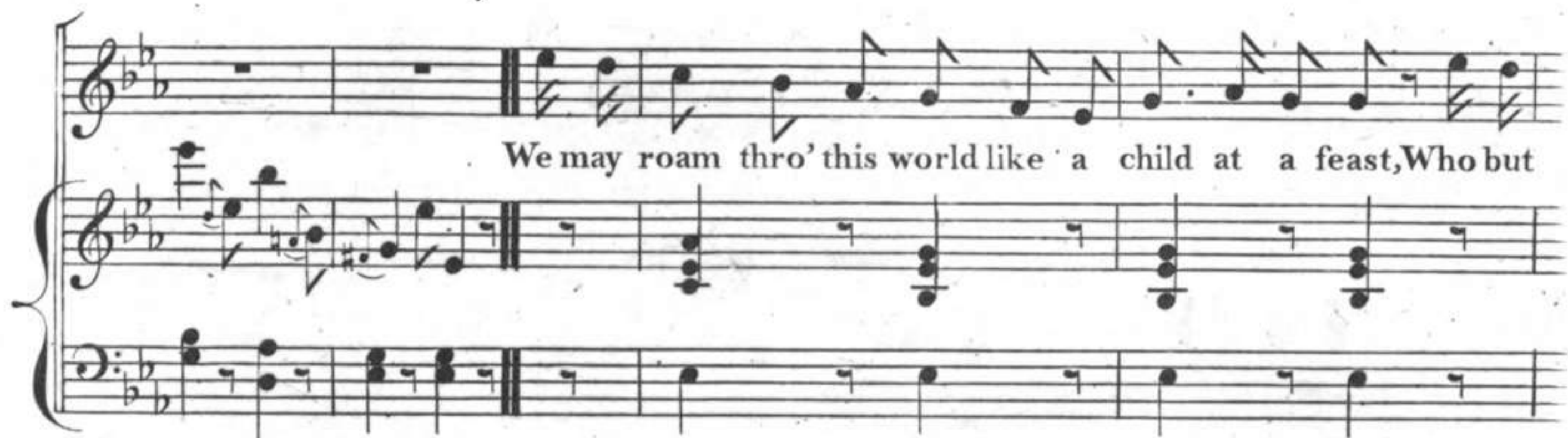
In England the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, plac'd within call ;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
 Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
 Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

III.

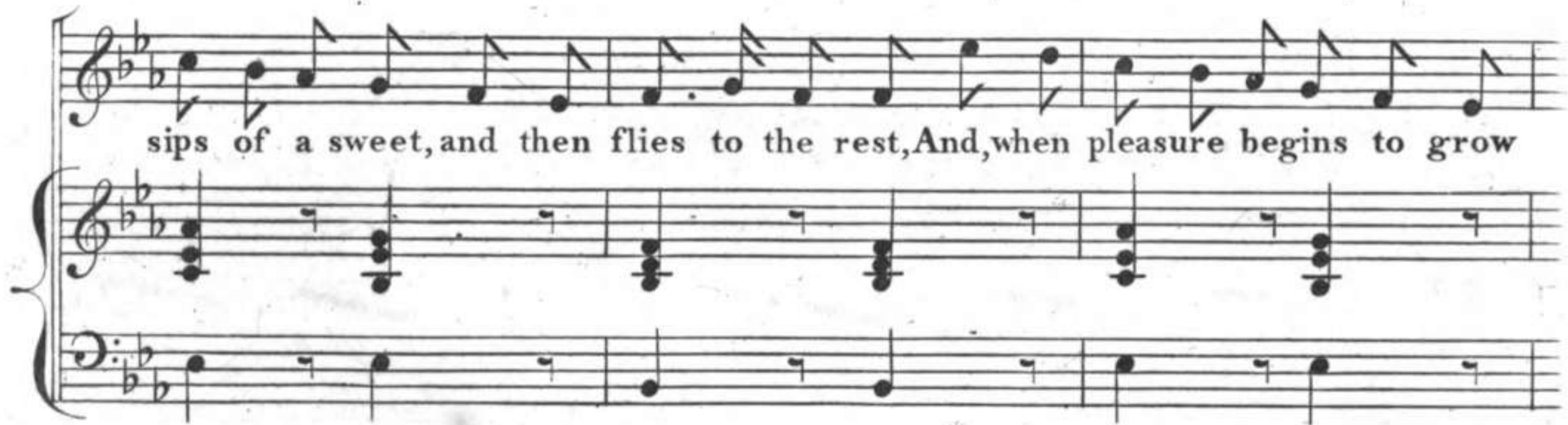
In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye !
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
 Ever-smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

We may roam thro' this World.

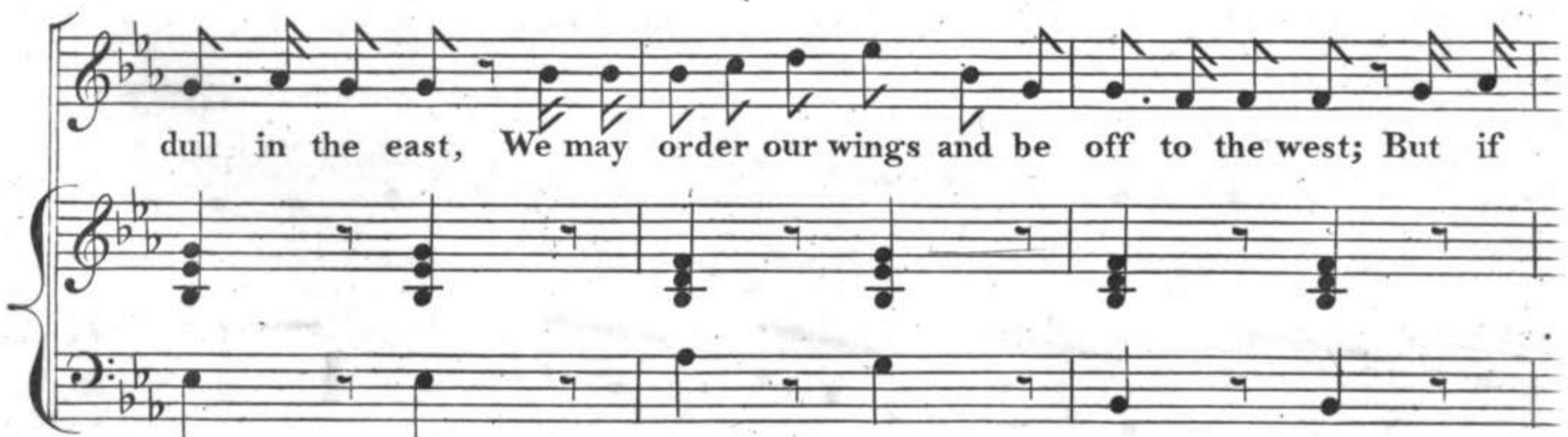
Merrily



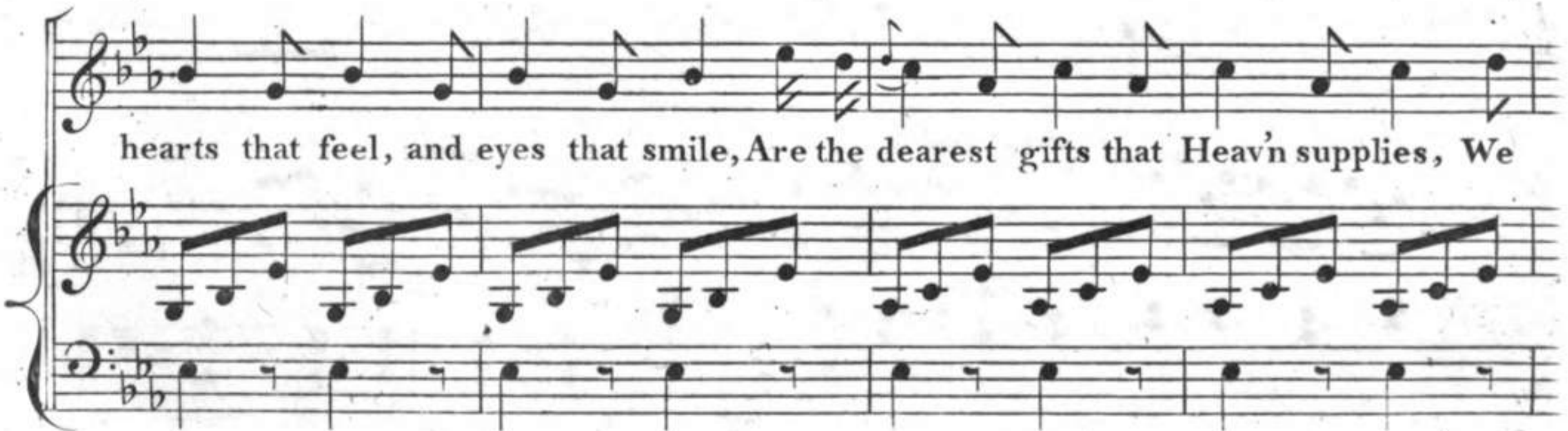
We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but



sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when pleasure begins to grow



dull in the east, We may order our wings and be off to the west; But if



hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dearest gifts that Heav'n supplies, We

never need leave our own Green Isle For sen-si-tive heart and for

sun-bright eyes. Then remember wher-ever your goblet is crown'd, Thro' this

world whether eastward or westward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear

woman goes round, Oh! remember the smile which a-dorns her at home.

Eveleen's Lover

91

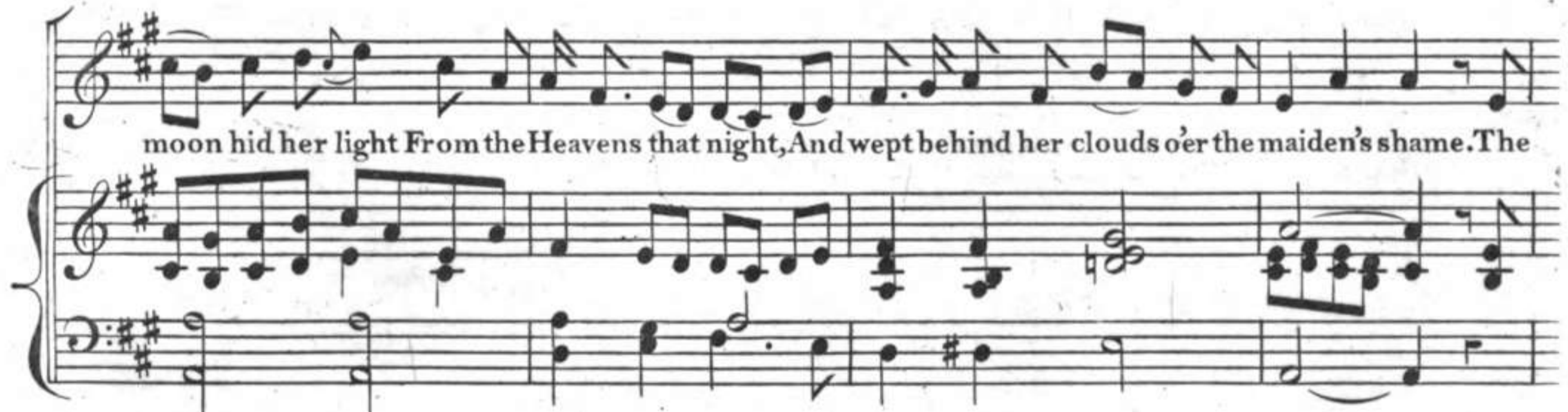
Faintly



Oh! weep for the hour, When to Eveleen's bow'r The Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The



moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame. The

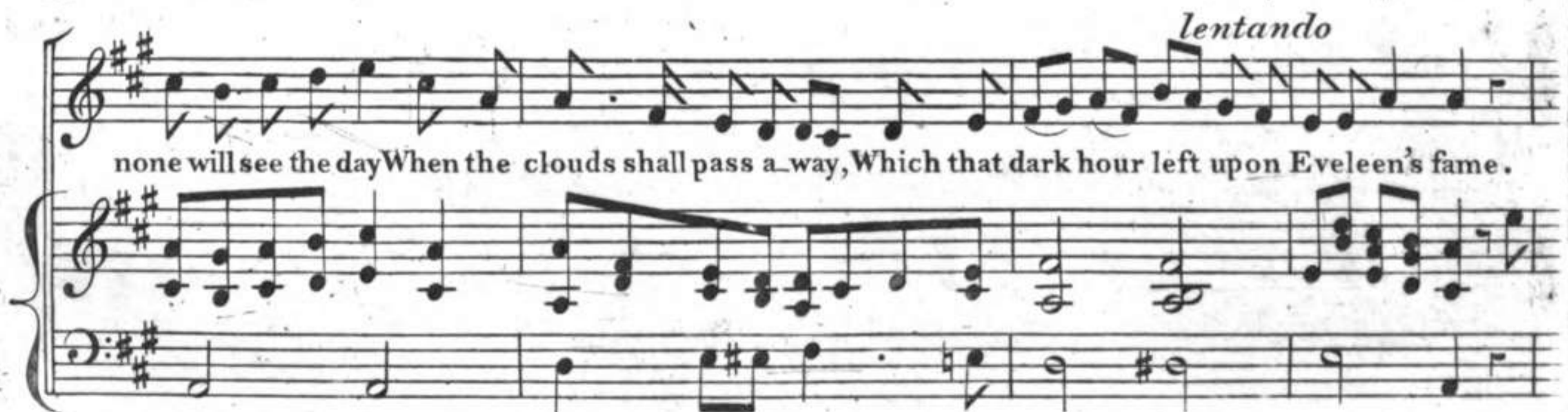


clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon And Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves_tal flame; But



lento

none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.



2^d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the narrow pathway, Where the Lord of the Valley crost o. ver the moor; And

many a deep print On the white snow's tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door, The

next sun's ray Soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came; But

there's a light above, Which a lone can remove That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

lento

Evelien's Bow'r

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Plaintively

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The piano accompaniment for the first system, consisting of two staves. The right hand continues the melodic line from the introduction, and the left hand provides a steady harmonic accompaniment.

Oh! weep for the hour, When to E - ve - leen's bow'r The

The second system of the score, featuring a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Oh! weep for the hour, When to E - ve - leen's bow'r The".

Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the

The third system of the score, featuring a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Lord of the Valley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the".

Heaven's that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The fourth system of the score, featuring a vocal line on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Heaven's that night, And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame." The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

First Voice
Tenor
& Notes lower
Bass
Piano
Forcé

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But none will see the day When the

Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But no - - - the

Heav'n smil'd a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But none will see the day When the

lento

clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds ne'er pass a-way, Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

clouds pass a-way, Which that hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

lento

2^d VERSE.

The white snow lay On the nar - row path - - way, Where the

Lord of the Val - ley crost o - ver the moor; And many a deep print On the

white snows tint Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door

The next sun's ray Soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

The next sun's ray Soon melted a way Ev'ry trace on the path where the

false Lord came; But there's a light above, Which a lone can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a bove, can remove That

false Lord came; But there's a light a bove, Which a lone can remove. That

lento

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

stain upon fair Eveleen's fame.

lento

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR—*Unknown**.

I.

OH! weep for the hour,
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came ;
 The moon hid her light
 From the Heavens that night,
 And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
 The clouds past soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And Heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame ;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame

II.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow path-way
 Where the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Shew'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.
 The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Ev'ry trace on the path where the false Lord came ;
 But there's a light above,
 Which alone can remove
 That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame

* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they, who are best acquainted with National Melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—*The Red Fox.*

I.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betray'd her,
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold*,
 Which he won from her proud invader ;
 When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red-Branch Knights† to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

II.

On Lough-Neagh's bank ‡, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining !
 Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over ;
 Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of Time
 For the long-faded glories they cover !

* " This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the 10th Century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their Champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a Collar of Gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the Sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."

WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.

† " Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland : long before the Birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch ; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick Knights and Soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."

O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

The Inscription upon Connor's Tomb (for the Fac-Simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, Chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not been noticed by any Antiquarian or Traveller.

‡ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water :—" *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis transeuntibus rei que causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.*"

TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2. C. 9.

Fac Simile

*of an ancient Irish Inscription upon a Tombstone in the
Abbey of Mullisernon, County of Westmeath, Ireland.*

leoimmbuid iar-sról uaitne
me nise cur nsh crhoibe ru shae
sheseo biod sh Conc sh big sh ce sh t o o o
sh sior t u sh ar t sh an f a i b e h t sh l i n n h r a c

Translation

A yellow Lion upon green Sattin

The Standard of the Heroes of the Red Branch

Which Coner carried in Battle

During his frequent Wars for the expulsion of Foreigners.

Let Erin remember the days of Old. 99

Grand and Spirited

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons be-
tray'd her, When Malachi wore the collar of gold, Which he won from her proud in-
va-der; When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to
danger, Ere the emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

f *p* *h*

Let Erin remember the days of Old.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Grand and Spirited

1st Treble

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be -

2nd Treble

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons be -

Bass

Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be -

Piano Forte

tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the collar of gold, Which he

won from her proud in - vad - er When her Kings with standard of
 won from her proud in - vad - er When her Kings with standard of
 won from her proud in - vad - er When her Kings with standard of

green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights to dan - ger, Ere the
 green unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights the Knights to dan - ger, Ere the
 green. unfurl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights the Knights to dan - ger, Ere the

emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.
 emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.
 emerald gem of the western world Was set in the crown of a stranger.

f

102 2^d VERSE.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

pia

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days. In the

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days In the

clin - - ing, He sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days. In the

wave be - neath him shin - - ing! Thus shall Mem'ry of - ten, in

wave be - neath him shin - - ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

wave be - neath him shin - - ing! Thus shall Mem'ry often, in

dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus
dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus
dreams sub_lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus

sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long - faded glories they co_ver!
sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long - faded glories they co_ver!
sighing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long - faded glories they co_ver!

for *pia* *for* *h*

Silent oh Moyle be the roar of thy water.

Mournfully

Silent, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water, Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose, While,

murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter Tells to the nightstar her tale of woes.

When shall the Swan, her death-note singing, Sleep with wings in darkness furld?

When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ringing, Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Gras *p* *pp*

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA*.

AIR—*Arrah, my dear Eeveleen.*

I.

SILENT, oh Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
 Break not, ye breezes! your chain of repose,
 While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
 Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
 When shall the Swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep with wings in darkness fur'd?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world?

II.

Sadly, oh Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love?
 When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above?

* To make this story intelligible in a Song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of MOIRA.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—*We brought the Summer with us.*

I.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
 To simpleton sages and reasoning fools ;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief
 To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue ;
 But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valu'd and try'd,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
 From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
 No ! perish the hearts and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this !

Come send round the Wine.

107

Spirited

pia for pia for pia

Come, send round the wine and leave points of belief To

sim-ple-ton sa-ges and reas'n-ing fools; This mo-ment's a

flow'r too fair and brief, To be wither'd and stain'd by the

Scherzand

pia

dust of the schools, Your glass may be pur-ple and mine may be

blue; But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The

fool that would quarrel for difference of hue De-

serves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

for pia for

for pia

Sublime was the warning which Liberty spoke. ¹⁰⁹

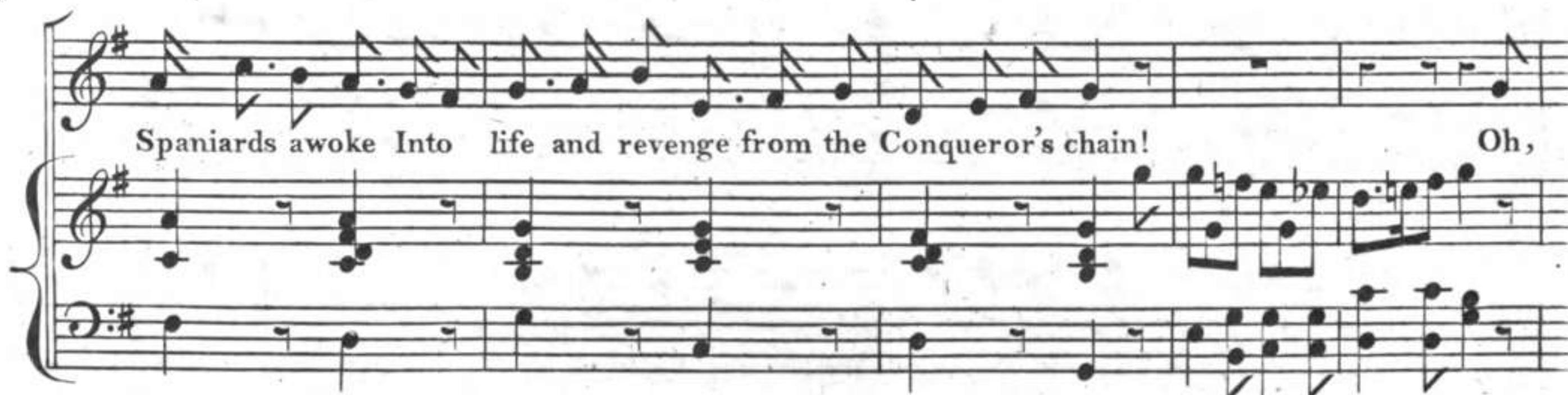
With Spirit



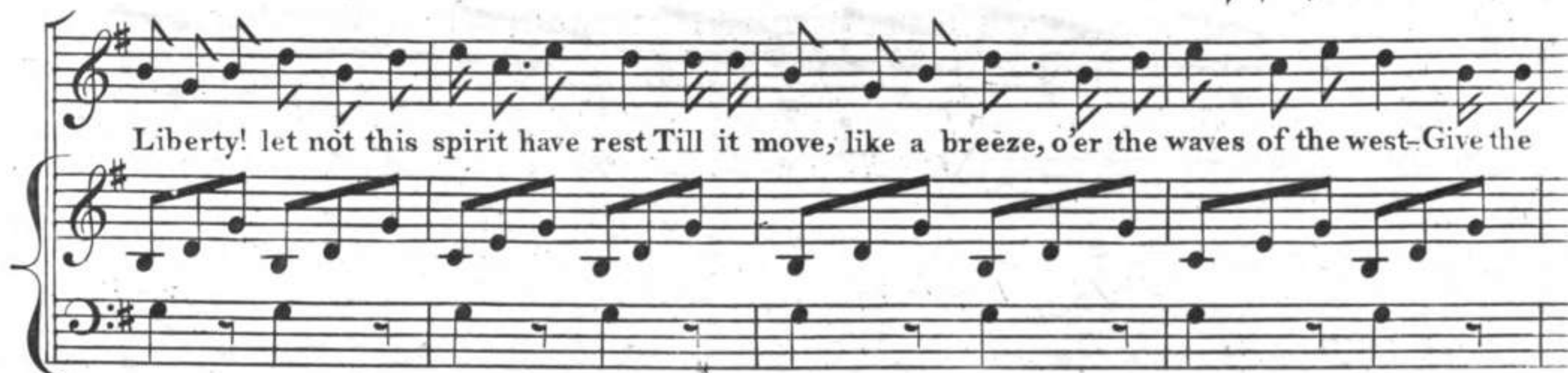
Sub_lime was the warning which Li_ber_ty spoke, And grand was the moment when



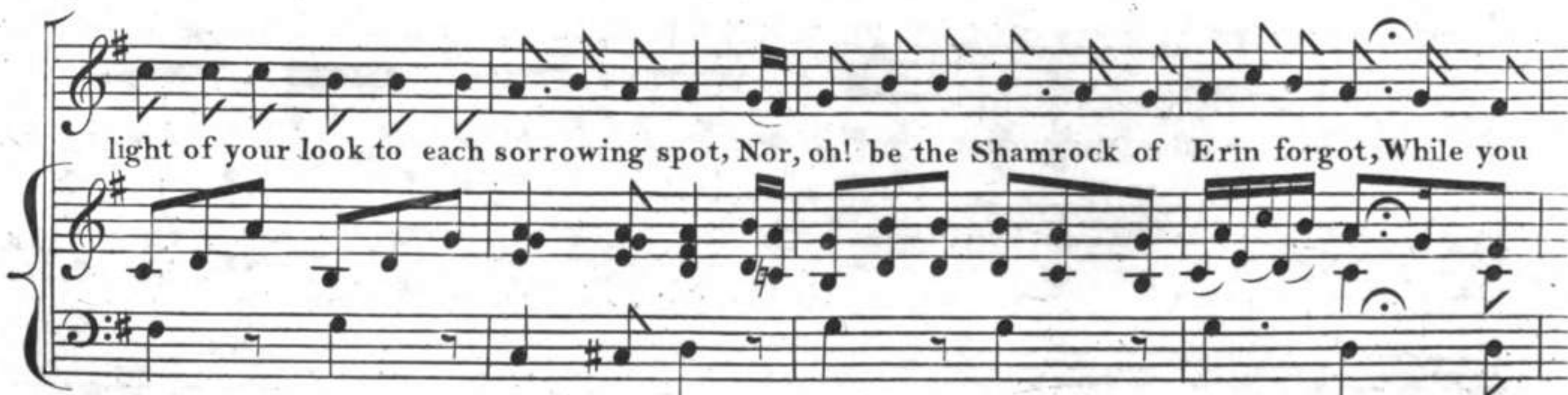
Spaniards awoke Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain! Oh,



Liberty! let not this spirit have rest Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west-Give the



light of your look to each sorrowing spot, Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot, While you



add to your garland the Olive of Spain!



2^d VERSE.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm, and to

home its de-lights; If de-cept be a wound and sus-picion a stain; Then, ye

men of I-beria! our cause is the same-And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would

ask for a nobler, a holier death, Than to turn his last sigh in-to Victory's breath. For the

Shamrock of E-rin and O-live of Spain!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

AIR—*The Black Joke.*

I

SUBLIME was the warning which Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the Conqueror's chain!
 Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh! be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

II.

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
 Give to country its charm and to home its delights;
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then, ye men of Iberia! our cause is the same—
 And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into Victory's breath
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
 And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain:
 Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
 The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—*My Lodging is on the cold Ground.*

I.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,—
 Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will ;
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still !

II.

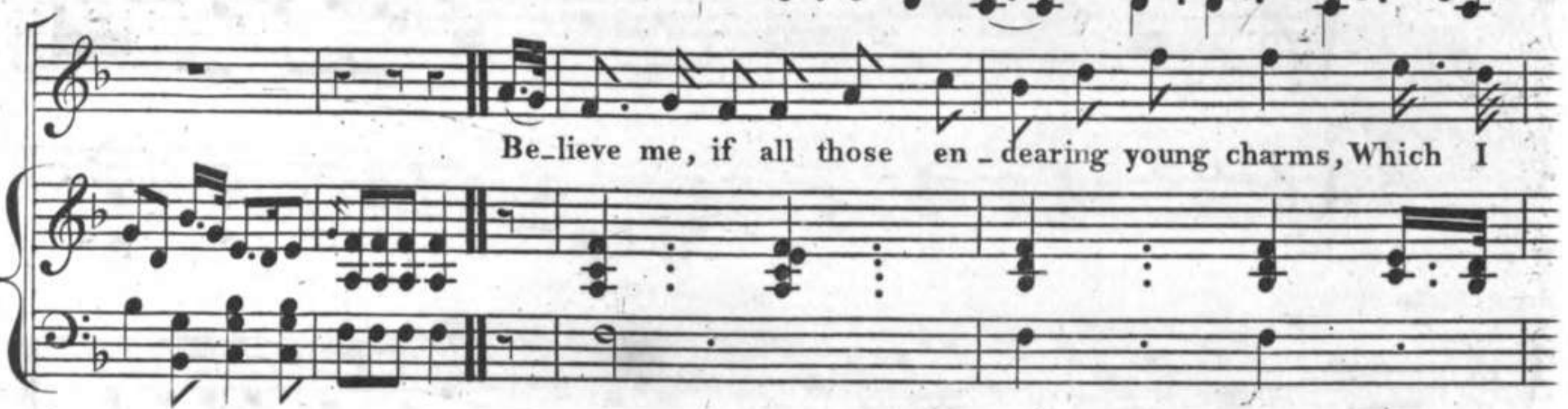
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear !
 Oh ! the heart, that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close ;
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose !

Believe me if all those endearing young Charms. 113

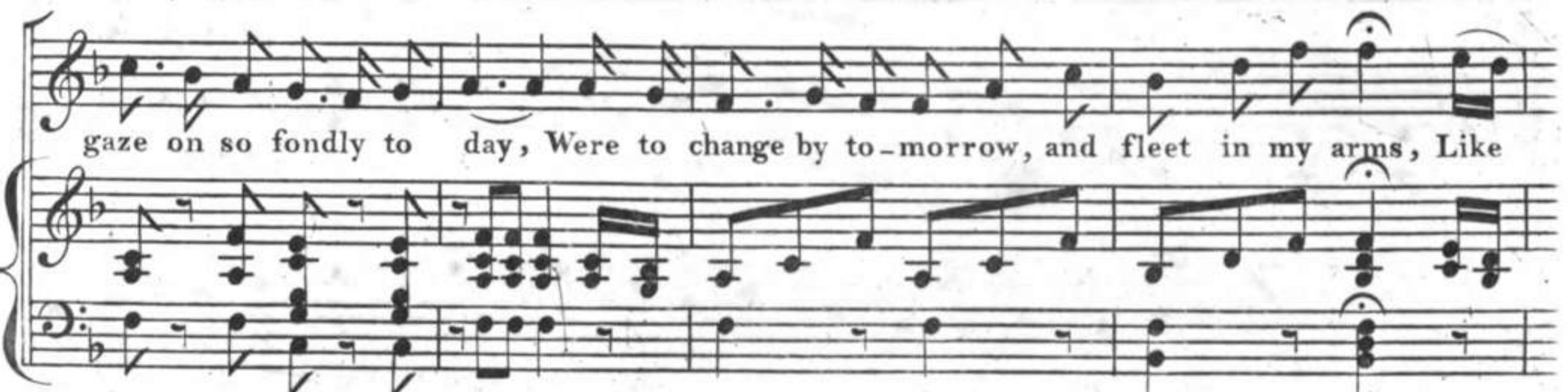
With Feeling



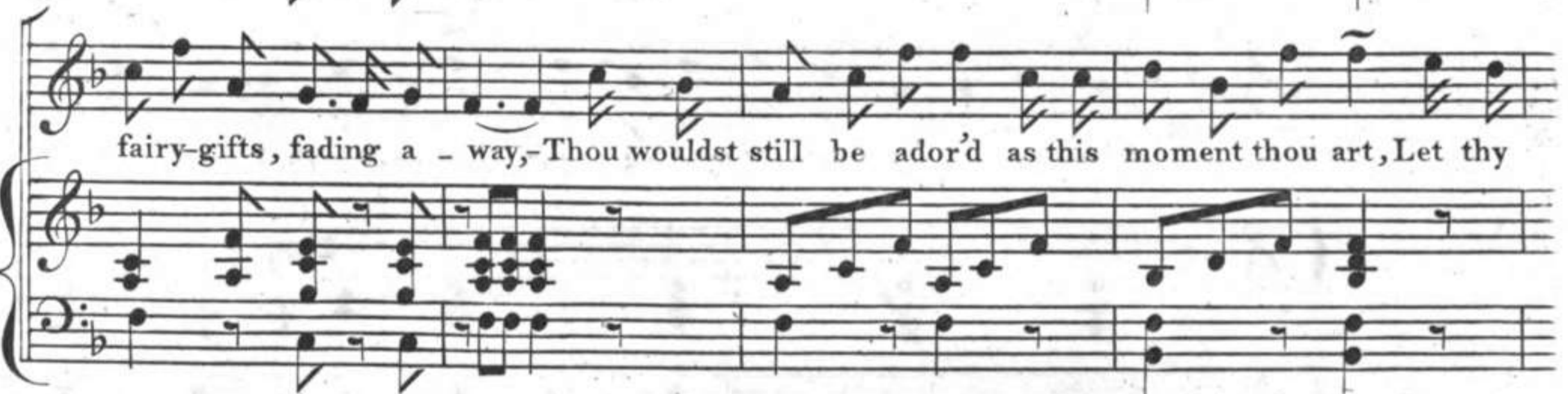
Be-lieve me, if all those en-dearing young charms, Which I



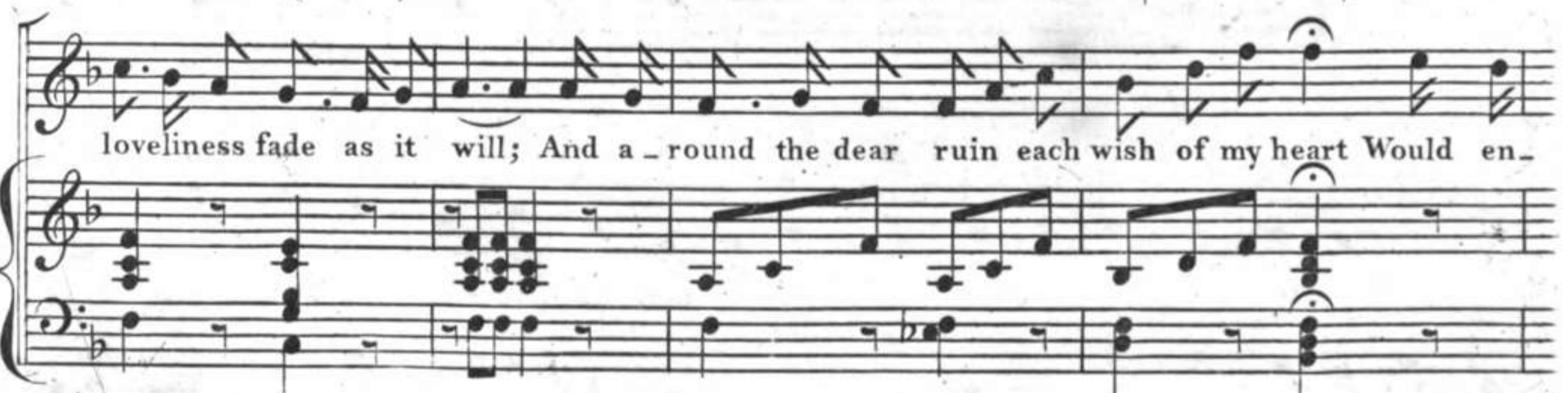
gaze on so fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like




fairy-gifts, fading a-way, -Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy



loveliness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-



twine itself verdantly still!



*Believe me if all these endearing young charms,
Harmonized for Two Voices.*

With Feeling

Treble
Be- lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Tenor & Notes lower
Be- lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so

Piano Forte

fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

fondly to day, Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms, Like

7 8 9 10

fai_ry gifts. fading a - way, - Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

fai_ry gifts. fading a - way, - Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this moment thou art, Let thy

11 12 13 14

loveliness fade as it will; And a_ round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

loveliness fade as it will; And a_ round the dear ruin each wish of my heart Would en-

15 16

twine itself verdantly still!

twine. itself verdantly still!

pia

2^d VERSE.

17 18 19

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a

It is not while beauty and youth are thy own, And thy cheeks unpro-fan'd by a

20 21 22 23

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

tear, That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

24 25 26 27

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru-ly loves on to the

dear! Oh! the heart which has truly lov'd never forgets But as tru-ly loves on to the

28 29 30 31

close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

close; As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets, The same look which she

32

turn'd when he rose!

turn'd when he rose!

pia

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Planxty Drury
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Go where Glory waits thee
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.—Price 15s.—Containing

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Evelcen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15s.—Containing

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

No. V.—Price 15s.—Containing

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15s.—Containing

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15s.—Containing

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

No. VIII.—Price 15s.—Containing

Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Dost thou remember? Portuguese	Gaily sounds the castanet Maltese	Go then—'tis vain Sicilian
Fare thee well! thou lovely one! . . . Sicilian	Hear me but once French	Oh days of Youth French
Flow on, thou shining river! Portuguese	Joys of youth, how fleeting Portuguese	Peace to the Slumberers Catalonian
Oh! come to me when daylight sets Venetian	Love and Hope Swiss	Row gently here Venetian
Oft in the stilly night Scotch	Love is a hunter-boy Languedocian	Say what shall be oursport to-day Sicilian
Reason, Folly, and Beauty Italian	My harp has one unchanging theme Swedish	See the dawn from Heaven Italian
Should those fond hopes Portuguese	Oh! no, not e'en when first we lov'd Cashmerian	When first that Smile Venetian
So warmly we met Hungarian	Peace be around thee Scotch	When Love was a Child Swedish
Those evening bells Bells of St. Petersburg	Then fare thee well English	When thou shalt wander Sicilian
Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing Russian	There comes a time German	Who'll buy my Love-knots Portuguese
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	Go now and dream Sicilian	Though 'tis all but a dream French
	Here sleeps the Bard Highland	'Tis when the cup is smiling Italian
	How oft when watching stars Savoyard	When the first summer Bee German
	Ne'er talk of wisdom's gloomy school Mahratta	When through the Piazzetta Venetian
	Nets and cages Swedish	Where shall we bury our shame Neapolitan

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This world is all a fleeting Show	The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine	As down in the sunless Retreats
Fall'n is thy Throne	Sound the loud Timbrel (Miriam's Song)	But who shall see
Who is the Maid? (St. Jerome's Love)	Go, let me weep	Almighty God! (Chorus of Priests)
The Bird let loose	Come not, oh Lord!	Oh fair! oh purest! (St. Augustine to his Sister)
Oh! Thou who dry'st the Mourner's Tears		

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O do not think my words are cold	Dear Girl	Fare ye well, my pretty Sophy!
The' my Visions of Life	The Crystal Waters	Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

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The Rock of Cader Idris	Strike the Harp
The Lament of Llywarch Hen	Sweet Vale of the Tywi
Gruydd's Feast	I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water
The Cambrian in America	The Summer Storm is on the Mountain
Sons of the fair Isle forget not the time	The Lament of the Last Druid
Taliesin's Prophecy	Ellen dear
Owain Glyndwr's War Song	The Heroes of Cymru
Prince Madog's Farewell	The Exile of Cambria
Caswallon's Triumph	Ye free Sons of Cambria
Press on my steed I hear the swell	Oh Cambria! the Days of thy Glory
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Rose of this enchanted Vale
Hark! the Song
In the woody Wilds

Fair Dream!
Bring me the Wine
How true the Spot
In vain thou callest

Night is falling
From the Hill
Oh! come thou not near
Maid of the wildly-wishing Eye

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The song of the fire worshipper	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	Fly to the desert, Ballad	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
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The feast of roses	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	'Twas his voice, Recit. and Air	<i>Sir J. Stevenson</i>	2 0
The Georgian maid	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6	Now morn is blushing, ditto	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
The Peri pardoned, Recit. and Aria	<i>Dr. Clarke</i>	2 6	Oh! fair as the sea-flower, Ballad	<i>T. Welsh</i>	2 0
The Spirit's song, Recit. Andante & Aria	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6	The Peri's song, ditto	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0

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— 2, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty		1 0	— 5, Deeper and deeper		1 6
— 3, I know that my Redeemer liveth		1 0	— 6, Angels ever bright and fair		1 0

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

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Ah Perdona, Duett	<i>Mozart</i>	1 0	Lungi dal caro bene	<i>Sarti</i>	1 6	
Batti batti o bel	<i>Ditto</i>	1 0	Non più andrai	<i>Mozart</i>	2 0	
Che dice mal d'amore	<i>Mayer</i>	1 6	Oh quanto l'anima	<i>Mayer</i>	1 0	
Deh vieni alla finestra	<i>Mozart</i>	1 0	Su l'aria	<i>Duett</i>	<i>Mozart</i>	1 0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	<i>Rossini</i>	2 0	Sul Margine		1 0	
Fin ch' han dal vino	<i>Mozart</i>	1 0	Tu che accendi	<i>Rossini</i>	2 0	
Fra tante angoscie	<i>Carafa</i>	2 0	Vederlo sol bramo	<i>Duett</i>	<i>Paer</i>	2 6
Giovinette che fate, Duett and Chorus	<i>Mozart</i>	1 6	Vedrai carino		<i>Mozart</i>	1 0
La ci darem la mano	<i>Duett</i>	<i>Mozart</i>	Voi che sapete		<i>Mozart</i>	1 0
La dove prende, Duett	<i>Ditto</i>	1 0	Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano, ..	<i>Trio</i>	<i>Rossini</i>	2 0

(To be continued.)

SONGS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
ABSENCE	Bishop	2	0	Grotto	Parry	1	6
Adieu, at day-break	Kiallmark	2	0	Hapless Mary!	Dr. Clarke	2	0
A farewell!	Stevenson	2	0	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	Kelly	1	6	Heath, this night, must be my bed	Kemp	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1	6	Hence, faithless hope!	Stevenson	2	0
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Sue	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
Alice of Fyfe	West	2	0	Here's the bower	Moore	2	0
A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Hoax	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
A rosy cheek	Horn	1	6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1	6
Auld lang syne	Burns	1	0	How happy once	Moore	2	0
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1	0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1	6
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1	0
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1	6	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1	0	I can no longer stife	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2	0	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1	6
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
Can I again that form caress?	Moore	1	6	I'm wearing awa	Burns	1	0
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2	0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2	0
Cease your funning, (New Edition)		1	0	In days of old	Horn	1	0
Chain and lute	Walmisley	2	0	Indian maid	Kelly	1	6
Chapter on pockets		1	0	I never told my love	Ditto	1	6
Child of glory	Kelly	1	6	I never will deceive thee	Parry	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1	6	In moments of delight	Walmisley	1	6
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2	0	In the days of my youth	King	1	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1	6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	Ditto	2	0	Invitation, the	Turnbull	2	0
Contradiction	Cooke	1	6	In yonder bower	Arnold	1	6
Day of love	Moore	2	0	I sigh for the days that are gone	Kelly	1	6
Damon's complaint	Kelly	2	0	It is not that a woman's eyes	Cooke	1	6
Dandy beau	Cooke	1	0	Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Dear aunt	Moore	2	0	Lament, the		2	0
Dear Fanny	Stevenson	2	0	Land of Shillelah		1	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	Howell	1	6	Land o' the Leal (New Edition)		1	0
Dearest Ellen, awake	Emdin	2	0	Light as the shadows of evening	Stevenson	1	6
Deep in my soul	Duval	1	6	Light sounds the harp	Moore	2	6
Did not?	Moore	1	6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	2	0
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	Smith	1	6	Little Mary's eye	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	Stevenson	1	6	London, now is out of town	Ware	1	6
Donald, (new edition)		1	0	Look that says I love thee	Cooke	1	6
Emblem	Horn	2	0	Lord of the castle	King	1	6
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	Hawes	2	0	Lottery, the	Moore	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2	0	Love	Horn	1	6
Exile of Erin	Campbell	1	0	Love and Folly	Smith	1	6
Expostulation	Kelly	1	6	Love and Time	Kelly	2	0
Fair as the morn's light	B. Livius, Esq.	1	6	Love Bird	Smith	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	Cooke	1	6	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	1	6
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1	6	Love in a storm	Barry	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2	0	Love, like an April day	Horn	1	6
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Lover's Smiles	Turnbull	2	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	Molineux	1	0	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	2	0
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
Fly, fly away	Parry	1	6	Love will find out the way	Little	2	0
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing	Horn	1	6
Fly to the desert	Kiallmark	2	0	Maid of Marlival	Stevenson	2	0
Folly, the	Kelly	1	0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	1	6
For her I die	Stevenson	1	6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	2	0
Friend of my soul	Moore	1	6	Mansion of love	Emdin	2	0
From glory's heights descending	Kelly	1	6	March away, Helen!	Horn	1	6
From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
Gallant Troubadour	Stevenson	2	0	Monody	Hawes	2	0
Georgian maid	Bishop	2	6	My heart and lute	Moore and Bishop	2	0
Give, love! give	Beethoven	2	0	My heart's my own		1	0
Golden chain	Leonard	2	0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	1	6
Good night	Moore	2	0	My love hastes him home	Horn	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	Stevenson	2	0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	2	0
Green spot that blooms	Kelly	1	6	My dying sire	Kelly	1	6
				My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	1	0

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Namouna's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Taste life's glad moments	Walmisley	1	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	Smith	2	0	That shepherd, sure, is he	Stevenson	1	6
Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	There's not a joy this world can give	Ditto	2	0
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
No joy without my love	Cooke	1	6	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Now morn is blushing	Stevenson	2	0	Think no more, love, of our parting	Clifton	2	0
Obey!	Horn	1	6	Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	Tho' fate, my girl	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! fair as the seaflower	Welsh	2	0	Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	Kelly	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke	1	6	Thou hast sent me a flowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Thunder-bolt frigate	Horn	1	6
Oh! Liberty	Moore	2	0	Thy gentle manners	Attwood	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	Horn	2	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	Bishop	2	0	'Tis love that should rule the breast	Kelly	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke	2	0	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart	King	1	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! Patrick	Bishop	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	Triumph of Russia	Ditto	2	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	Trumpet of glory	Moore	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	Stevenson	1	6	'Twas his own voice	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	'Twas on a wild and lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Oh! Woman!	Ditto	2	0	Ulrica	Cooke	1	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Wake, maid of Lorn	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	Waters of Elle	Stevenson		
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	What's life unblest with Love	Ditto	1	6
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	When a man weds	Horn	1	6
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	Whence can you inherit		1	0
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When Charles was deceived	Moore	2	0
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	When fickle man for woman sighs	Kelly	1	6
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When from thy sight, love	Ditto	1	6
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	Ditto	2	0
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When I think of my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When Leila touch'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When love gets in the youthful brain	Horn	1	6
Plumed casque	Kelly	1	6	When love and truth together play'd	Philipps	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love was fresh from his cradle	West	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0	When midst the gay	Moore	2	0
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When night was spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed	King	1	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When the days of the summer	Kialmark	2	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the girl of my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	0
Remembrances	Mrs. Mc Mullan	2	0	When the rose-bud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1	6	When twilight dews	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke	1	0	When woe on the bosom of mercy	Howell	1	0
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While parted from the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listen to thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on the beach I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose of honor	Kelly	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	Bishop	2	0	Who would not love?	Cooke	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0	Why comes he not	Smith	1	6
Sea Boy's Dream	Smith	2	6	William and Jannett	Sanderson	1	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	0	Will you come to the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Winds, whisper gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's power ending never	Kearns	1	0
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman's smile	Parry	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woman, who conquers all	Cooke	1	6
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodbine cottage	Stevenson	2	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodman's cot	Kelly	1	0
Summer	Ditto	2	0	Woodpecker	Ditto	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	Kelly	1	6	Wreath you wove	Moore	1	6
Sweet is love	Doyle	2	0	Ye banks and braes, (new edition)	Burns	1	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	Dallas	2	0	Ye light forms of fancy	Kelly	1	6
Sweet is the dream	Stevenson	1	6	Yes, it is, love!	Clifton	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Yes, thro' the wide world	Mrs. —	1	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young Jessica	Moore	2	0
Sweet robin		1	6	Young love	Ditto	2	0
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Young son of chivalry	King	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth I adore	Cooke	1	6
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	Youth is but short	Dallas	2	0
Take back the sigh	Moore	2	0	You watch'd the sun's ray	Welsh Air	1	0
Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6	Zounds, my lad	Cooke	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	Black	1	6	Mourn not, silly mortals	Stevenson	2	0
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevenson	1	6	Nights of music	Moore	2	0
As with slow-moving oar	King	2	0	No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2	6
Catherine	Lady C. Stewart	2	0	Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2	0
Chieftain	Stevenson	2	0	O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2	0
Chink-a-chink	Horn	1	6	Our first young love	Moore	2	0
Come, friendly night	Livius	1	6	Peace!	Stevenson	2	0
Come, all ye youths	Harris	2	0	Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1	6
Congenial to friends	Stevenson	2	0	Should we be forced to part	Cooke	2	0
Could a man be secure (<i>new edition</i>)		1	0	Song of war	Moore	2	0
Dear, in pity	Stevenson	1	6	Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2	0
Dragon fly	Smith	2	0	Surprise	Ditto	1	6
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	Stevenson	1	6	Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2	0
Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1	6	Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2	0
Faithful love	Parry	2	0	That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1	6
Fare thee well!	Ditto	2	0	Think on me	Ditto	2	0
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2	0	Thro' silent woods	King	2	0
Heave one sigh	Horn	1	0	Time has not thinn'd (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0
Here is the lip	Moore	2	0	Tit bits	Cooke	1	6
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2	0	Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1	6
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1	6	Turn to this heart	Horn	1	6
If fortune smile	Kelly	1	6	Wake thee, my dear	Moore	2	0
In search of glory	Cooke	2	6	Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2	0	Well-a-day!	Horn	1	0
Jays that pass away	Moore	2	0	When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2	6	When Jove from the skies	Horn	1	6
Life-boat	Moore	2	6	When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1	6
Love and the sun-dial	Ditto	2	0	Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2	6
Love in thine eyes (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0	While parted from the youth I love	King	1	6
Love, my Mary, dwells	Stevenson	2	0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	Ditto	2	0	Wine to cheer	Parry	1	6
				Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1	6
				Young rose	Moore	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
A broken cake	Stevenson	2	0	Merrily O!	Stevenson	2	6
Allan-a-Dale	Horn	2	6	Mountain cot	Richards	2	0
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1	6	Nor throne of state	Kelly	1	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6	Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5	0
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6	Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2	6
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2	6	Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3	0
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2	0	Ocean king	West	2	6
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2	6	Oh! lady fair!	Moore	3	0
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2	0	Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3	0
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	6	Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	2	6
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3	0	Raise the song	Stevenson	1	6
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2	0	Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	3	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2	0	Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1	6
Come, follow me	Ditto	5	0	Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	2	6
Day set on Norham's castle steep	Lord Burghersh	3	0	Soldier, rest!	Kemp	2	6
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Stevenson	1	6	Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	3	0
Ella	Ditto	2	6	Spirit of Bliss	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Fairy glee	Ditto	5	0	Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	3	0
Fair and False	Lord Burghersh	2	0	This is love	Moore	2	6
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1	6	Ting-a-tingle	Horn	2	0
Finland love-song	Moore	2	6	Tis done! the fatal deed	Lord Burghersh	2	6
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	2	6
Happy love	Ditto	2	0	To thy lover	Ditto	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0	Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	2	6
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	King	1	6	Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1	6
Here's the bower	Stevenson	2	6	Up, quit the bower	Attwood	2	0
Hermits	Ditto	3	0	Wake, Rosa, wake (<i>serenade</i>)	Bartlett	2	6
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Moore	5	0	We fairy folk	Stevenson	2	0
I mark'd not eyes	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals our years	Phelps	2	6
Lonely isle	Horn	3	0	Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	2	6
				Why so pale?	Lord Burghersh	2	6
				Wood nymph	Smith	2	6
				Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	2	6

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

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GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, " 'Tis the last Rose of Summer." *Ries* 8 6
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		s. d.			s. d.
ALLEGRETTO et Valce.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 0	Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....		1 6
A Temple to Friendship.....	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	Lord Hardwicke's March.....	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.....		2 6	Lord Wellington.....	<i>Jansen</i>	1 6
Banks of Allan Water.....	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	Marche Pastorale et Air Russe.....	<i>Von Esch</i>	2 6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Minuetto. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6
Bird-catcher.....	<i>Mozart</i>	1 6	Merch Megan.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	1 6
Blaize et Babet.....	<i>Howell</i>	2 0	Morgan Magan.....	<i>Lanza</i>	2 0
Cease your funning.....	<i>Davy</i>	2 0	Mozart's Grand March.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.....	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	———— Military Waltz. Flute accomp.....	<i>Metzler</i>	1 6
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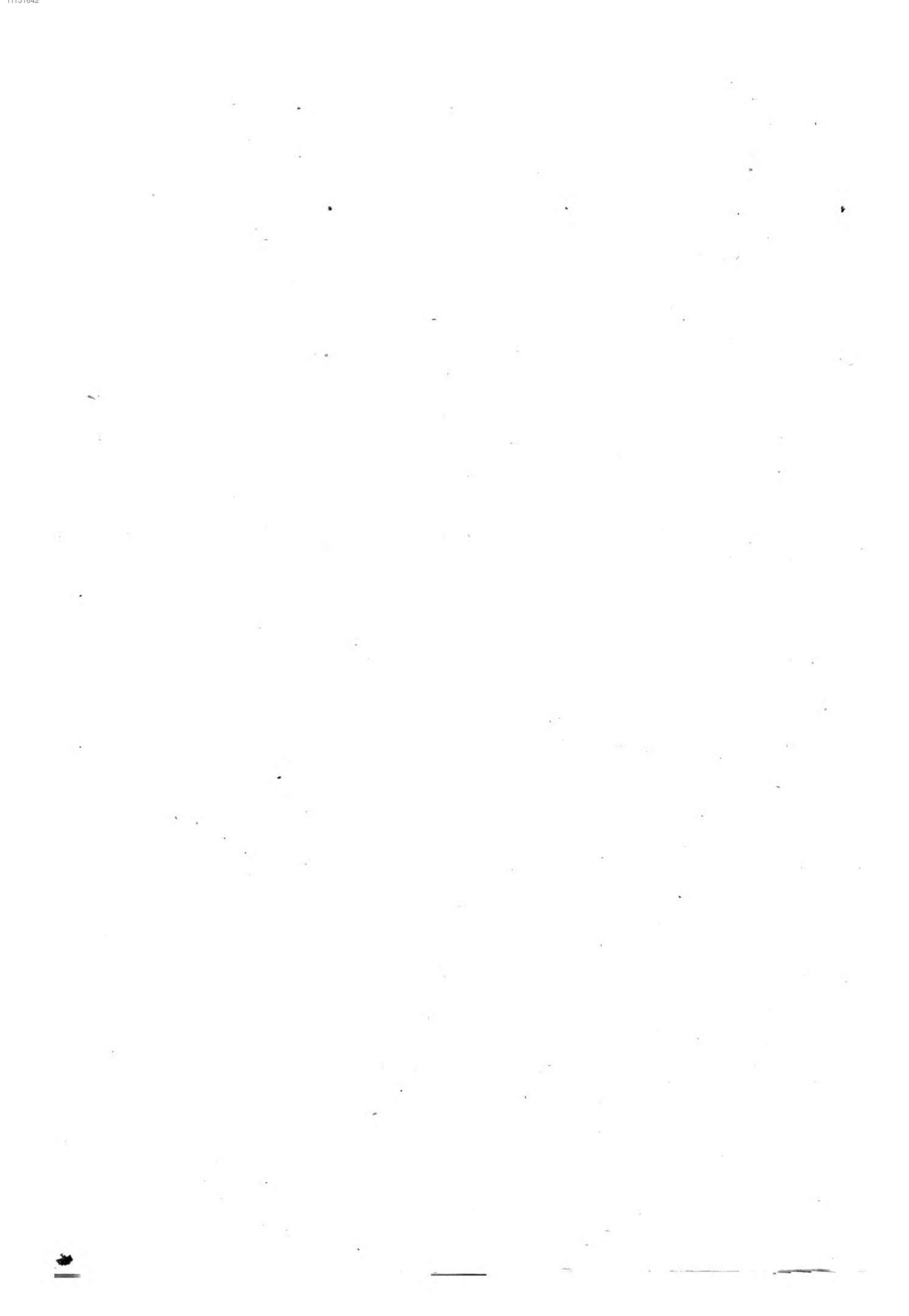
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Munich Waltz, &c.	<i>Hummell</i> ..			



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WITH
Symphonies and Accompaniments

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Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND
CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY
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No. III.



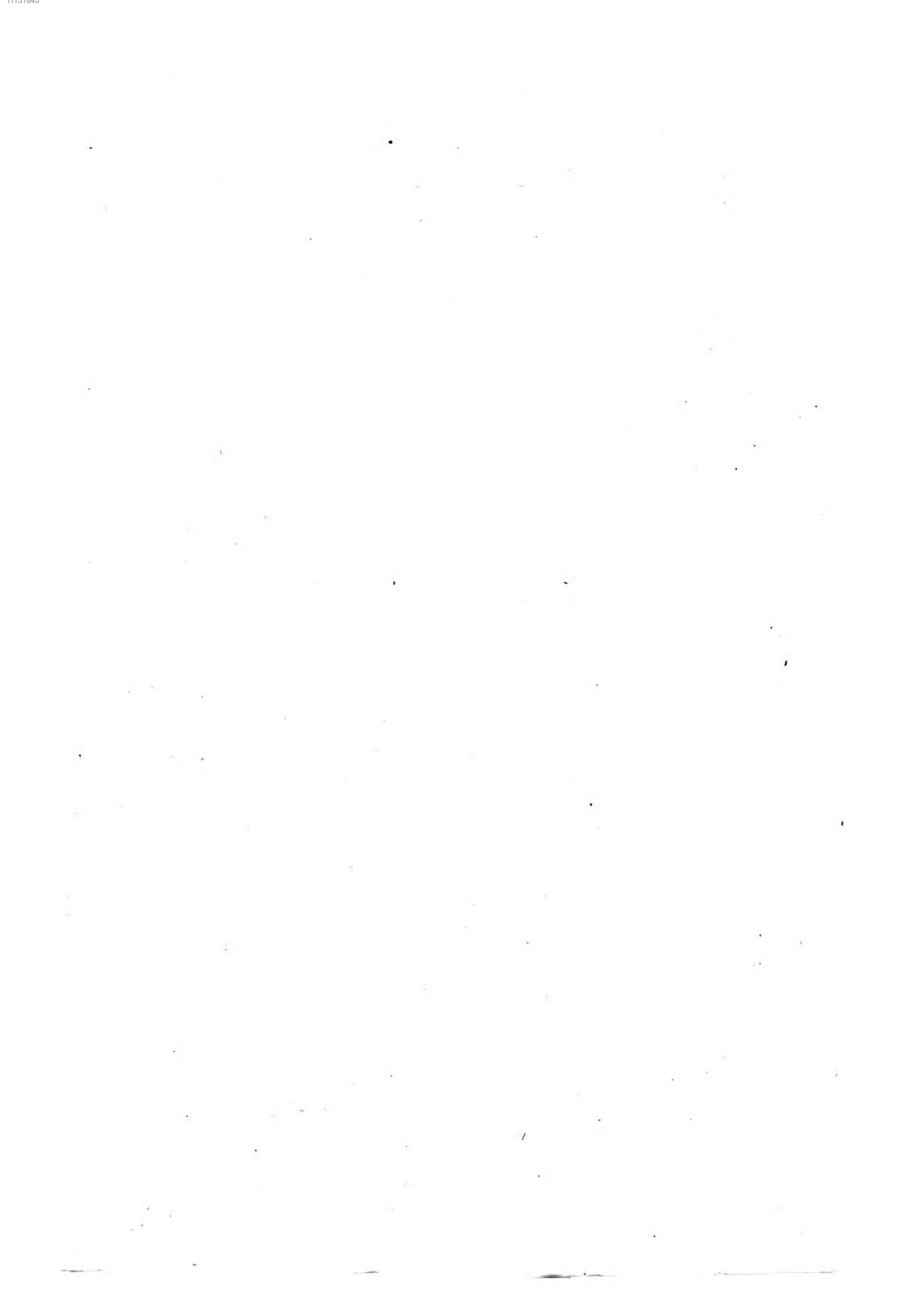
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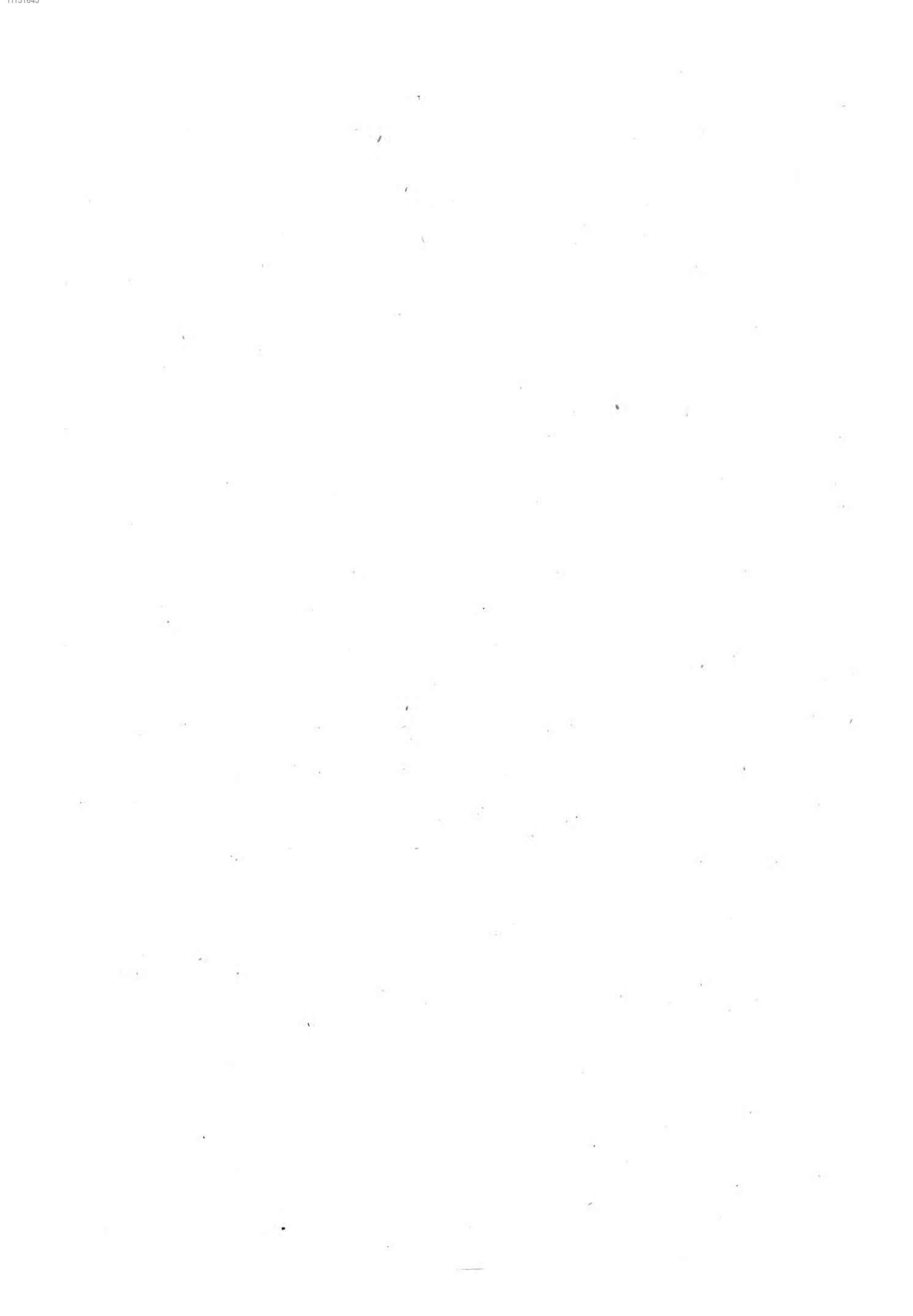
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IN presenting the Third Number of this Work to the Public, POWER begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured ; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted ; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. MOORE, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

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OR
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with Symphonies and

Accompaniments

BY
SIR JOHN STEVENSON MURDOCH,

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.



Third Number.

Price 15 Shillings

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SECRETARY
TREASURY
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To the
Nobility and Gentry
of
Ireland.

The following Work

Is respectfully Inscribed

By
The Publisher.

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A Prefatory Letter

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D—.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the Work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer here, derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile must remember with enthusiasm. Those few darker and less amiable traits, with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible, and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to “wring her into undutifulness*.”

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament, to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it:—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs, which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose†, marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest, which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile‡, mingling regret for the ties which he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body,

* A phrase which occurs in a letter from the Earl of Desmond to the Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time.—*Serinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

† There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in “The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose” (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. 6. p. 49; and, for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O’Kyan, chap. 7. p. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnel.

‡ The associations of the Hindû Music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) “they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months,” &c.—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. 3. on the Musical Modes of the Hindûs.—What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully may be asserted with much more probability of our bold and impassioned airs:—Elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait en tendre à des hommes, d’un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens.—*Refl. sur la Peinture*, &c. tom. 1. sect. 45.

“decantare loca dolentia.” Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion* that none of the Scotch popular airs is as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us, for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description, (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, cries†, &c.) which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise‡; that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks§; or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland||.

By some of these archaologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point¶; and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts**; yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the “light of Song” through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting ††) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp †† were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character

* Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his Scottish Ballads.

† Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

‡ See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

§ O'Halloran, vol. 1, part 1, chap. 6.

|| Id. ib. chap. 7.

¶ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the *diæsis*, or enharmonic interval. The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne (Preludes de l'Harmonie, quest. 7), that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, Observations on Florid Song, chap. 1. sect. 16), there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

** The words *ποικιλια* and *ιτεροφωνια* in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment, lib. 2. de Republ. induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un Passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of Histoire de l'Acad.) M. Huet is of opinion (Pensées Diverses) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his Dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favour of the supposition occurs in the Treatise attributed to Aristotle, Περὶ Κοσμοῦ—Μουσικὴ δὲ οὕτως ἀμα καὶ βαρῆς, κ. τ. λ.

†† Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing; and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

‡‡ A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs.—“The Irish (says he), according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of harps, ‘Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam,’ the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.”—How a learned gentleman, like Mr. Beauford could so mistake the meaning and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable. The following is the passage, as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:—“Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro, Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam.” Hist. Anglic. Script. p. 1075.—I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last work, has adopted it implicitly.

which interests us at present; and, while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale*, our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and, though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar produces the same kind of uneasy sensation, which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation†; and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, “auri per ramos *aura* refulget‡,” the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom; and the Acts against minstrels in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense: yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task; and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by Poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said that the tendency of this publication is mischievous§, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin ||) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness; like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered¶!—to such men I

* The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints; and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called “The Saint-stealer.” I suppose it was an Irishman, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster’s beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part 1, page 25.

† Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called “Mamma, Mamma,” and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c. which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D’Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours Préliminaire de l’Encyclopédie*. The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression, a work, which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

‡ Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6. v. 204.

§ See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c. in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

|| “Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris, quod cum eis nobis propinatur ab ebris doctoribus.”—Lib. 1. Confess. chap. 16.

¶ This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (ἡγεμόνιος) to Alexander the Great *Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* Lib. 1.

shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment, which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description, I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do *any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate: it looks much higher for its audience and readers; it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated; of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many, whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say, that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of Feeling and Passion, yet, often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns, in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and, to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself—a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest; so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—That the mind, which such talents adorn, may continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous, is the sincere wish

Of your Ladyship's grateful friend and servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

Dublin, January, 1810.

* I am happy to take this opportunity of apologizing for the manner in which I have misrepresented the conduct of the Duke of Richmond, in a note upon my poems "Corruption and Intolerance,"—a fault into which I was led by too hastily taking for granted that his Grace, in adopting the party, would adopt also the errors, of his predecessors. On the contrary, however, upon the very point which I thoughtlessly selected as a subject of censure, his liberality and forbearance have been such as to entitle him to the highest praise; and though, in common with every man who really loves his country, I must protest against the principle upon which the present Ministry came into power, I am convinced that no one could have wielded the bad weapon intrusted to him with more caution, skill, and gentleness, than the Duke of Richmond; of whom, in these party times, it is no trifling eulogy to say, that he extorts the esteem and approbation of those who are most strongly adverse to the principle of his politics.—Should this apology appear misplaced or irrelevant, I know I shall at least be forgiven by those who have ever impatiently longed for an opportunity of acknowledging a fault and repairing an injustice.

AIR The snowy-breasted Lark. *Carolan.*

MAJOR.

8^{va}

MINOR.

8^{va}

hr

The musical score is written for piano and consists of eight systems of staves. Each system typically contains two grand staves (treble and bass clef). The notation includes various musical elements such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with the instruction *loco* and features a triplet of eighth notes. Subsequent systems include markings for *hr* (half rest), *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *8va* (octave). The final system concludes with a *Cres* (crescendo) marking and a *f* (forte) dynamic. The score is set in a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or F minor).

AIR *Handy Johnson's Carolan*

Lively

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a piano part (left) and a violin part (right). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The piano part is written in treble and bass clefs, while the violin part is in treble clef. Performance markings include *8va* (octave up), *br.* (breve), *Cres.* (crescendo), *ff* (fortissimo), *p* (piano), and *loco* (loco). The piece concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to two flats (Bb).

AIR Captain Magan.

The musical score is divided into two main sections: a minor section and a major section. The minor section begins with a treble clef staff marked *8va* and *hr*, followed by a piano part with a *p* dynamic. The major section begins with a treble clef staff marked *8va* and *hr*, followed by a piano part with a *p* dynamic. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *f* and *loco*.

6 *8^{va}* *h^o* *h^o* *Cres*

loco *p*

8^{va} *h^o*

loco

ERIN, OH! ERIN.

7

Like the bright Lamp.

*With feeling
and
Solemnity*



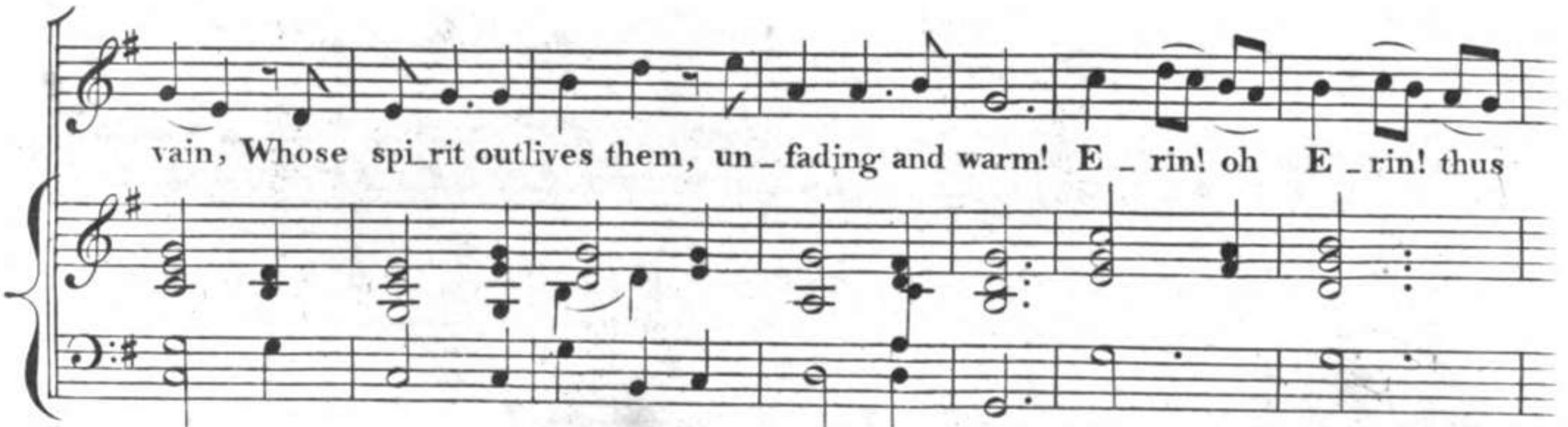
Like the bright lamp that lay on Kil-dare's ho-ly shrine, And burn'd thro' long



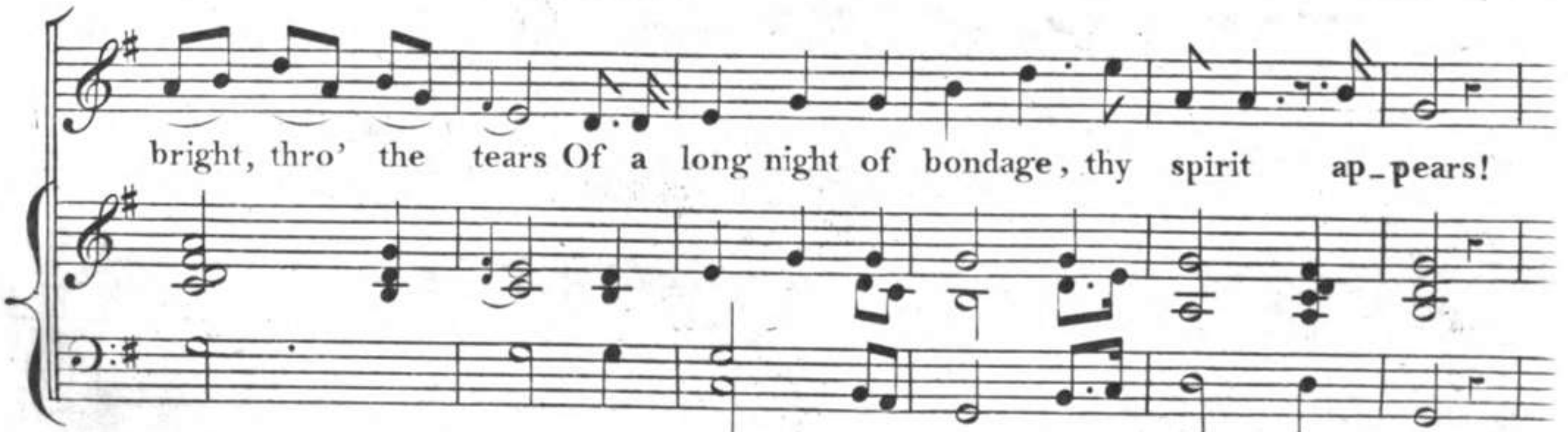
h^r
ages of darkness and storm, Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in



vain, Whose spi-rit outlives them, un-fading and warm! E - rin! oh E - rin! thus



bright, thro' the tears Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit ap-pears!



E -- rin! oh E -- rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a
 E -- rin! oh E -- rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a
 E -- rin! oh E -- rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a

long night of bon -- dage, thy spi -- rit ap -- pears!
 long night of bon -- dage, thy spi -- rit ap -- pears!
 long night of bon -- dage, thy spi -- rit ap -- pears!

2^d VERSE.

The na-tions have fall'n, and thou still art young; Thy sun is but

ri-sing, when o-thers are set: And, tho' Slave-ry's cloud o'er thy

morning hath hung, The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee

yet. E-rin! oh E-rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy

star will shine out, when the proud-est shall fade!

E - rin oh E - rin tho' long in the shade, Thy
E - rin oh E - rin tho' long in the shade, Thy
E - rin oh E - rin tho' long in the shade, Thy

star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.
star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.
star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

h^r

51

AIR—*Thamama Halla* *.

I.

LIKE the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's holy shrine †,
 And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
 Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm !
 Erin ! oh Erin ! thus bright, thro' the tears
 Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears !

II.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young ;
 Thy sun is but rising, when others are set :
 And, tho' Slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
 The full noon of Freedom shall beam round thee yet.
 Erin ! oh Erin ! tho' long in the shade,
 Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade !

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
 The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
 Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
 And daylight and liberty bless the young flower ‡,
 Erin ! oh Erin ! *thy* winter is past,
 And the hope, that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last !

* There are various settings of this air ; that which differs most from the set we have adopted will be found at the end of this Number.

† The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions—" Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant ; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam sollicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt ut à tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."

GIRALD. CAMB. *de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dist. 2, c. 34.

‡ Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite Lines on the Lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

DRINK TO HER

AIR—*Heigh ho ! my Jackey*

I.

DRINK to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
 The girl, who gave to Song
 What gold could never buy !
 Oh ! woman's heart was made
 For minstrel-hands alone ;
 By other fingers play'd,
 It yields not half the tone.
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
 The girl, who gave to Song
 What gold could never buy !

II.

At Beauty's door of glass,
 When Wealth and Wit once stood,
 They ask'd her, "*Which* might pass ?"
 She answer'd, " He who could."
 With golden key Wealth thought
 To pass—but 'twould not do ;
 While Wit a diamond brought,
 Which cut his bright way thro' !
 Then here's to her, who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
 The girl, who gave to Song
 What gold could never buy !

III.

The Love, that seeks a home
 Where wealth or grandeur shines,
 Is like the gloomy gnome,
 That dwells in dark gold mines :
 But, oh ! the poet's love
 Can boast a brighter sphere ;
 Its native home's above,
 Tho' woman keeps it here !
 Then drink to her who long
 Hath wak'd the poet's sigh—
 The girl, who gave to Song
 What gold could never buy !

Drink to Her.

Playful

8^{va}

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line marked '8^{va}' (octave above), while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the poet's sigh. The girl, who gave to Song What

leco

The first system of the song features a vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'leco' (lento). The lyrics are: "Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the poet's sigh. The girl, who gave to Song What".

gold could never buy! Oh! woman's heart was made For minstrel-hands a lone; By

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "gold could never buy! Oh! woman's heart was made For minstrel-hands a lone; By".

other fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then here's to her, who long Hath

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "other fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then here's to her, who long Hath".

wak'd the poet's sigh. The girl, who gave to Song What gold could never buy!

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wak'd the poet's sigh. The girl, who gave to Song What gold could never buy!".

The piano conclusion features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with triplets and slurs, while the bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Oh! blame not the Bard!

With Expression

Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers, Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at

Fame; He was born for much more, and, in happier hours, His soul might have burn'd with a

holi_er flame. The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud

bow to the war_rior's dart; And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire, Might have

pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

Oh! blame not the Bard,

Harmonized for two Voices.

With Expression

Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers Where
 Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers Where

Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame; He was born for much more, and, in
 Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame; He was born for much more, and, in

hap-pi-er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a holi-er flame.
 hap-pi-er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a holi-er flame.

The string, which now lan - guish - es loose on the lyre, Might have
 The string, which now lan - guish - es loose on the lyre, Might have
 bent a proud bow to the war - - - ri - or's dart; And the
 bent a proud bow to the war - - - ri - or's dart; And the
 lip, that now breathes but the song of de - sire, Might have pour'd the full
 lip, that now breathes but the song of de - sire, Might have pour'd the full
 tide of the patriot's heart!
 tide of the patriot's heart!

AIR—*Kitty Tyrrel.*

I.

OH! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at Fame;
 He was born for much more, and, in happier hours,
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
 The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
 Might have bent a proud bow† to the warrior's dart;
 And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of the patriot's heart!

II.

But, alas for his country! her pride is gone by,
 And that spirit is broken which never would bend:
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
 For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
 Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray,
 Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
 And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
 Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

III.

Then blame not the Bard, if, in Pleasure's soft dream,
 He should try to forget what he never can heal:
 Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
 Thro' the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
 That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
 Ev'ry passion it nurs'd, ev'ry bliss it ador'd;
 While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
 Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword ‡

IV.

But, tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
 Thy name, lov'd Erin! shall live in his songs;
 Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay
 Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
 The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
 The sigh of thy Harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
 Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
 Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering Bards, whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

† It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of Concord."—LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, Art. *The Lord Grandison*.

‡ See the Hymn, attributed to Alcaeus, *Εν μυρτι κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω*.—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

AIR—*Oonagh.*

I.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
 A moment from her smile I turn'd,
 To look at orbs, that, more bright,
 In lone and distant glory burn'd :
 But too far
 Each proud star
 For me to feel its warming flame ;
 Much more dear
 That mild sphere,
 Which near our planet smiling came* ;
 Thus, Mary dear ! be thou my own—
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 Which bless my home, and guide my way !

II.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meek,
 Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
 Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
 I said, (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
 “ The moon looks
 “ On many brooks ;
 “ The brook can see no moon but this † :”
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee ;
 While, oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me !

* “ Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together.”

WHISTON'S *Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretiens d' Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words *Non mille, quod absens*.

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works :—“ The moon looks upon many night-flowers ; the night-flower sees but one moon.”

While gazing on the Moon's light.

19

Tenderly

While ga - zing on the moon's light, A

mo - ment from her smile I turn'd, To look at orbs, that,

more bright, In lone and dis - - tant glo - - ry burn'd: But

too far, Each proud star For me to feel its

warm - ing flame; Much more dear That mild sphere, Which

near our pla - net smi - - ling came; Thus, Ma - - ry dear! be

thou my own - While bright - - er eyes un - - heed - - ed play, I'll

love those moon-light looks a - lone, Which bless my home, and

guide my way!

8^{va}

51

ILL OMENS.

When Daylight was yet sleeping.

*Moderate
Time*

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young

Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it alone: For the

youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon; And when

once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal after it soon!

ALL OMIENS.

When Daylight was yet sleeping.

Moderate Time

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young
 Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it alone: For the
 youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon; And when
 once the young heart of a maiden is stolen, The maiden herself will steal af-ter it soon!

51 *lento*

 WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

AIR—*Kitty of Coleraine** ; or, *Paddy's Resource*.

I.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone :
 For the youth, whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in,
 Had promis'd to link the last tie before noon ;
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon !

II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
 Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise :—
 “ Ah ! such,” said the girl, “ is the pride of our faces,
 “ For which the Soul's innocence too often dies !”

III.

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;
 And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too :
 But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost :—
 “ Ah ! this means,” said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
 “ That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !”

* Having some reason to suspect that “ *Kitty of Coleraine*” is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former Melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING

AIR—*The Fairy-Queen**

I.

BY the hope within us springing,
 Herald of to-morrow's strife—
 By that sun, whose light is bringing
 Chains or freedom, death or life—
 Oh! remember, life can be
 No charm for him, who lives not free!
 Like the day-star in the wave,
 Sinks a hero to his grave,
 'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!
 Blessed is he, o'er whose decline
 The smiles of Home may soothing shine,
 And light him down the steep of years:
 But, oh! how grand they sink to rest,
 Who close their eyes on Victory's breast!

II.

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
 Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,
 While his heart that field remembers,
 Where we dimm'd his glory's light!
 Never let him bind again
 A chain like that we broke from then!
 Hark! the horn of combat calls!—
 Oh! before the evening falls,
 May we pledge that horn in triumph round †!
 Many a heart, that now beats high,
 In slumber cold at night shall lie,
 Nor waken ev'n at Victory's sound:
 But, oh! how blest that hero's sleep,
 O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

* In order to bring this fine air of CAROLAN within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild characteristic passage, which, more than once, breaks so boldly across the course of the Melody. The merit of this arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with Sir JOHN STEVENSON. He gave me the air in its present harmonized form; and I found it rather a difficult task to follow, with words of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt varieties of expression with which it abounds. The Melody, in its original form, may be seen at the end of this Number.

† "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed *Meadh* out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage to this day."—WALKER.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the Hope within us springing,
Harmonized for four Voices.

Majestically

First system of piano introduction in G major, 6/4 time. Treble clef starts with a forte (f) dynamic, then piano (p), then forte (f). Bass clef starts with piano (p) and includes a *lento* marking.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef includes *lento* and *allegro* markings. Bass clef includes *pp*, *ff*, *p*, and *allegro* markings.

First vocal line (1st Treble) with measure numbers 1 through 6. The melody begins with a quarter note G4.

By the hope within us springing, Herald of to-morrow's strife,

Second vocal line (2nd Treble) with lyrics: "And by that sun, whose light is bringing".

And by that sun, whose light is bringing

Third vocal line (Tenor & Alto) with a whole rest.

Fourth vocal line (Bass) with a whole rest.

Piano accompaniment (Piano Forte) with *pp* dynamic marking.

Continuation of the first vocal line with measure numbers 7 through 12.

Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Chains or freedom, death or life — Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Oh! remem_ber, life can be No charm for him, who lives not free!

Continuation of the piano accompaniment.

26

13 14 15 16

Sinks the he-ro to his grave,
 Sinks the he-ro to his grave, Midst the dewfall of a na-tion's tears!
 Like the day_star in the wave, 'Midst the dew-fall of a na-tions tears!
 'Midst the dewfall of a na-tion's tears!

17 18 19 20 21

The smiles of home may
 Blessed is he, o'er whose decline The smiles of home may
 Blest is he, o'er whose de-cline The smiles of home may
 Blest is he, o'er whose decline The smiles of home may

for p

22 23 24 25 26

sooth_ing shine, p *Cres*
 sooth_ing shine, And light him down the steep of years - - - - :
 soothing shine, And light him down the steep of years - - - - :
 soothing shine, And light - - - - him down the steep of years:

51 fortis

27 28 29 30 31 27

But, oh! how grand Who close their eyes on

But, oh! how grand but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on

But, oh! how grandly how grandly but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on

But, oh! how grandly how grandly but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on

32 33 34 35 36 37 38

Victory's breast! O'er his watchfire's fading embers Now the foeman's

Victory's breast!

Victory's breast!

Victory's breast!

Cres

39 40 41 42 43

cheek turns white,

When his boding heart that field remembers, Where we dimm'd his glory's light!

44 45 46 47

Ne - - ver let him bind a gain A chain like that we broke from then!

Ne - - ver let him bind a gain A chain like that we broke from then!

Ne - - ver let him bind a gain A chain like that we broke from then! Hark the

Ne - - ver let him bind a gain A chain like that we broke from then!

48 49 50 51

Oh! be fore the evening falls,

Oh! be fore the evening falls, May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

horn of combat calls! - May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

May we pledge that horn in triumph round!

52 53 54 55 56

In slum ber cold at

Many a heart, that now beats high, In slum ber cold at

Ma ny hearts that now beat high, In slum ber cold at

Ma ny hearts that now beat high, In slum ber cold at

for *p*

57 58 59 60 61 29

night shall lie, *Chor.*

night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Victory's sound - - - -:

night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Victory's sound - - - -:

night shall lie, Nor wake - - - nor wake at Victory's sound:

62 63 64 65

But, oh! how blest O'er

But, oh! how blest but, oh! how blest the he - - ro sleeps, O'er

But, oh! how bles - sed how blessed but, oh! how blest the he - - ro sleeps, O'er

But, oh! how bles - sed how blessed but, oh! how blest the he - - ro sleeps, O'er

66 67 68 69 70

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

whom a wond'ring world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

*Night clos'd around.**With
Solemnity*

Night clos'd a_ round the conqueror's way, And lightning shew'd the distant hill, Where

those, who lost that dreadful day, Stood few and faint, but fearless still! The soldier's

hope, the patriots' zeal - -, For ever dimm'd, for e_ ver crost - Oh! who shall say what

heroes feel, When all but life and honour's lost?



Power Jun. Del.

J. Minns Sculp.

After the Battle

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightning shew'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still:
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

Published as the Act directs, Jan^y 2. 1810. by J. Power, 34. Strand, London.

NIGHT CLOS'D AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY.

AIR—*Thy Fair Bosom.*

I.

NIGHT clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightning shew'd the distant hill,
Where those, who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still!
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

II.

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream,
And Valour's task, mov'd slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—
'There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

AIR—*Thady, you Gander.*

I

OH! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear
 And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near*!
 The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
 Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear;
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

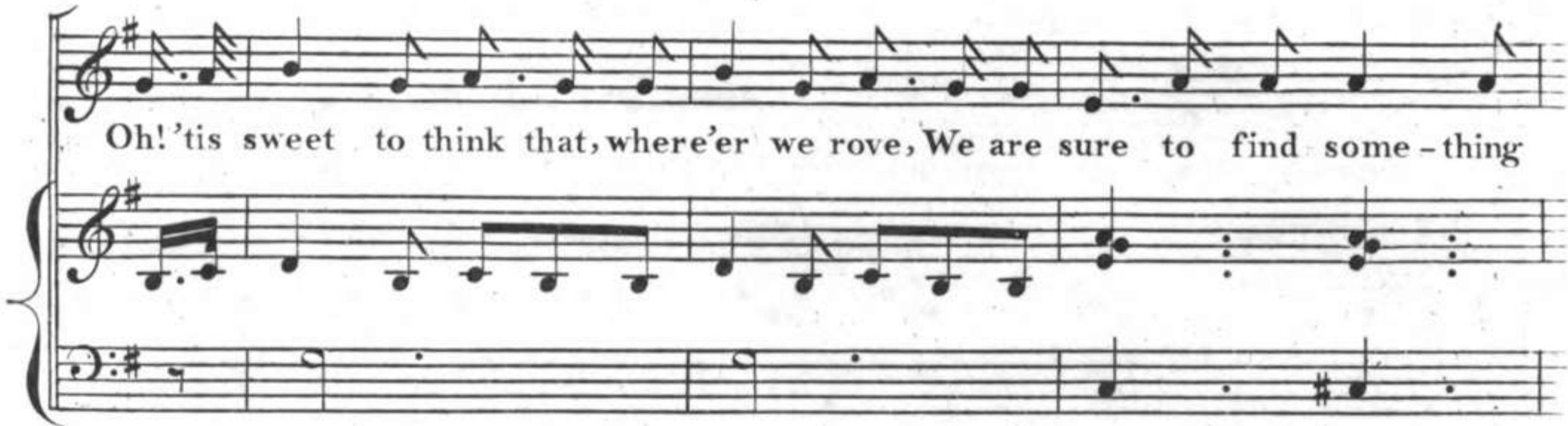
II.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest if the rose is not there;
 And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
 'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
 Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
 They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:
 And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
 It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
 Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear;
 And to know, when far from the lips we love,
 We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

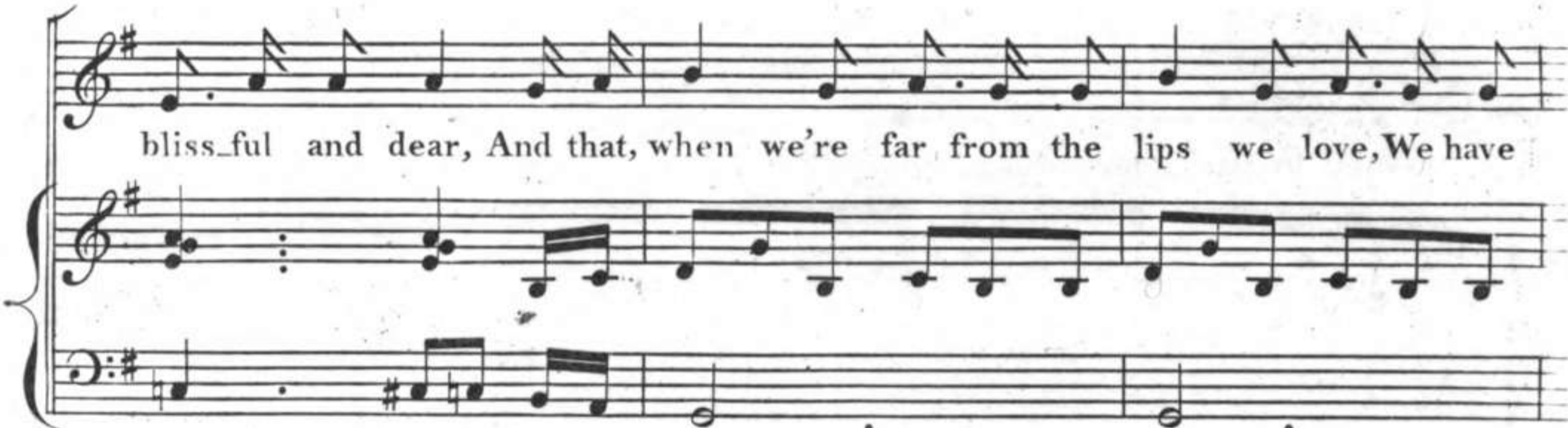
* I believe it is Marmontel who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"
 —There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think!

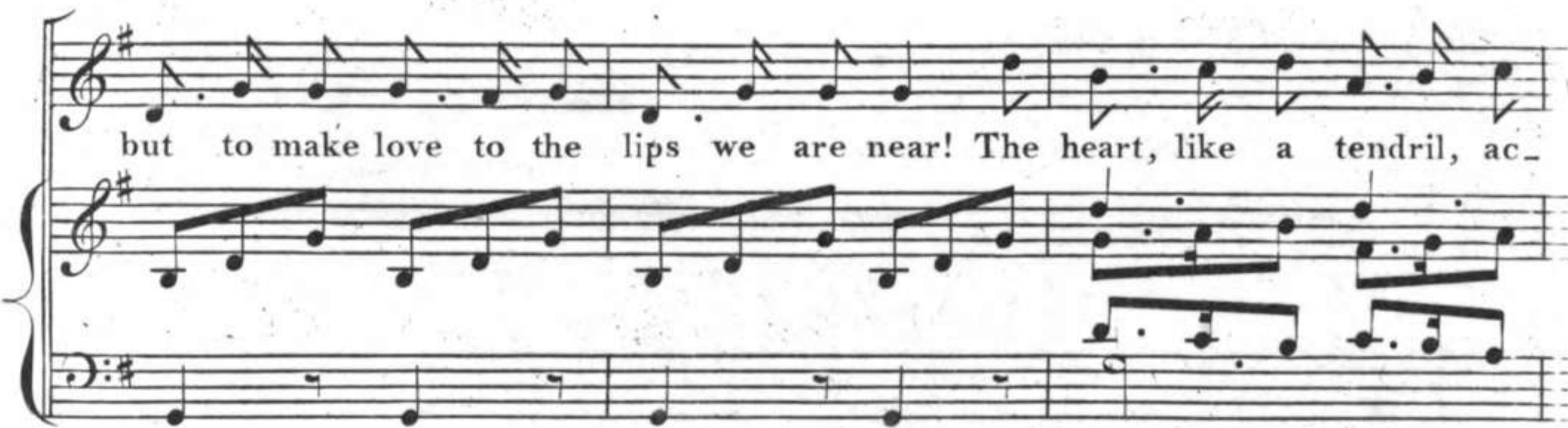
Playfully



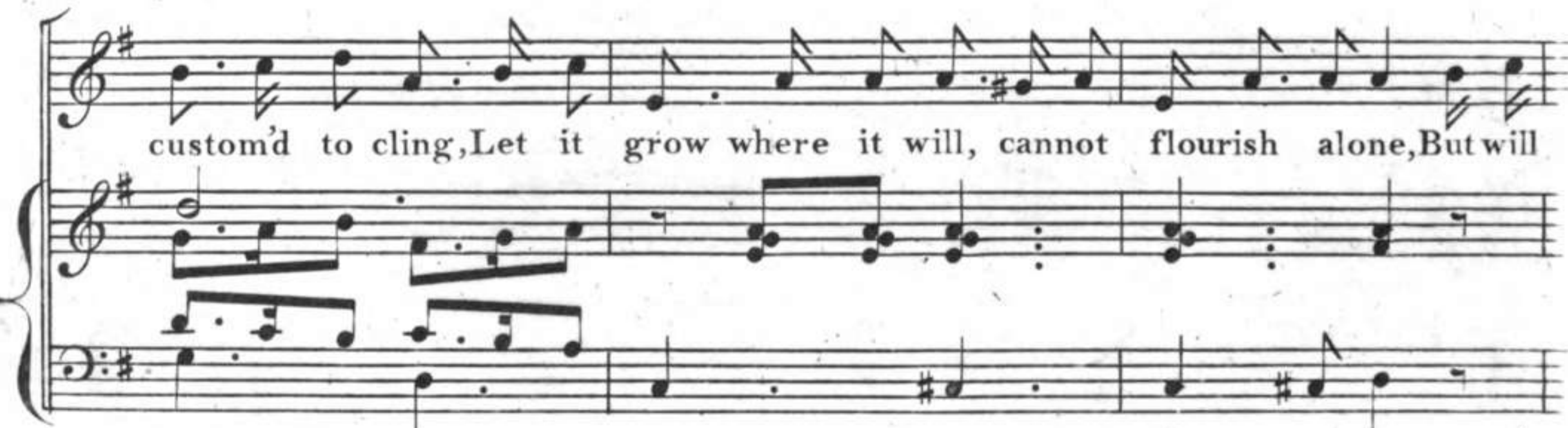
Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove, We are sure to find some-thing



bliss-ful and dear, And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We have



but to make love to the lips we are near! The heart, like a tendril, ac-



custom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone, But will

lean to the nearest and love-liest thing It can twine with it-self, and make

close-ly its own. Then, oh! what pleasure, wher-e'er we rove, To be

doom'd to find some-thing, still, that is dear; And to know, when far from the

lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Through Grief and through Danger.

With Fading

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till

hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The

darker our for_tune, the brighter our pure love burn'd, Till

shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was turn'd: Oh!

slave as I was, in thy arms my spi - rit felt free, And

bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

37

Through Grief and through Danger,
Harmonized for two Voices.

With Feeling

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till
Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way, Till

hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The
hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The

dark-er our for-tune, the brighter our pure love burn'd, Till

dark-er our for-tune, the brighter our pure love burn'd, Till

shame in-to glo-ry, till fear in-to zeal was turn'd: Oh!

shame in-to glo-ry, till fear in-to zeal was turn'd: Oh!

slave as I was, in thy arms my spi-rit felt free, And

slave as I was, in thy arms my spi-rit felt free, And

bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

39

2^d VERSE.

Thy ri_val was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd; Thy
Thy ri_val was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd; Thy

crown was of bri_ers, but gold her brows a _ _ dorn'd: She
crown was of bri_ers, but gold her brows a _ _ dorn'd: She

wo'd me to tem_ples, while thou lay'st hid in caves; Her
wo'd me to tem_ples, while thou lay'st hid in caves; Her

friends were all masters, while thine, a - - las! were slaves: Yet

friends were all masters, while thine, a - - las! were slaves: Yet

cold in the earth at thy feet I would ra - - ther be Than

cold in the earth at thy feet I would ra - - ther be Than

wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

THRO' GRIEF AND THRO DANGER.

AIR—*I once had a True-Love.*

I.

THRO' grief and thro' danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd :
Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd ;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd :
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves ;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves ;
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those ling'ring chains!
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains ;
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue ;
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too*!

* " Where the Spirit of the LORD is, there is liberty."—ST. PAUL. 2 CORINTHIANS, iii. 17.

—
 WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE,
 ———

AIR—*Banks of Banna.*

I.

WHEN through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes, we us'd to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear ;
 Oh ! how welcome breathes the strain,
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept—
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes, that long have wept !

II.

Like the gale, that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flow'rs,
 Is the grateful breath of Song,
 That once was heard in happier hours.
 Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death :
 So, when Pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath !

III.

Music !—oh ! how faint, how weak
 Language fades before thy spell !
 Why should Feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are ev'n more false than they ;
 Oh ! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly sooth, and not betray !

When through Life unblest we rove.

*Slow
and with
Feeling*

The first system consists of a piano introduction. It features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The music is in common time (C) and begins with a series of chords and moving lines.

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Whentho' life unblest we rove, Losing all that made life dear, Should some notes, we".

The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "us'd to love In days of boyhood, meet our ear; Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,".

The fourth system contains the third line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept— Kindling former smiles a gain In".

The fifth system contains the final line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "faded eyes, that long have wept!". The system concludes with a double bar line.

ON MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
Harmoniz'd for four Voices.

*Slow
and with
feeling*

First system of piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with musical notation.

Second system of piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with musical notation and trill ornaments (tr) above notes.

1st Treble When thro' life un - - blest we rove, Losing all that

2nd Treble When thro' life un - - blest we rove, Losing all - - that

*Tenor
& Notes lower* Losing all - - - that

Bass When thro' life un - - blest we rove, Losing all that

*Piano
Forte* Musical notation for piano accompaniment, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef).

made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy-hood,

made life dear, Should some notes we us'd to love In days of boy-hood,

made life dear, Should notes - - - we lov'd In days of boy-hood,

made life dear, Should notes - - - we us'd to love In days of boy-hood,

Piano accompaniment for the second system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with musical notation.

meet our ear, Oh! how wel_come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that
 meet our ear, Wak'ning thoughts that
 meet our ear, Oh! how wel_come breathes the strain, Wak'ning thoughts that
 meet our ear, Wak'ning thoughts that

long have slept, Kindling for_mer smiles a_gain In fa_ded eyes, that
 long have slept, Kindling for_mer smiles a_gain In fa_ded eyes, that
 long have slept, Kindling for_mer smiles a_gain In faded eyes, that
 long have slept, Kindling for_mer smiles again In faded eyes, that

long have wept!
 long have wept!
 long have wept!
 long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs a long Beds of o-ri-ental flow'rs, Is the grateful
 Like the gale, that sighs a long Beds of o-ri-ental flow'rs, Is the grateful
 Beds of o-ri-ental flow'rs, Is the breath- of
 Like the gale, that sighs a long Beds of o-ri-ental flow'rs, Is the grate-ful

breath of song, That once was heard in happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale goes on,
 breath of song, That once was heard in happier hours. Tho' the
 song, That once was heard in happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale goes on,
 breath of song, That once was heard in happier hours.

Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when pleasure's dream is gone, Its
 flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when pleasure's dream is gone, Its
 Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when plea- sure's dream is gone, Its

mem'ry lives in music's breath!

mem'ry lives in music's breath!

Its mem'ry lives in music's breath!

mem'ry lives in music's breath!

Music!_oh! how faint, how weak Language fades be_ _fore thy spell!

Music!_oh! how faint, how weak Language fades be_ _fore thy spell! - - -

Language fades - - - - be_ _fore thy spell! Why shou'd

Music!_oh! how faint, how weak Language fades be_ _fore thy spell! Why shou'd

Why shou'd feeling e_ _ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Why shou'd feeling e_ _ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

feel - - - - ing speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

feel - - - - ing e_ _ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Friendship's balmy words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they;

Love's are ev'n more false than they;

Friendship's balmy words may feign, Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis

Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis

Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweetly sooth, and not be - tray!

Oh! 'tis on - ly Music's strain Can sweet - - - ly sooth, and not be - tray!

on - - - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - ly sooth, and not be - tray!

on - - - - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet - - ly sooth, and not be - tray!

It is not the Tear.

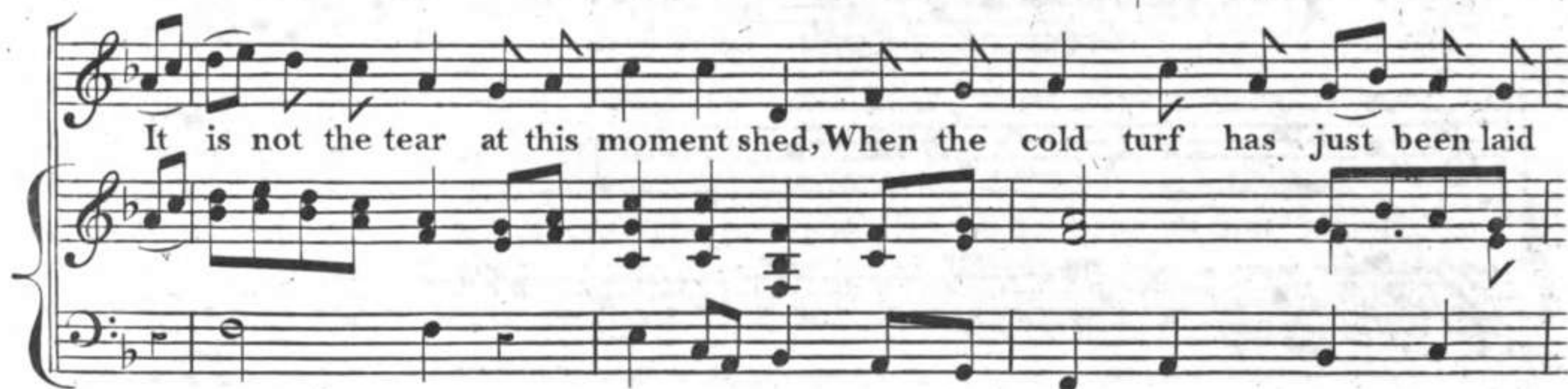
49.

With Expression



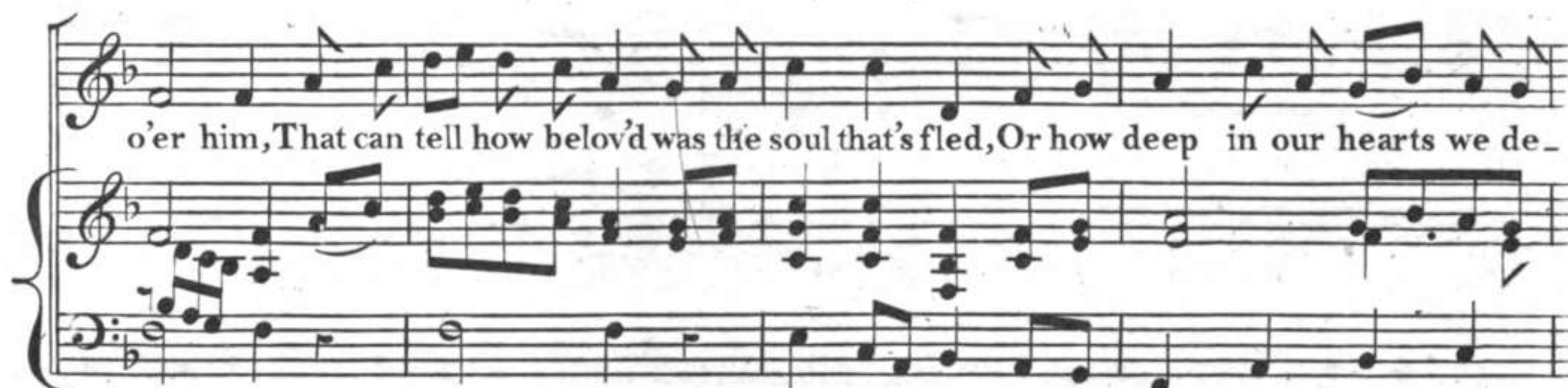
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines.

It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid



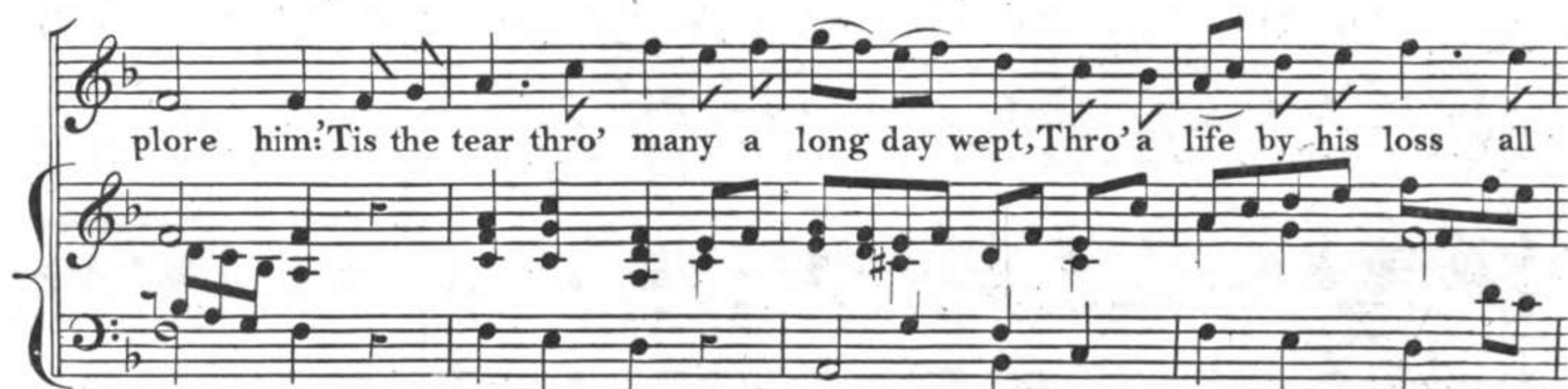
The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid".

o'er him, That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-



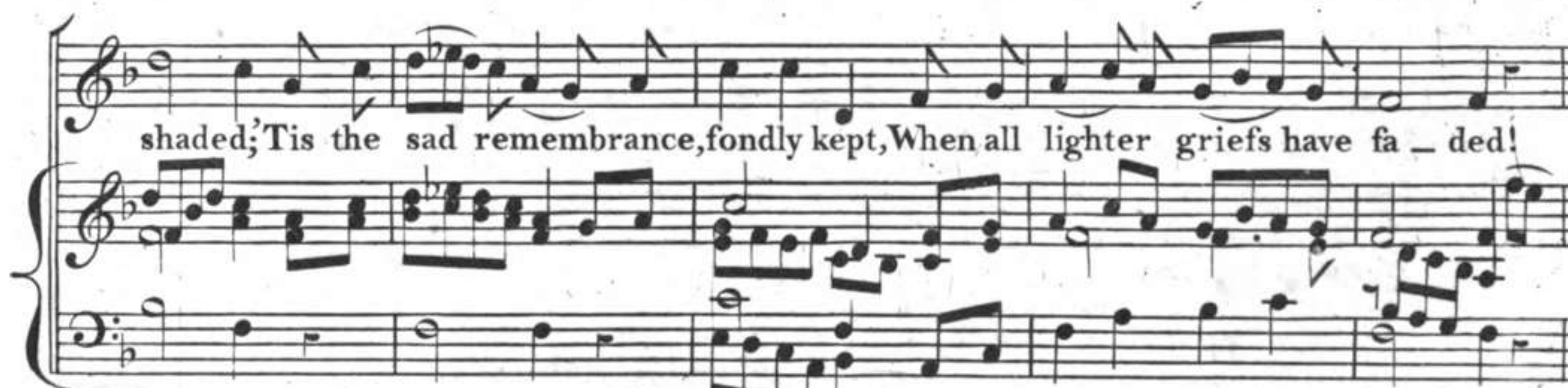
The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "o'er him, That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-".

plore him: 'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all



The third line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "plore him: 'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept, Thro' a life by his loss all".

shaded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all lighter griefs have fa- ded!



The fourth line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "shaded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all lighter griefs have fa- ded!".



The final line of the song consists of piano accompaniment in two staves, concluding with a double bar line.

*It is not the Tear at this moment shed,
Harmonized for Two Voices.*

*With
Expression*

It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid

It is not the tear at this moment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid

o'er him, That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-

o'er him, That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de-

plore him: 'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept Thro' a life by his loss all

plore him: 'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept Thro' a life by his loss all

sha - ded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all light - er griefs have

sha - ded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all lighter griefs have

fa - - ded!

fa - - ded!

2^d VERSE.

Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his mem' - - ry's light, While it

Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his mem' - - ry's light, While it

shines thro' our hearts, will im - prove them; For worth shall look fair - er, and

shines thro' our hearts, will im - prove them; For worth shall look fair - er, and

truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to love them! And, as
 truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to love them! And, as

buried saints the grave perfume, Where, fadeless, they've long been ly - - ing, So our
 buried saints the grave per - fume, Where, fadeless, they've long been ly - - ing, So our

hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the i - mage he left there in
 hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom From the i - mage he left there in

dy - - ing!
 dy - - - ing!

AIR—The Sarcophagus.

I.

IT is not the tear, at this moment shed,

When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him :

'Tis the tear thro' many a long day wept,
Thro' a life by his loss all shaded :

'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded !

II.

Oh ! thus shall we mourn ; and his memory's light,

While it shines thro' our hearts, will improve them ;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them !

And, as buried saints the grave perfume,

Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying !

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP

AIR—*Gage Fane.*

I.

'TIS believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Syren, of old, who sung under the sea ;
And who often at eve thro' the bright billow rov'd,
To meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

II.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night ner gold ringlets to steep,
Till Heav'n look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form !

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curl'd round the frame ;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings* !

IV.

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone,
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away !

* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin.

'Tis believ'd that this Harp!

55

*Moderate
Time*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Tis be_liev'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a

The vocal line begins with a half note on G4, followed by eighth notes for the rest of the phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand.

Sy -- ren, of old, who sung un -- der the sea; And who

The vocal line continues with a half note on G4, followed by eighth notes. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is placed above the first note of the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

of -- ten at eve through the bright bil -- low rov'd, To

The vocal line continues with a half note on G4, followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

meet on the green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

The vocal line continues with a half note on G4, followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

The piano conclusion consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Tis believ'd that this Harp,
Harmoniz'd for three Voices.

*Slower
than the
Song*

Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a Syren, of old, who sung

Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, of old, who sung.

Tis be_liev'd this Harp, which I wake for thee, Was a Syren, of old, who sung

under the sea; And who often at eve thro' the bright bil_low rov'd, To meet on the

under the sea; And who often at eve thro' the bright bil_low rov'd, To meet on the

under the sea; And who oft' at eve thro' bright bil_lows rov'd, To meet on the

green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

green shore a youth whom she lov'd.

2^d VERSE.

Handwritten measure numbers: 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51.

But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the
But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, in
But she lov'd in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the
night her gold ring-lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi-ty on
tears her gold ring-lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi-ty on
night her gold ring-lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi-ty on
true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!
true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!
true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form!

58 3^d VERSE.

Still her bo-som rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same—While her sea-beauties
Still her bo-som rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same— her
Still her bo-som rose fair—still her cheek smil'd the same—While her sea-beauties

graceful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her hair shedding tear - drops from
sea - beauties curl'd round the frame; And her hair shedding tear - drops from
grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her hair shedding tear - drops from

all its bright rings, Fell o-ver her white arm to make the gold strings!
all its bright rings, Fell o-ver her white arm to make the gold strings!
all its bright rings, Fell o-ver her white arm to make the gold strings!

51

4th VERSE. 73. 74 75 76 77 59

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to mingle love's
Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known love's
Hence it came this soft Harp so long hath been known Still to mingle love's

lan-guage with sorrow's sad tone, Till thou didst di- - - vide them, and
lan - guage with sorrow's sad tone, Till thou didst di - - - vide them, and
lan - guage with sorrow's sad tone, Till thou didst di - - - vide them, and

teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way!
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way!
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a - way!

51

Chamama (Galla)

Musical score for 'Chamama (Galla)'. The score consists of six staves of music. The first staff is in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The subsequent staves continue the melody and accompaniment. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings.

The Fairy Queen

Musical score for 'The Fairy Queen'. The score consists of eight staves of music. The first staff is in 6/8 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is characterized by frequent dynamic changes, including *f*, *p*, *ff*, and *pp*, as well as hairpins and accents. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks. The page number '51' is visible at the bottom center.

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Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
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The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15s.—Containing

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-brcasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

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At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15s.—Containing

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perisk'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Fare thee well! thou lovely one!.. Sicilian	Hear me but once French	Oh days of Youth French
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Who is the Maid? (St. Jerome's Love)	Go, let me weep	Almighty God! (Chorus of Priests)
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Fra tante angoscie.....	2	0	Vederlo sol bramo.....	2	6
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A farewell!	Stevenson	2	0	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	Kelly	1	6	Heath, this night, must be my bed.	Kemp	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1	6	Hence, faithless hope!	Stevenson	2	0
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Sue	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
Alice of Fyfe	West	2	0	Here's the bower	Moore	2	0
A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Hoax	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
A rosy cheek	Horn	1	6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1	6
Auld lang syne	Burns	1	0	How happy once	Moore	2	0
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1	0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1	6
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1	0
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1	6	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1	0	I can no longer stifle	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2	0	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1	6
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
Can I again that form caress?	Moore	1	6	I'm wearing awa	Burns	1	0
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2	0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2	0
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Chain and lute	Walmisley	2	0	India: maid	Kelly	1	6
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Child of glory	Kelly	1	6	I never will deceive thee	Parry	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1	6	In moments to delight	Walmisley	1	6
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2	0	In the days of my youth	King	1	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1	6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1	6
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Did not?	Moore	1	6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	2	0
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Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	Stevenson	1	6	London, now is out of town	Ware	1	6
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Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2	0	Love	Horn	1	6
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Fair as the morn's light	B. Livius, Esq.	1	6	Love Bird	Smith	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	Cooke	1	6	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	1	6
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1	6	Love in a storm	Barry	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2	0	Love, like an April day	Horn	1	6
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Lover's Smiles	Turnbull	2	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	Molineux	1	0	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	2	0
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
Fly, fly away	Parry	1	6	Love will find out the way	Little	2	0
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing	Horn	1	6
Fly to the desert	Kiallmark	2	0	Maid of Marlivale	Stevenson	2	0
Folly, the	Kelly	1	0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	1	6
For her I die	Stevenson	1	6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	2	0
Friend of my soul	Moore	1	6	Mansion of love	Emdin	2	0
From glory's heights descending	Kelly	1	6	March away, Helen!	Horn	1	6
From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
Gallant Troubadour	Stevenson	2	0	Monody	Hawes	2	0
Georgian maid	Bishop	2	6	My heart and lute	Moore and Bishop	2	0
Give, love! give	Beethoven	2	0	My heart's my own		1	0
Golden chain	Leonard	2	0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	1	6
Good night	Moore	2	0	My love hasteshim home	Horn	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	Stevenson	2	0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	2	0
Green spot that blooms	Kelly	1	6	My dying sire	Kelly	1	6
				My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	1	0

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Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	Smith	2	0	That shepherd, sure, is he	Stevenson	1	6
Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	There's not a joy this world can give	Ditto	2	0
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
No joy without my love	Cooke	1	6	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Now morn is blushing	Stevenson	2	0	Think no more, love, of our parting	Clifton	2	0
Obey!	Horn	1	6	Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	Tho' fate, my girl	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! fair as the seaflower	Welsh	2	0	Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	Kelly	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke	1	6	Thou hast sent me a flowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Thunder-bolt frigate	Horn	1	6
Oh! Liberty	Moore	2	0	Thy gentle manners	Attwood	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	Horn	2	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	Bishop	2	0	'Tis love that should rule the breast	Kelly	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	'Tis Love, 'tis Love	Stevenson	1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke	2	0	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart	King	1	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! Patrick	Bishop	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	Triumph of Russia	Ditto	2	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	Trumpet of glory	Moore	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	Stevenson	1	6	'Twas his own voice	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	'Twas on a wild and lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Oh! Woman!	Ditto	2	0	Ulrica	Cooke	1	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Wake, maid of Lorn	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	Waters of Elle	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	What's life unblest with Love	Ditto	1	6
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	When a man weds	Horn	1	6
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	Whence can you inherit	Moore	1	0
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When Charles was deceived	Moore	2	0
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	When fickle man for woman sighs	Kelly	1	6
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When from thy sight, love	Ditto	1	6
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	Ditto	2	0
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When I think of my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When Leila touch'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When love gets in the youthful brain	Horn	1	6
Plumed casque	Kelly	1	6	When love and truth together play'd	Philipps	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love was fresh from his cradle	West	1	6
Pray, Goody!	Moore	2	0	When midst the gay	Moore	2	0
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When night was spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed	King	1	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When the days of the summer	Kiallmark	2	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the girl of my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	0
Remembrauces	Mrs. Mc Mullan	2	0	When the rose-bud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1	6	When twilight dews	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke	1	0	When woe on the bosom of mercy	Howell	1	0
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While parted from the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listen to thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on the beach I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose of honor	Kelly	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	Bishop	2	0	Who would not love?	Cooke	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled	Moore	1	0	Why comes he not	Smith	1	6
Sea Boy's Dream	Smith	2	6	William and Jannett	Sanderson	1	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	0	Will you come to the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Winds, whisper gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's power ending never	Kearns	1	0
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman's smile	Parry	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woman, who conquers all	Cooke	1	6
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodbine cottage	Stevenson	2	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodman's cot	Kelly	1	0
Summer	Ditto	2	0	Woodpecker	Ditto	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	Kelly	1	6	Wreath you wove	Moore	1	6
Sweet is love	Doyle	2	0	Ye banks and braes, (new edition)	Burns	1	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	Dallas	2	0	Ye light forms of fancy	Kelly	1	6
Sweet is the dream	Stevenson	1	6	Yes, it is, love!	Clifton	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Yes, thro' the wide world	Mrs. —	1	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young Jessica	Moore	2	0
Sweet robin	Moore	1	6	Young love	Ditto	2	0
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Young son of chivalry	King	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth I adore	Cooke	1	6
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	Youth is but short	Dallas	2	0
Take back the sigh	Moore	2	0	You watch'd the sun's ray	Welsh Air	1	0
Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6	Zounds, my lad	Cooke	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	Black	1	6	Mourn not, silly mortals	Stevenson	2	0
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevenson	1	6	Nights of music	Moore	2	6
As with slow-moving oar	King	2	0	No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2	6
Catherine	Lady C. Stewart	2	0	Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2	0
Chieftain	Stevenson	2	0	O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2	0
Chink-a-chink	Horn	1	6	Our first young love	Moore	2	0
Come, friendly night	Livius	1	6	Peace!	Stevenson	2	0
Come, all ye youths	Harris	2	0	Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1	6
Congenial to friends	Stevenson	2	0	Should we be forced to part	Cooke	2	0
Could a man be secure (<i>new edition</i>)		1	0	Song of war	Moore	2	0
Dear, in pity	Stevenson	1	6	Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2	0
Dragon fly	Smith	2	0	Surprise	Ditto	1	6
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	Stevenson	1	6	Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2	0
Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1	6	Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2	0
Faithful love	Parry	2	0	That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1	6
Fare thee well!	Ditto	2	0	Think on me	Ditto	2	0
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2	0	Thro' silent woods	King	2	0
Heave one sigh	Horn	1	0	Time has not thinn'd (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0
Here is the lip	Moore	2	0	Tit bits	Cooke	1	6
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2	0	Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1	6
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1	6	Turn to this heart	Horn	1	6
If fortune smile	Kelly	1	6	Wake thee, my dear	Moore	2	0
In search of glory	Cooke	2	6	Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2	0	Well-a-day!	Horn	1	0
Joys that pass away	Moore	2	0	When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2	6	When Jove from the skies	Horn	1	6
Life-boat	Moore	2	6	When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1	6
Love and the sun-dial	Ditto	2	0	Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2	6
Love in thine eyes (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0	While parted from the youth I love	King	1	6
Love, my Mary, dwells	Stevenson	2	0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	Ditto	2	0	Wine to cheer	Parry	1	6
				Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1	6
				Young rose	Moore	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
A broken cake	Stevenson	2	0	Merrily O!	Stevenson	2	6
Allen-a-Dale	Horn	2	6	Mountain cot	Richards	2	0
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1	6	Nor throne of state	Kelly	1	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6	Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5	0
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6	Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2	6
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2	6	Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3	0
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2	0	Ocean king	West	2	6
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2	6	Oh! lady fair!	Moore	3	0
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2	0	Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3	0
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	6	Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	2	6
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3	0	Raise the song	Stevenson	1	6
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2	0	Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	3	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2	0	Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1	6
Come, follow me	Ditto	5	0	Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	2	6
Day set on Norham's castle steep	Lord Burghersh	3	0	Soldier, rest!	Kemp	2	6
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Stevenson	1	6	Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	3	0
Ella	Ditto	2	6	Spirit of Bliss	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Fairy glee	Ditto	5	0	Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	3	0
Fair and False	Lord Burghersh	2	0	This is love	Moore	2	6
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1	6	Ting-a-tingle	Horn	2	0
Finland love-song	Moore	2	6	Tis done! the fatal deed	Lord Burghersh	2	6
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	2	6
Happy love	Ditto	2	0	To thy lover	Ditto	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0	Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	2	6
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	King	1	6	Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1	6
Here's the bower	Stevenson	2	6	Up, quit the bower	Attwood	2	0
Hermits	Ditto	3	0	Wake, Rosa, wake (<i>serenade</i>)	Bartlett	2	6
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Moore	5	0	We fairy folk	Stevenson	2	0
I mark'd not eyes	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals our years	Phelps	2	6
Lonely isle	Horn	3	0	Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	2	6
				Why so pale?	Lord Burghersh	2	6
				Wood nymph	Smith	2	6
				Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	2	6

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, "'Tis the last Rose of Summer." *Ries* 8 6
 Piano-Forte part 6 6

		s. d.			s. d.
ALLEGRETTO et Valce.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 0	Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....		1 6
A Temple to Friendship	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	Lord Hardwicke's March	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.....		2 6	Lord Wellington	<i>Jansen</i>	1 6
Banks of Allan Water	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	Marche Pastorale et Air Russe	<i>Von Esch</i>	2 6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Minuetto. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6
Bird-catcher	<i>Mozart</i>	1 6	Merch Megan	<i>Dibdin</i>	1 6
Blaize et Babet.....	<i>Howell</i>	2 0	Morgan Magan	<i>Lanza</i>	2 0
Cease your funning	<i>Davy</i>	2 0	Mozart's Grand March	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.....		5 0	———— MilitaryWaltz. Flute accom.	<i>Metzler</i>	1 6
Come chase that starting tear	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	———— Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment	<i>Weippert</i>	5 0
Conway Ferry	<i>Parry</i>	1 6	My love is like the red, red rose, &c... ..	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6
Devonshire Waltz	<i>Voigt</i>	1 6	Nel cor più non mi sento	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Oh! Lady Fair	<i>Latour</i>	3 0
Eveleen's Bower	<i>Woelfl</i>	2 0	O pescator dell'onda.....	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Fantasia	<i>Gladstones</i>	2 6	O softly sleep	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 0
Fly not yet	<i>Woelfl</i>	2 0	Partant pour la Syrie	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Gelinek's Air from "Alceste."		2 6	Pastoral Rondo.....	<i>Holder</i>	3 0
———— "Air" in C		2 6	Peace be around thee	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6
———— "Aria" in C		2 0	Pria che l'Impegno	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 6
———— "Minuet" from Le Nozze Disturbate		2 0	Prussian Air	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
———— "Waltz"		2 0	Pyrene Air.....	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6
Gladstone's Grand Sonata, with Orchestral accompaniments.....		6 6	Queen of Prussia's Waltz	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6
———— without accomps.....		4 6	Rode's Air, variations	<i>Lysaght</i>	2 0
Glow di Glow	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0	Row gently here	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 6
Go where glory waits thee	<i>Corri</i>	2 0	St. Patrick's Day	<i>Logier</i>	2 0
Guaracha Waltz	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace	<i>Voigt</i>	1 6
Harmonious Blacksmith (new edition)	<i>Handel</i>	1 0	Sicilian Dance	<i>Little</i>	2 0
Holder's "Divertimento." Op. 46. to Mrs. L. H.		2 0	Siciliana and Pollacca	<i>Schulz</i>	3 0
———— "Sonata." Op. 47. Miss Emily Tower		2 6	Sophy	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 0
Howell's Progressive Sonatinas		4 0	Sun Flower	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6
J'ai de la raison	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	Sweet Richard	<i>Parry</i>	2 0
La Belle Henriette	<i>Holder</i>	2 0	Syren	<i>Schulz</i>	2 0
La belle Rosa	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6	Tema and Waltz	<i>Holder</i>	3 0
La ci darem	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	Tu che accendi, Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0
———— Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Turn again, Whittington, with accompaniments, Flute and Violoncello.. ..	<i>Turnbull</i>	3 6
Lady Mary	<i>Jansen</i>	1 6	———— without accomps.....		2 6
La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Tyrolese Air	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 6
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.	<i>Holder</i>	1 6	Valse Française.....	<i>Ringwood</i>	1 6
L'Hymenée	<i>Von Esch</i>	2 6	Venetian Air	<i>Hummell</i>	1 0
Lieber Augustine	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	When love was a child	<i>Ries</i>	3 0
L'Oiseau de Venus.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 6	When the Rosebud	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 6
			Wood-pecker	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 6
			Ye Cambrian Youths	<i>Parry</i>	2 0
			Young Love	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 6

Flute and Piano-Forte.

		s. d.			s. d.
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto	<i>Little</i>	2 0	O Dolce Concerto	<i>Parry</i>	3 0
Di piacer mi balza il cor.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Nightingale	<i>Parry</i>	3 0
Fra tante Angoscie, Flute Accomp. ..	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Parry's Six Divertimentos		5 0
Gia la mensa et Bravi Cosa Rara	<i>Coggins</i>	2 6	Polonoise	<i>Metzler</i>	3 0
Hornpipe danced by Mad. Milanie.....	<i>Cooke</i>	3 0	Thistle Grove	<i>Coggins</i>	2 6
La ci darem la mano	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Thrush	<i>Parry</i>	3 0
Mozart's Military Waltz.....	<i>Metzler</i>	1 6	Vestris' Gavotte. Flute accomp.	<i>Little</i>	2 0
O Dolce Concerto	<i>Burrowes & Nicholson</i>	2 6	When the Rosebud	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 6

Mozart's Overtures.

A New and corrected Edition, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments.

		s. d.			s. d.
Così fan tutti		1 6	Il Flauto Magico		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.		2 6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Idomeneo		1 6	Il Seraglio		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Il Direttore.....		1 6	La Clemenza di Tito		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.		2 6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Il Don Giovanni		1 6	Le Nozze di Figaro		1 6
Ditto, with accomp.		2 6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6

Overtures.

Henry the Fourth, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello..... <i>Martini</i>	<i>s. d.</i> 4 0	Caliph of Bagdad..... <i>Lanza</i>	<i>s. d.</i> 2 0
" " with Flute accompaniment	3 0	Conquest of Taranto	<i>Kelly</i>
" Il Ratto di Proserpina," with accomp. for Flute and Violoncello	<i>Winter</i>	First Attempt	<i>Cooke</i>
" Il Tancredi," with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello..... <i>Rossini</i>	3 6	Flodden Field	<i>Ditto</i>
" " with Flute accomp	2 6	Florence Macarthy	<i>Cooke</i>
Lodoiska, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello..... <i>Kreutzer</i>	2 0	Frederick the Great..... <i>Ditto</i>	2 6
" " with Flute Accompaniments.....	1 6	Harlequin Whittington	<i>Ware</i>
Bride of Abydos	<i>Kelly</i>	High Notions	<i>Parry</i>
All in the dark	<i>B. Livius, Esq.</i> ..	Medley	<i>Logier</i>
	2 0	Plots	<i>King</i>
		Successful Cruise.....	<i>Sanderson</i>
		Valley of Diamonds.....	<i>Corri</i>
			2 0

Waltzes.

FOUR WALTZES. Sets 1, 2, and 3, by <i>M. Schoengen</i>	<i>s. d.</i> 1 6	NATIONAL WALTZ and Six others, as danced by the Misses Dennett, composed by	<i>Miss H.M. Dennett</i> ..	<i>s. d.</i> 2 6
FOUR WALTZES, "The Wood-Hill," "Clifton," "Castle Mahon," and "Charlemont," by..... <i>T. Holt</i>	1 6	THREE WALTZES, "The Cobourg," "The Anglesea," and "The Sarah Ann," composed by	<i>Augustus Meves</i> ..	2 0

Musard's Quadrilles, &c.

J. POWER, has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry, Subscribers to the Balls at Almack's and the Argyll Rooms, that he has purchased from Messrs. Musard, Collinet, and Michau, the exclusive Copyright of all the Quadrilles and Waltzes composed by them this season.

11th Set, with Flute Accomp., dedicated to the Duchess of Somerset.....	<i>s. d.</i> 4 0	18th Set, with Flute Accomp., dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont	<i>s. d.</i> 4 0
12th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Princess Esterhazy	4 0	19th Set, with ditto, dedicated to the Countess of Wemyss and March	4 0
13th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Countess St. Antonio	4 0	20th Set, composed expressly for, and most humbly dedicated to, the <i>Duke of Devonshire</i> , and the Noble and Hon. Members of the Ball Committee at the King's Theatre for the relief of the Distress'd Irish	4 0
14th Set, with ditto, danced at the Juvenile Ball, Carlton Palace and the Pavilion, Brighton; composed by the command, and with permission dedicated to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth	4 0	21st Set, with Flute Accomp. dedicated to Lady Petre	4 0
15th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Miss Seymour	4 0		
16th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Lady Codrington	4 0		
17th Set, with ditto, dedicated to the Countess St. Antonio	4 0		

* * The subjects of this set from "La Gazza Ladra,"

Musard's Waltzes.

6th Set, with Flute Accomp.	2 6	8th Set, Ditto (Nouvelles Mazures).....	2 6
7th Set, Ditto	2 6	9th Set, Ditto	2 6

Dances.

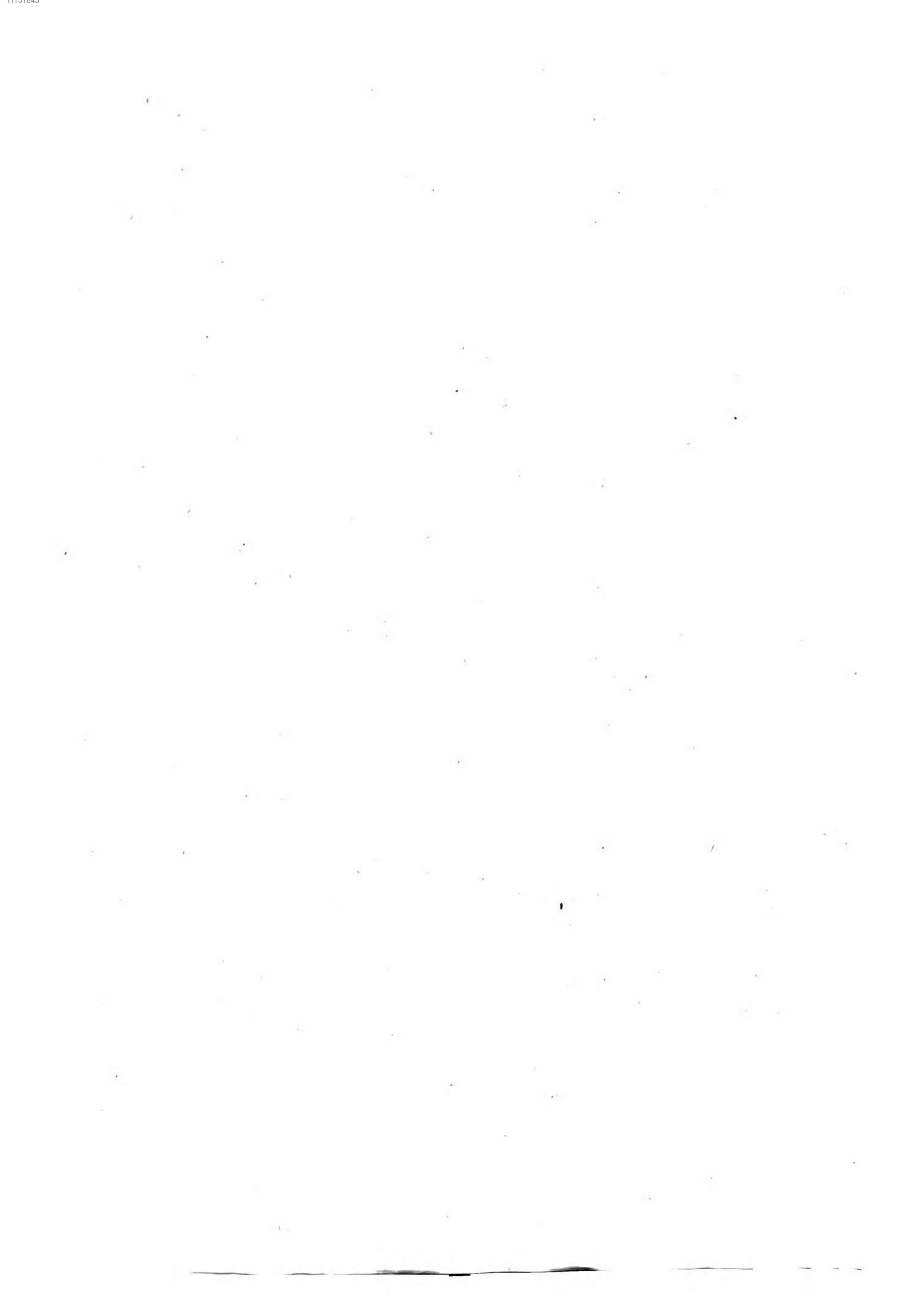
J. Power's Pocket Edition of Quadrilles, as danced at the Argyll Rooms, Almack's, &c., Books 1 to 7 ..each	3 0	Ditto, No. VI. containing "Echo Dance"—"Eclipse Waltz"—"Dr. Syntax"—"Burlington Arcade"—"Waring Waltz"—and "Captive Bird, (to be continued.) ..	1 0
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Duetts for Two Performers.

Bagatelles	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Those evening bells	<i>Ries</i>	3 6
Cease your funning	<i>Bennett</i>	3 0	Ov. "Il Tancredi"	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Di tanti palpiti.....	<i>Bennett</i>	2 6	Do. Do. with Accomp. Flute and Violoncello ..		3 6
Flow on thou shining River	<i>Ries</i>	3 6	Overture and Selections from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico" arranged from the original score, by	<i>J. H. Little</i> ..	15 0
Hope told a flattering tale	<i>Bennett</i>	3 6	Book 1.....		3 0
Les Belles Bergères, with Harp Accompaniment	<i>Little</i>	4 0	Books 2, 3, 4, and 5.....each		4 0
Ditto, without Accompaniment	<i>Ditto</i>	3 0			
Oh Lady Fair	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 6			

NEW HARP MUSIC.

Banks of Allan Water	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	O softly sleep	<i>Dizi</i>	2 0
Brussels Waltz	<i>Holden</i>	2 0	Peace be around thee (from the National Airs) ..	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6
Cambrian Youth	<i>Parry</i>	2 0	Rhenish Air	<i>Weippert</i> ..	1 6
Crudel Perchè, &c. Harp and Piano-Forte ..	<i>Chipp</i>	3 6	Sly Patrick. Fantasia and Variations	<i>Bochsa</i>	2 6
Drink to me only with thine eyes	<i>Weippert</i> ..	2 0	Sun-flower, the (from the Irish Melodies)	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6
Eveleen's Bower (from the Irish Melodies).....	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	Sweet Richard	<i>Parry</i>	2 0
Hilton House	<i>Weippert</i> ..	1 6	Three Waltzes. Harp and Piano-Forte	<i>Hummel</i> ..	3 6
Introduction and Polonaise (Harp and P.-Forte) ..	<i>Chipp</i>	3 6	'Tis the last Rose of Summer	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6
Legacy (from the Irish Melodies)	<i>Chipp</i>	2 0	Venetian Air	<i>Hummell</i> ..	1 6
Merch Megan	<i>Miss Dibdin</i> ..	1 6	To Ladies eyes.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6
My love is like the red, red rose	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6	We're a' Noddin	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6
Munich Waltz, &c.	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6			



20
Mus. Pr.
532

A SELECTION
OF
IRISH MELODIES,
WITH
Symphonies and Accompaniments
BY
Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.
AND
CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

Thomas Stoor Esq.



No. IV.

PRICE 15s.

Mr. Smith

532

Stevenson

Jan 4







Advertisement.

THIS Number of THE MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the publisher, but in consequence of a rumour, which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work. This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the Eighth's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop LOWTH, it is true, was of opinion that *one* song, like the *Hymn to Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the philippics of CICERO. But we live in wiser and less musical times; ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers, and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded more upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were perhaps in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas, and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our national Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish, in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's young Dream*;" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

Bury-street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.

T. M.

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1044

THE
SOUTH
WEST
INDIAN
MUSEUM
AT
BOSTON
MASS.



THE GREAT TEMPLE AT TOLLAND



Entered at Stationers Hall

A Selection
OF
IRISH MELODIES,

with Symphonies and
Accompaniments

by
SIR JOHN STEVENSON Mus. Doc.

and Characteristic Words by

Thomas Moore Esq.



Fourth Number.

London, Published by J. Power, 34, Strand.

Price 15 Shillings

(17)

To the
Nobility and Gentry
of
Ireland,

The following Works

Is respectfully Inscribed

By
The Publisher.

Silvester de Staud.



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LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM,
Al. The Days are gone.

*Moderate
 Time with
 Expression*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from

The first system of the vocal melody is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves (treble and bass clef) below the vocal line.

morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of

The second system of the vocal melody is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves (treble and bass clef) below the vocal line.

milder, calmer beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh! there's

The third system of the vocal melody is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves (treble and bass clef) below the vocal line.

nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

The fourth system of the vocal melody is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in two staves (treble and bass clef) below the vocal line.

2^d VERSE.

Tho the bard to pur-er fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he

win the wise, who frown'd before, To smile at last; He'll never meet A

joy so sweet In all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to

Woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And at ev'-ry close, she

blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!

3^d VERSE.

Oh! that fai - ry form is ne'er for-got, Which first love trac'd, Still it

ling'ring haunts the greenest spot On memory's waste! 'Twas o-dour fled As

soon as shed; 'Twas morning's wing-ed dream! 'Twas a light, that ne'er can

shine a-gain On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can

shine again On life's dull stream!

Dim - in - u - en - do

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE.

AIR—*The Old Woman*

I.

OH! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love!
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!
Oh! there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!

II.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name!

III.

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love trac'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste!
'Twas odour fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 'twas light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

—
 —
 —

THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

—
 —
 —

AIR—*St. Patrick's Day.*

I.

THO' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile thro' our tears, like a sun-beam in showers ;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours !
 But, just when the chain
 Has ceas'd to pain,
 And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirit to sink !—
 Oh ! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay ;
 But tho' 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

II.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal !
 Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true ;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart, that loves liberty too.
 While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array ;
 The standard of green
 In front would be seen.—
 Oh ! my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this minute.
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And shew what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When rous'd by the foe on her Prince's Day.

III.

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget ;
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet !
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray ;
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last,
 And thus, Erin, my country ! tho' broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit, that beams thro' each suffering part,
 And now smiles at their pain, on the Prince's Day !

This Song was written for a Fête in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES'S Birth-Day, given by the friend, Major BRYAN, last year, (1810,) at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

THE PRINCES DAY,

Tho' dark are our sorrows.

With Spirit and Feeling

Tho' dark are our sor-rows, to-

day. we'll for-get them, And smile thro' our tears, like a

sun-beam in show'rs; There ne-ver were hearts, if our

rul - ers would let them, More form'd to be tran - quil and

blest than ours! But, just when the chain Has ceas'd to pain, And

hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs, There comes a new link Our

spi - rit to sink!— Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the

light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid dark - ness, too -

bril - liant to stay; But tho' 'twere the last lit - - - tle

spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Weep on, weep on!

Mourningfully



Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The".

fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the He - ro's

The second line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the He - ro's".

heart hath bled; The Sa - ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain; - Oh, Freedom! once thy

The third line continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "heart hath bled; The Sa - ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain; - Oh, Freedom! once thy".

flame hath fled, It ne - ver lights a - gain!

The fourth line concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "flame hath fled, It ne - ver lights a - gain!".

2^d VERSE.

Weep on— per— haps in af— ter days, They'll learn to love your

name; And many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in

blame! And, when they tread the ru— in'd isle, Where rest, at length, the

lord and slave, They'll wond'— ring ask, how hands so vile Could

con— quer hearts so brave?

3^d VERSE.

“’Twas fate” they’ll say, “a way - ward fate, Your web of dis - - cord

wove; And while your ty - rants join’d in hate, You ne - ver join’d in

love! But hearts fell off, that ought to twine, And man pro - fan’d what

God had giv’n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where

o - thers knelt to Heav’n!”

AIR—*The Song of Sorrow.*

I.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more !
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;—
 Oh, Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again !

II.

Weep on—perhaps in after days
 They'll learn to love your name ;
 And many a deed may wake in praise,
 That long hath slept in blame !
 And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
 Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

III.

“ 'Twas fate,” they'll say, “ a wayward fate
 “ Your web of discord wove ;
 “ And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 “ You never join'd in love !
 “ But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
 “ And man profan'd what God had given,
 “ Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
 “ Where others knelt to heaven !”

LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE.

 AIR—*Nora Creina.*

I.

LESBIA has a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth !
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid, that seldom rises ;
 Few her looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises !
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear !
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina !
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But love in your's, my Nora Creina !

II.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature plac'd it !
 Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell, as heaven pleases !
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear !
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina !
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness,
 The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina :

III.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd,
 But, when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us ?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
 In safer slumber love reposes ;—
 Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses !
 Oh, my Nora Creina, dear !
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
 Wit, tho' bright,
 Has not the light
 That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia has a beaming Eye.

With Lightness and Expression

espress

Les_bia has a beaming eye, But

no one knows for whom it beameth; Right and left its arrows fly, But

what they aim at no one dreameth! Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon My

No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ris - es; Few her looks, but, ev' - ry, one Like

un - expect - ed light sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My

gen - tle, bash - ful No - ra Creina! Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But

love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!

espress

2^d VERSE.

Les_bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph has lac'd it,

Not a charm of beauty's mould Presumes to stay where na_ture plac'd it!

Oh! my No_ra's gown for me, That floats as wild as mountain breezes,

Leav_ing ev'_ry beauty free To sink or swell, as heaven pleas_es!

Yes, my No-ra Creina, dear! My simple, grace-ful No-ra Crei-na!

Nature's dress is love-li-ness, The dress you wear, my No-ra Crei-na!

espress

3^d VERSE.

Lesbia has a wit refin'd, But, when its points are gleaming round us,

Who can tell if they're design'd To dazzle mere-ly, or to wound us?

Pillow'd on my No-ra's heart, In safer slum-ber love re-pos-es;—

Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is but the crumpling of the ros-es!

Oh, my No-ra Creina dear! My mild, my art-less No-ra Creina!

Wit, tho' bright, Has not the light That warms your eyes, my No-ra Crei-na!

espress

I saw thy form.

Tenderly

I saw thy form in youthful prime, Nor thought that pale de - - - cay Would:

steal be-fore the steps of time And waste its bloom a - - way MARY!

Yet still thy features wore that light Which fleets not with the breath; And life ne'er look'd more

purely bright Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

I saw thy form!
Harmonized for Two Voices.

Tenderly



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a flowing, sixteenth-note melody, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes.

First Voice
Second Voice
Piano Forte



The first system includes the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The first voice part begins with the lyrics "I saw thy form in youth-ful prime, Nor". The second voice part mirrors the first. The piano accompaniment is marked "Piano Forte" and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.



The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics for both voices are "thought that pale de-say - - day Would steal - be - fore the". The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic accompaniment.



The third system concludes the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics for both voices are "steps of time, And waste its bloom a - - way, - - MARY!". The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

9 10 11

Yet still thy fea - tures wore that light Which fleets not with - the

Yet still thy fea - tures wore that light Which fleets not with - the

12 13 14 15

breath; And life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of

breath; And life ne'er look'd more purely bright Than in thy smile of

16 17 18 19

death, - MARY!

death, - MARY!

2^d VERSE.

20 21 22

As streams that run o'er gold - en mines With mo - dest

As streams that run o'er gold - en mines With mo - dest

23 24

mur - - mur glide, - - Nor seem - to know the

mur - - mur glide, - - Nor seem - to know the

25 26 27

wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, - MARY!

wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, - MARY!

28 29 30

So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, - Thy ra - diant ge - - - nius

So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, - Thy ra - diant ge - - - nius

31 32 33 34

shone, And that, which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy

shone, And that, which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy

35 36 37 38

own, - MARY!

own, - MARY!

AIR—*Domhnall.*

I

I SAW thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of time,
 And waste its bloom away, MARY!
 Yet still thy features wore that light
 Which fleets not with the breath;
 And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
 Than in thy smile of death, MARY!

II

As streams, that run o'er golden mines,
 With modest murmur glide,
 Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
 Within their gentle tide, MARY!
 So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
 Thy radiant genius shone,
 And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, MARY!

III.

If souls could always dwell above,
 Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
 Or, could we keep the souls we love,
 We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
 Tho' many a gifted mind we meet,
 Tho' fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, MARY*!

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of SHENSTONE'S—" *Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse?*"

AIR—*The Brown Irish Girl.*

I.

BY that Lake, whose gloomy shore
 Sky-lark never warbles o'er^b,
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
 Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.
 "Here, at least," he calmly said,
 "Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
 Ah! the good Saint little knew
 What that wily sex can do.

II.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,
 Eyes of most unholy blue!
 She had lov'd him well and long,
 Wish'd him her's, nor thought it wrong
 Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
 Still he heard her light foot nigh;
 East or west, where'er he turn'd,
 Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
 'Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
 Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
 Woman's smile can haunt him there;
 But nor earth, nor heaven is free
 From her power, if fond she be:
 Even now, while calm he sleeps,
 Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
 To this rocky, wild retreat;
 And when morning met his view,
 Her mild glances met it too.
 Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
 Sternly from his bed he starts,
 And with rude, repulsive shock,
 Hurls her from the beetling rock.

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
 Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave,
 Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late)
 Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
 When he said "Heav'n rest her soul!"
 Round the Lake light music stole;
 And her ghost was seen to glide,
 Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. KEVIN, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

^b There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in GIRALDUS, COLGAN, &c.

By that Lake?

*Moderate
Time*

Piano introduction musical notation consisting of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It features a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

First line of the song. The vocal line is on a single treble clef staff. The lyrics are: "By that Lake whose gloomy shore Sky-lark never warbles o'er, Where the". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature.

Second line of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep. Here, at". The piano accompaniment continues with two staves.

Third line of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "least," he calm-ly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed," Ah! the". The piano accompaniment concludes with two staves.

good . Saint lit_tle knew What that wi_ly sex can do. Ah the!

good . Saint lit_tle knew What that wi_ly sex can do.

2^d VERSE.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, Eyes of

most un_ho_ly blue! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him

her's nor thought it wrong. Where-so-e'er the Saint would fly, Still he

heard her light foot nigh; East or west, wher-e'er he turn'd, Still her

eyes before him burn'd. East or west, where'er he turn'd, Still her

eyes before him burn'd.

She is far from the land?

*With
Melancholy
Expression*

She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps, And

lovers are round her sigh - ing; But coldly she turns from their

gaze, and weeps, For her heart in his grave is ly - - ing!

He is far from the land,
Harmonized for Three Voices.

*With
Melancholy
Expression*

First Voice

*Tenor
& Alto*

Bass

Piano Forte

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her

This system contains measures 3 through 6. It features three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The lyrics are: "But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps, For her". Measure numbers 3, 5, and 6 are indicated above the vocal staves.

heart in his grave is ly - - - - ing!

heart in his grave is ly - - - - ing!

heart in his grave is ly - - - - ing!

This system contains measures 7 and 8. It features three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "heart in his grave is ly - - - - ing!". Measure numbers 7 and 8 are indicated above the vocal staves.

This system contains measures 9 through 11. It features a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. Measure numbers 9, 10, and 11 are indicated above the top staff.

2^d VERSE.

12 13

She sings the wild song of her dear na - tive

She sings the wild song of her dear na - tive

She sings the wild song of her dear na - tive

14 15

plains, Ev'-ry note which he lov'd a - - wak - - ing.—

plains, Ev'-ry note which he lov'd a - - wak - - ing.—

plains, Ev'-ry note which he lov'd a - - wak - - ing.—

16 17

Ah! lit - tle they think, who de - light in her strains, How the

Ah! lit - tle they think, who de - light in her strains, How the

Ah! lit - tle they think, who de - light in her strains, How the

The musical score for measures 16 and 17 consists of three vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Ah! lit - tle they think, who de - light in her strains, How the".

18 19

heart of the Min - strel is break - - - ing!

heart of the Min - strel is break - - - ing!

heart of the Min - strel is break - - - ing!

The musical score for measures 18 and 19 continues with the same three vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "heart of the Min - strel is break - - - ing!".

The piano accompaniment for the final part of the page features a complex rhythmic pattern in the right hand, including triplets and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

AIR—*Open the Door.*

I.

SHE is far from the land, where her young Hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

II.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking.—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking !

III.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him !

IV.

Oh ! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow !

AIR—*Dennis, don't be Threatning.*

I.

NAY, tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
 Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream,
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul!
 The balm of thy sighs,
 The spell of thine eyes,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
 Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

II.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
 Soon did the buds,
 That drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
 While those, which the tide
 Of rubv had dy'd,
 All blush'd into beauty like thee, sweet maid!
 Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me;
 Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

Nay, tell me not.

*With gaiety
and spirit*

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the gob-let drowns One charm of feeling, one

fond re-gret; Be-lieve me, a few of thy an-gry frowns Are

all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Ne'er hath a beam been

lost in the stream That e-ver was shed from thy form or soul; The

balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the surface, and

hal-low my bowl! Then fan-cy not, dear-est! that wine can steal One

bliss-ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a-waken the

pil-grim's zeal, The bowl but bright-ens my love for thee!

2^d VERSE.

They tell us that Love in his fai - ry bow'r Had two blush - roses, of

birth di - vine; He sprinkled the one with a rain - bow's show'r, But

bath'd the o - ther with mant - ling wine. Soon did the buds, That

drank of the floods Dis - till'd by the rain - bow, de - cline and fade; While

those, which the tide Of ru-by had dy'd, All blush'd in-to beau-ty like

thee, sweet maid! Then fan-cy not, dearest! that wine can steal One

bliss-ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that awak-en the

pil-grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

Avengeing and bright.

99

Boldly

1 2 3
A - veng - ing and bright fall the

4 5 6 7 8 9
swift sword of E - rin, On him, who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!

10 11 12 13
espress
For ev' - ry fond eye which he wak - en'd a tear in, A

14 15 16 17
for
drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

2^d VERSE.

18 19 20 21 22

By the red cloud which hung over Conor's dark dwell-ing, When U - lad's three

23 24 25 26 27

champions lay sleep-ing in gore— By the billows of war which, so

28 29 30 31 32 33

of-ten, high swelling, Have waft-ed these heroes to vic-to-rys shore!—

 AIR—*Crooghan a Venec*^a.

I

AVENGING and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,
 On him, who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!
 For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling^b,
 When Ulad's^c three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
 Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

^a The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air is, I am told, properly written *Cruachàn na Fèine*, i. e., the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN, (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin,) and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The death of the Children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear,' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans,) and this 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

^b "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." Deirdri's song.

Ulster.

AIR—*The Yellow Horse.*

I.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey dew
Thro' the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you!

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear!

II.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on!

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

What the bee is to the flower.

Playfully

HE
What the bee is to the flow-ret, When he looks for ho-ney dew.

Thro' the leaves that close embow'r it, That my love, I'll be to you!

SHE
What the bank, with verdure glowing, Is to waves that wan-der near,

Whisp'ring kisses, while they're going, That I'll be to you, my dear!

DUETTO

What the bank, with ver - dure glowing, Is to waves that

What the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing, Is to waves that

wan - der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing,

wan - der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing,

That I'll be to you, my dear!

That I'll be to you, my dear!

SHE

But, they say, the bee's a rover, That he'll fly, when sweets are gone;

And when once the kiss is o-ver, Faithless brooks will wander on!

HE

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sunny banks *will* wear a-way,

'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

DUETTO.

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will*

Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will*

wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bee's and brooks Should

wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bee's and brooks Should

sip and kiss them, while they may.

sip and kiss them, while they may.

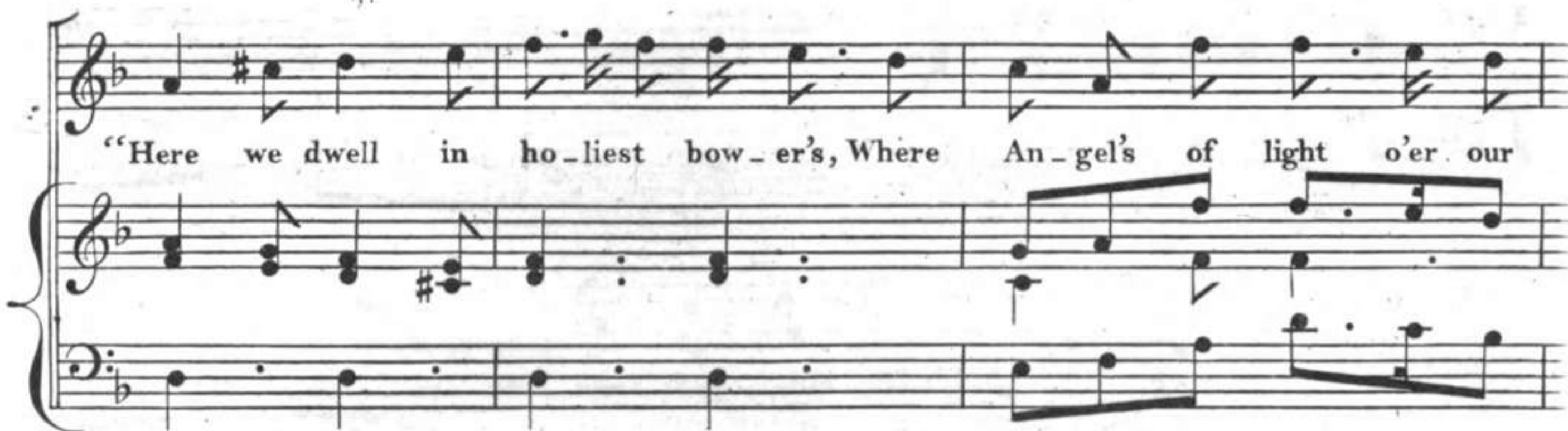
LOVE AND THE NOVICE,

Here we dwell.

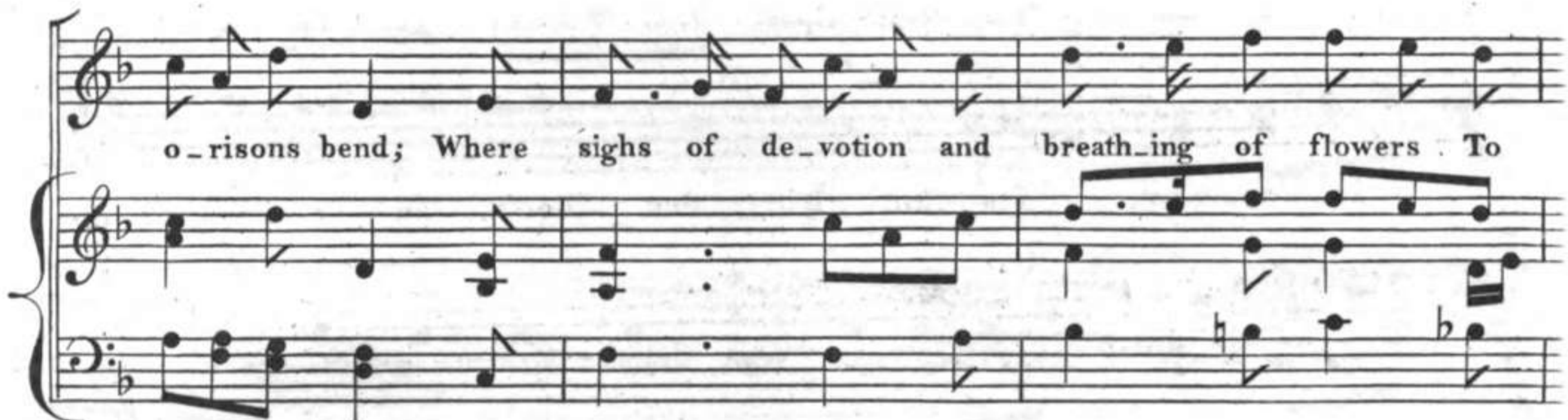
*Smoothly
and in
Moderate
Time*



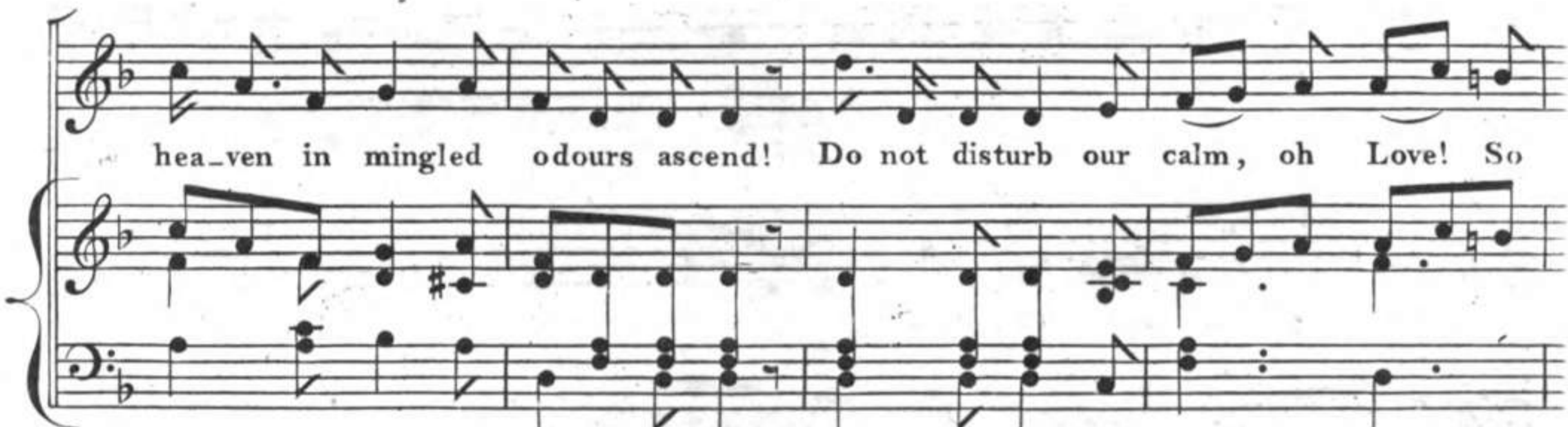
"Here we dwell in ho-liest bow-er's, Where An-gel's of light o'er our



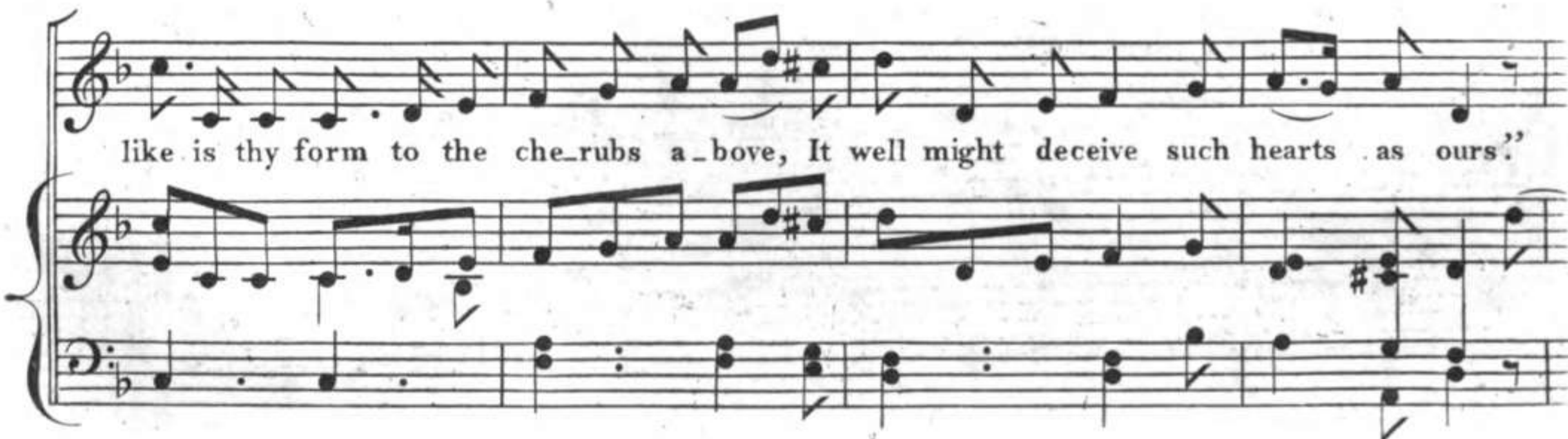
o-risons bend; Where sighs of de-votion and breath-ing of flowers To



hea-ven in mingled odours ascend! Do not disturb our calm, oh Love! So



like is thy form to the che-rubs a-bove, It well might deceive such hearts as ours."



2^d VERSE.

Love . stood near the No-vice, and lis-ten'd, And Love is no no-vice in

tak-ing a hint; His laugh-ing blue eyes soon with pi-e-ty glis-ten'd; His

rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint. "Who would have thought," the urchin cries, "That

Love could so well, so grave-ly dis-guise His wander-ing wings, and wounding eyes?"

HERE WE DWELL.

AIR—*Cean dubh Delish* ^a.

I.

“ HERE we dwell, in holiest bowers,
 “ Where angels of light o’er our orisons bend ;
 “ Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 “ To heaven in mingled odour ascend .
 “ Do not disturb our calm, oh Love !
 “ So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 “ It well might deceive such hearts as ours.”

II.

Love stood near the Novice, and listen’d,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint ;
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten’d ;
 His rosy wing turn’d to heaven’s own tint.
 “ Who would have thought,” the urchin cries,
 “ That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 “ His wandering wings, and wounding eyes ?”

III.

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice ! to him all thy orisons rise ;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer’s flame with his sighs !
 Love is the saint enshrin’d in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them, cloth’d in Piety’s vest.

^a We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice. It has been given, however, in its perfect form, at the beginning of the Third Number

AIR—*The Bunch of Green Rushes that grew at the Brim.*

I.

THIS life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep,
 Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd, ere the tear can be dried ;
 And as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,
 And the short brilliant folly, that flashes and dies !

II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Thro' fields full of sun-shine, with heart full of play,
 Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way^a.
 Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
 The fountain, that runs by philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine !
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
 One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me !

^a Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. *Lib. I. Eleg. 20.*

This life is all chequered.

111

*With Feeling
and Gaiety*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano grand staff.

This life is all chequer'd with plea - sures and woes, That
chase one an - o - ther like waves of the deep, Each
bil - low, as bright - ly or dark - ly it flows, Re -

flect - ing our eyes, as they spar - kle or weep. So

close - ly our whims on our mi - se - ries tread, That the

lough is call'd up, ere the tear can be dried; And as

fast as the rain - drop of Pi - ty is shed, The goose -

plumage of Fol - ly can turn it a - - side, But

pledge me the cup — if ex - ist - ence would cloy, With

hearts e - - ver hap - py, and heads e - ver wise, Be

ours the light grief that is sis - ter to joy, And the

short bril - liant fol - ly that flash - - es and dies!



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Planxty Drury
The Beardless Boy
Go where Glory waits thee
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.—Price 15s.—Containing

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15s.—Containing

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

No. IV.—Price 15s.—Containing

Love's young Dream—(Oh! the Days are gone)
The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

No. V.—Price 15s.—Containing

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15s.—Containing

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15s.—Containing

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perisk'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Dost thou remember?..... Portuguese	Gaily sounds the castanet Mullese	Go then—'tis vain Sicilian
Fare thee well! thou lovely one!.. Sicilian	Hear me but once French	Oh days of Youth French
Flow on, thou shining river! Portuguese	Joys of youth, how fleeting Portuguese	Peace to the Slumberers..... Catalonian
Oh! come to me when daylight sets Venetian	Love and Hope Swiss	Row gently here Venetian
Oft in the stilly night Scotch	Love is a hunter-boy Languedocian	Say what shall be our sport to-day Sicilian
Reason, Folly, and Beauty Italian	My harp has one unchanging theme Swedish	See the dawn from Heaven Italian
Should those fond hopes Portuguese	Oh! no, not e'en when first we lov'd Cashmerian	When first that Smile..... Venetian
So warmly we met Hungarian	Peace be around thee Scotch	When Love was a Child Swedish
Those evening bells.. Bells of St. Petersburg	Then fare thee well English	When thou shalt wander..... Sicilian
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	How oft when watching stars.. Savoyard	When the first summer Bee .. German
	Ne'er talk of wisdom's gloomy school Mahratta	When through the Piazzetta .. Venetian
	Nets and cages..... Swedish	Where shall we bury our shame Neapolitan

* * * This Work is published in Royal Quarto, embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. STOTHARD, R. A., and engraved by CHARLES HEATH, J. MITAN, and C. MARR.

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Who is the Maid? (St. Jerome's Love)	Go, let me weep	Almighty God! (Chorus of Priests)
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Oh! Thou who dry'st the Mourner's Tears		

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NEWLY ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARP.

		s. d.			s. d.
Le Vaillant Troubadour	Sauvan	1 0	Rose d'Amour	Boieldieu	1 0
Le Portrait		1 0	Depuis longtems Gentille Annette	Ditto	1 0
Le Serment Français		1 0	Le Gentil Housard		1 0
Partant pour la Syrie		1 0	Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur		1 0

(To be continued.)

A SERIES OF ITALIAN SONGS, DUETTS, &c. &c.

NEWLY ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE OR HARP.

		s. d.			s. d.
Ah Perdona, Duett	Mozart	1 0	Lungi dal caro bene	Sarti	1 6
Batti batti o bel	Ditto	1 0	Non più andrai	Mozart	2 0
Che dice mal d'amore	Mayer	1 6	Oh quanto l' anima	Mayer	1 0
Deh vieni alla finestra	Mozart	1 0	Su l'aria	Duett Mozart	1 0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	Rossini	2 0	Sul Margine		1 0
Fin ch' han dal vino	Mozart	1 0	Tu che accendi	Rossini	2 0
Fra tante angoscie	Carafa	2 0	Vederlo sol bramo	Duett Paer	2 6
Giovinette che fate, Duett and Chorus	Mozart	1 6	Vedrai carino	Mozart	1 0
La ci darem la mano, Duett	Mozart	1 0	Voi che sapete	Mozart	1 0
La dove prende, Duett	Ditto	1 0	Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano, .. Trio	Rossini	2 0

(To be continued.)

SONGS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
ABSENCE	Bishop	2	0	Grotto	Parry	1	6
Adieu, at day-break	Kiallmark	2	0	Hapless Mary!	Dr. Clarke	2	0
A farewell!	Stevenson	2	0	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	Kelly	1	6	Heath, this night, must be my bed.	Kemp	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1	6	Hence, faithless hope!	Stevenson	2	0
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Sue	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
Alice of Fyfe	West	2	0	Here's the bower	Moore	2	0
A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Hoax	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse		1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
A rosy cheek	Horn	1	6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1	6
Auld lang syne	Burns	1	0	How happy once	Moore	2	0
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1	0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1	6
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1	0
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1	6	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1	0	I can no longer stifle	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2	0	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1	6
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
Can I again that form caress?	Moore	1	6	I'm wearing away	Burns	1	0
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2	0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2	0
Cease your funning, (New Edition)		1	0	In days of old	Horn	1	0
Chain and lute	Walmisley	2	0	Indian maid	Kelly	1	6
Chapter on pockets		1	0	I never told my love	Ditto	1	6
Child of glory	Kelly	1	6	I never will deceive thee	Parry	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1	6	In moments to delight	Walmisley	1	6
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2	0	In the days of my youth	King	1	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1	6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	Ditto	2	0	Invitation, the	Turnbull	2	0
Contradiction	Cooke	1	6	In yonder bower	Arnold	1	6
Day of love	Moore	2	0	I sigh for the days that are gone	Kelly	1	6
Danon's complaint	Kelly	2	0	It is not that a woman's eyes	Cooke	1	6
Dandy beau	Cooke	1	0	Kitty of Coleraine		1	0
Dear aunt	Moore	2	0	Lament, the		2	0
Dear Fanny	Stevenson	2	0	Land of Shillelah		1	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	Howell	1	6	Land o' the Leal (New Edition)		1	0
Dearest Ellen, awake	Emdin	2	0	Light as the shadows of evening	Stevenson	1	6
Deep in my soul	Duval	1	6	Light sounds the harp	Moore	2	6
Did not?	Moore	1	6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	2	0
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	Smith	1	6	Little Mary's eye	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	Stevenson	1	6	London, now is out of town	Ware	1	6
Donald, (new edition)		1	0	Look that says I love thee	Cooke	1	6
Emblem	Horn	2	0	Lord of the castle	King	1	6
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	Hawes	2	0	Lottery, the	Moore	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2	0	Love	Horn	1	6
Exile of Erin	Campbell	1	0	Love and Folly	Smith	1	6
Expostulation	Kelly	1	6	Love and Time	Kelly	2	0
Fair as the morn's light	B. Livius, Esq.	1	6	Love Bird	Smith	1	6
Fair lady, why, this frowning?	Cooke	1	6	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	1	6
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1	6	Love in a storm	Barry	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2	0	Love, like an April day	Horn	1	6
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Lover's Smiles	Turnbull	2	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	Molineux	1	0	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	2	0
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
Fly, fly away	Parry	1	6	Love will find out the way	Little	2	0
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing	Horn	1	6
Fly to the desert	Kiallmark	2	0	Maid of Marlivale	Stevenson	2	0
Folly, the	Kelly	1	0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	1	6
For her I die	Stevenson	1	6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	2	0
Friend of my soul	Moore	1	6	Mansion of love	Emdin	2	0
From glory's heights descending	Kelly	1	6	March away, Helen!	Horn	1	6
From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
Gallant Troubadour	Stevenson	2	0	Monody	Hawes	2	0
Georgian maid	Bishop	2	6	My heart and lute	Moore and Bishop	2	0
Give, love! give	Beethoven	2	0	My heart's my own		1	0
Golden chain	Leonard	2	0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	1	6
Good night	Moore	2	0	My love hastes him home	Horn	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	Stevenson	2	0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	2	0
Green spot that blooms	Kelly	1	6	My dying sire	Kelly	1	6
				My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	1	0

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Namouna's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Taste life's glad moments	Walmisley	1	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	Smith	2	0	That shepherd, sure, is he	Stevenson	1	6
Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	There's not a joy this world can give	Ditto	2	0
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
No joy without my love	Cooke	1	6	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Now morn is blushing	Stevenson	2	0	Think no more, love, of our parting	Clifton	2	0
Obey!	Horn	1	6	Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	Tho' fate, my girl	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! fair as the seaflower	Welsh	2	0	Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	Kelly	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke	1	6	Thou hast sent me a flowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Thunder-bolt frigate	Horn	1	6
Oh! Liberty	Moore	2	0	Thy gentle manners	Attwood	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	Horn	2	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	Bishop	2	0	'Tis love that should rule the breast	Kelly	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke	2	0	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart	King	1	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! Patrick	Bishop	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	Triumph of Russia	Ditto	2	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	Trumpet of glory	Moore	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	Stevenson	1	6	'Twas his own voice	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	'Twas on a wild and lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Oh! Woman!	Ditto	2	0	Ulrica	Cooke	1	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Wake, maid of Lorn	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	Waters of Elle	Stevenson		
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	What's life unblest with Love	Ditto	1	6
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	When a man weds	Horn	1	6
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	Whence can you inherit		1	0
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When Charles was deceived	Moore	2	0
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	When fickle man for woman sighs	Kelly	1	6
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When from thy sight, love	Ditto	1	6
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	Ditto	2	0
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When I think of my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When Leila touch'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When love gets in the youthful brain	Horn	1	6
Plumed casque	Kelly	1	6	When love and truth together play'd	Philipps	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love was fresh from his cradle	West	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0	When midst the gay	Moore	2	0
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When night was spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed	King	1	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When the days of the summer	Kiallmark	2	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the girl of my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	0
Remembrances	Mrs. Mc Mullan	2	0	When the rose-bud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1	6	When twilight dews	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke	1	0	When woe on the bosom of mercy	Howell	1	0
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While parted from the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listen to thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on the beach I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose of honor	Kelly	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	Bishop	2	0	Who would not love?	Cooke	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0	Why comes he not	Smith	1	6
Sea Boy's Dream	Smith	2	6	William and Jannett	Sanderson	1	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	0	Will you come to the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Winds, whisper gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's power ending never	Kearns	1	0
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman's smile	Parry	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woman, who conquers all	Cooke	1	6
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodbine cottage	Stevenson	2	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodman's cot	Kelly	1	0
Summer	Ditto	2	0	Woodpecker	Ditto	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	Kelly	1	6	Wreath you wove	Moore	1	6
Sweet is love	Doyle	2	0	Ye banks and braes, (new edition)	Burns	1	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	Dallas	2	0	Ye light forms of fancy	Kelly	1	6
Sweet is the dream	Stevenson	1	6	Yes, it is, love!	Clifton	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Yes, thro' the wide world	Mrs. —	1	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young Jessica	Moore	2	0
Sweet robin		1	6	Young love	Ditto	2	0
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Young son of chivalry	King	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth I adore	Cooke	1	6
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	Youth is but short	Dallas	2	0
Take back the sigh	Moore	2	0	You watch'd the sun's ray	Welsh Air	1	0
Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6	Zounds, my lad	Cooke	1	0

DUETTS.

		<i>s. d.</i>			<i>s. d.</i>
Ah! say if the glance	<i>Black</i>	1 6	Mourn not, silly mortals	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0
Alas! poor Lubin	<i>Stevenson</i>	1 6	Nights of music	<i>Moore</i>	2 6
As with slow-moving oar	<i>King</i>	2 0	No! never shall my soul forget	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6
Catherine	<i>Lady C. Stewart</i>	2 0	Now bright July to pleasure calls	<i>Horn</i>	2 0
Chieftain	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0	O dinna weep	<i>J. M. Harris</i>	2 0
Chink-a-chink	<i>Horn</i>	1 6	Our first young love	<i>Moore</i>	2 0
Come, friendly night	<i>Livius</i>	1 6	Peace!	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0
Come, all ye youths	<i>Harris</i>	2 0	Send home those long strayed eyes	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6
Congenial to friends	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0	Should we be forced to part	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0
Could a man be secure (<i>new edition</i>)		1 0	Song of war	<i>Moore</i>	2 0
Dear, in pity	<i>Stevenson</i>	1 6	Sparkling fountains	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0
Dragon fly	<i>Smith</i>	2 0	Surprise	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	<i>Stevenson</i>	1 6	Tell me where is fancy bred?	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
Edmund of the hill	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6	<i>Ditto ditto</i>	<i>Arranged by Bishop</i>	2 0
Faithful love	<i>Parry</i>	2 0	That I no longer wish to rove	<i>Stevenson</i>	1 6
Fare thee well!	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	Think on me	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
Flowers in the east	<i>Kelly</i>	2 0	Thro' silent woods	<i>King</i>	2 0
Heave one sigh	<i>Horn</i>	1 0	Time has not thinn'd (<i>new edition</i>)	<i>Jackson</i>	1 0
Here is the lip	<i>Moore</i>	2 0	Tit bits	<i>Cooke</i>	1 6
He's gone, ah! me	<i>Kemp</i>	2 0	Together let us range the fields	<i>Dr. Boyce</i>	1 6
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	<i>Sanderson</i>	1 6	Turn to this heart	<i>Horn</i>	1 6
If fortune smile	<i>Kelly</i>	1 6	Wake thee, my dear	<i>Moore</i>	2 0
In search of glory	<i>Cooke</i>	2 6	Warrior's soul is all in arms!	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0
Invest my head with fragrant rose	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0	Well-a-day!	<i>Horn</i>	1 0
Joys that pass away	<i>Moore</i>	2 0	When in languor sleeps the heart	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	<i>Dr. Clarke</i>	2 6	When Jove from the skies	<i>Horn</i>	1 6
Life-boat	<i>Moore</i>	2 6	When war unfurls his banner bright	<i>King</i>	1 6
Love and the sun-dial	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	Where is the light from Lara's tower?	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6
Love in thine eyes (<i>new edition</i>)	<i>Jackson</i>	1 0	While parted from the youth I love	<i>King</i>	1 6
Love, my Mary, dwells	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	<i>Bishop</i>	2 0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	Wine to cheer	<i>Parry</i>	1 6
			Would you gain by art?	<i>Kelly</i>	1 6
			Young rose	<i>Moore</i>	2 0

GLEES.

		<i>s. d.</i>			<i>s. d.</i>
A broken cake	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0	Merrily O!	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6
Allen-a-Dale	<i>Horn</i>	2 6	Mountain cot	<i>Richards</i>	2 0
And will he not come again	<i>Stevenson</i>	1 6	Nor throne of state	<i>Kelly</i>	1 6
Archer's glee	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6	Now is the merry month of May	<i>Stevenson</i>	5 0
Awake! Apollo calls	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6	Now let the warrior wave his sword	<i>Moore</i>	2 6
Banks of Allanwater	<i>Hawes</i>	2 6	Now the star of day is high	<i>Stevenson</i>	3 0
Blythe are the bowers of Mosellai	<i>Kelly</i>	2 0	Ocean king	<i>West</i>	2 6
Blest were the days	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6	Oh! lady fair!	<i>Moore</i>	3 0
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	Oh! stay, sweet fair	<i>Stevenson</i>	3 0
Buds of Roses	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6	Oh! tell me, pilgrims	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6
Canadian boat-song	<i>Moore</i>	3 0	Raise the song	<i>Stevenson</i>	1 6
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0	Roderigh Vich-Alpine	<i>Horn</i>	3 0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	<i>Moore</i>	1 6
Come, follow me	<i>Ditto</i>	5 0	Sir Rowland the brave	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6
Day set on Norham's castle steep	<i>Lord Burghersh</i>	3 0	Soldier, rest!	<i>Kemp</i>	2 6
Doubt thou the stars are fire	<i>Stevenson</i>	1 6	Song that lightens the languid way	<i>Moore</i>	3 0
Ella	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6	Spirit of Bliss	<i>Lord Burghersh</i>	3 0
Fairy glee	<i>Ditto</i>	5 0	Sweet lady, look not thus again	<i>Stevenson</i>	3 0
Fair and False	<i>Lord Burghersh</i>	2 0	This is love	<i>Moore</i>	2 6
Fill, fill the goblet	<i>Aylmer</i>	1 6	Ting-a-tingle	<i>Horn</i>	2 0
Finland love-song	<i>Moore</i>	2 6	Tis done! the fatal deed	<i>Lord Burghersh</i>	2 6
Give me the harp	<i>Stevenson</i>	5 0	To the brook and the willow	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6
Happy love	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	To thy lover	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
Hark! the bell is ringing	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0	Under the greenwood tree	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	<i>King</i>	1 6	Under the hawthorn tree	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6
Here's the bower	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6	Up, quit the bower	<i>Attwood</i>	2 0
Hermits	<i>Ditto</i>	3 0	Wake, Rosa, wake (<i>serenade</i>)	<i>Bartlett</i>	2 6
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	<i>Moore</i>	5 0	We fairy folk	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0
I mark'd not eyes	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 0	When time, who steals our years	<i>Phelps</i>	2 6
Lonely isle	<i>Horn</i>	3 0	Where shall the lover rest?	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6
			Why so pale?	<i>Lord Burghersh</i>	2 6
			Wood nymph	<i>Smith</i>	2 6
			Wreaths of flowers	<i>Stevenson</i>	2 6

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, "'Tis the last Rose of Summer." Ries 8 6
 Piano-Forte part 6 6

		s. d.			s. d.
ALLEGRETTO et Valce.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 0	Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....		1 6
A Temple to Friendship	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	Lord Hardwicke's March	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.....		2 6	Lord Wellington	<i>Jansen</i>	1 6
Banks of Allan Water.....	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	Marche Pastorale et Air Russe	<i>Von Esch</i>	2 6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Minuetto. Flute accomp.	<i>Little</i>	1 6
Bird-catcher	<i>Mozart</i>	1 6	Merch Megan	<i>Dibdin</i>	1 6
Blaize et Babet.....	<i>Howell</i>	2 0	Morgan Megan.....	<i>Lanza</i>	2 0
Cease your funning	<i>Davy</i>	2 0	Mozart's Grand March	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.		5 0	———— Military Waltz. Flute accomp.	<i>Metzler</i>	1 6
Come chase that starting tear	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	———— Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment	<i>Weippert</i>	5 0
Conway Ferry	<i>Parry</i>	1 6	My love is like the red, red rose, &c... ..	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6
Devonshire Waltz	<i>Voigt</i>	1 6	Nel cor più non mi sento	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Oh! Lady Fair	<i>Latour</i>	3 0
Eveleen's Bower	<i>Woelfl</i>	2 0	O Pescator dell'onda.....	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Fantasia	<i>Gladstones</i>	2 6	O softly sleep	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 0
Fly not yet	<i>Woelfl</i>	2 0	Partant pour la Syrie	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Gelinek's Air from "Alceste."		2 6	Pastoral Rondo.....	<i>Holder</i>	3 0
———— "Air" in C		2 6	Peace be around thee	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6
———— "Aria" in C		2 0	Pria che l'Impegno	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 6
———— "Minuet" from Le Nozze Disturbate		2 0	Prussian Air	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
———— "Waltz"		2 0	Pyrene Air.....	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6
Gladstone's Grand Sonata, with Orchestral accompaniments.....		6 6	Queen of Prussia's Waltz	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6
———— without accomps.		4 6	Rode's Air, variations	<i>Lysaght</i>	2 0
Glow di Glow	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0	Row gently here	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 6
Go where glory waits thee	<i>Corri</i>	2 0	St. Patrick's Day	<i>Logier</i>	2 0
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La belle Rosa	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6	Syren.....	<i>Schulz</i>	2 0
La ci darem	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	Tema and Waltz	<i>Holder</i>	3 0
———— Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Tu che accendi, Flute accomp.	<i>Little</i>	2 0
Lady Mary	<i>Jansen</i>	1 6	Turn again, Whittington, with accompaniments, Flute and Violoncello.	<i>Turnbull</i>	3 6
La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.	<i>Little</i>	2 0	———— without accomps.		2 6
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.	<i>Holder</i>	1 6	Tyrolese Air	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 6
L'Hymenée	<i>Von Esch</i>	2 6	Valse Française.....	<i>Ringwood</i>	1 6
Lieber Augustine	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	Venetian Air	<i>Hummell</i>	1 0
L'Oiseau de Venus.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 6	When love was a child	<i>Ries</i>	3 0
			When the Rosebud	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 6
			Wood-pecker	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 6
			Ye Cambrian Youths	<i>Parry</i>	2 0
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Di piacer mi balza il cor.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Nightingale	<i>Parry</i>	3 0
Fra tante Angoscie, Flute Accomp.	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Parry's Six Divertimentos		5 0
———— la mensa et Bravi Cosa Rara	<i>Coggins</i>	2 6	Polonoise	<i>Metzler</i>	3 0
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Drink to me only with thine eyes	<i>Weippert</i> ..	2 0	Sun-flower, the (from the Irish Melodies)	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6
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My love is like the red, red rose	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6	We're a' Noddin	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6
Munich Waltz, &c.	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6			



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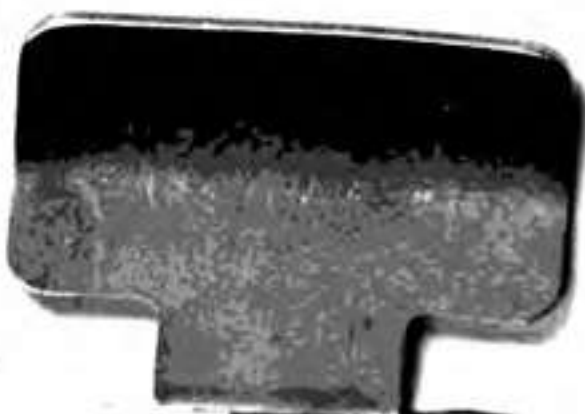
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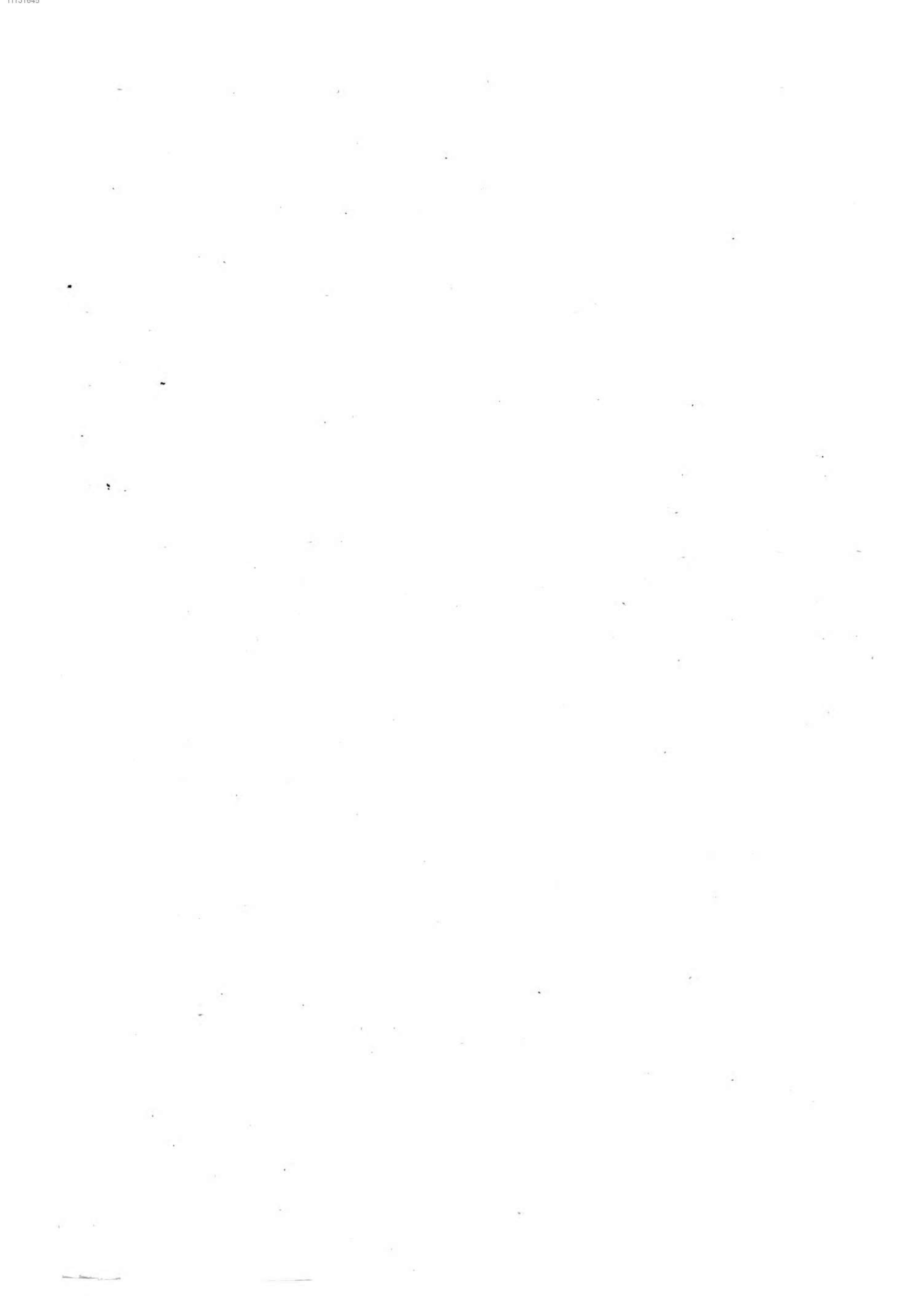
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IT is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the Last of the Series. Three Volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our Country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh, and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more. In speaking thus I allude entirely to the *Airs*, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and, though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce,^a yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty, in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier Numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry too would be sure to sympathize with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the *Airs*, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and, in the imperial attitude "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say it is only in the event of our failing to find *Airs* as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution (like those *Indians*, who put their relatives to death, when they become feeble); and they, who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not, what are called, curious *Airs*, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any really sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

THOMAS MOORE.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

^a Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld, from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

100





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The Shamrock.

In Moderate Time

Thre'

ERIN'S Isle, To sport a-while, As LOVE and VALOUR wan - der'd, With

WIT, the sprite, Whose quiver bright A thousand arrows squan - der'd; Wher -

e'er they pass, A triple grass Shoots up, with dew-drops stream - ing, As

3

7 softly green As emeralds, seen Thro' purest chrystal gleaming! Oh the

10 Shamrock, the green immor-tal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old

12 ERIN'S native Shamrock! Says

13 2^d VERSE.

14 VALOUR, "See They spring for me, Those leaf-y gems of morn-ing!" Says

16 LOVE, "No, no, For me they grow, My fra-grant path a - dorn - ing!" - But

18 19

WIT perceives The triple leaves, And cries "Oh! do not se... ver. A

20 21

type, that blends Three godlike friends, LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for e... ver!"

22 23

Oh the Sham-rock, the green, im-mor-tal Sham-rock!

24 25

Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old ERIN'S native Sham-rock!

OH THE SHAMROCK!

5

AIR—*Alley Croker.*

I.

THROUGH ERIN'S Isle,
To sport awhile,
As LOVE and VALOUR wander'd,
With WIT, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass^a
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds, seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN'S native Shamrock!

II.

Says VALOUR, " See,
" They spring for me,
" Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says LOVE, " No, no,
" For me they grow,
" My fragrant path adorning!"—
But WIT perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries " Oh! do not sever
" A type, that blends
" Three godlike friends,
" LOVE, VALOUR, WIT, for ever!"
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN'S native Shamrock!

III.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On WIT'S celestial feather!
May LOVE, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May VALOUR ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old ERIN'S native Shamrock!

^a SAINT PATRICK is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

AIR—*Molly, my Dear.*

I.

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye ;
 And I think that, if spirits can steal from the region of air
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky !

II.

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,
 When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear ;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, oh my love ! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls,
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear !

^a "There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields ; and that it is those souls repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

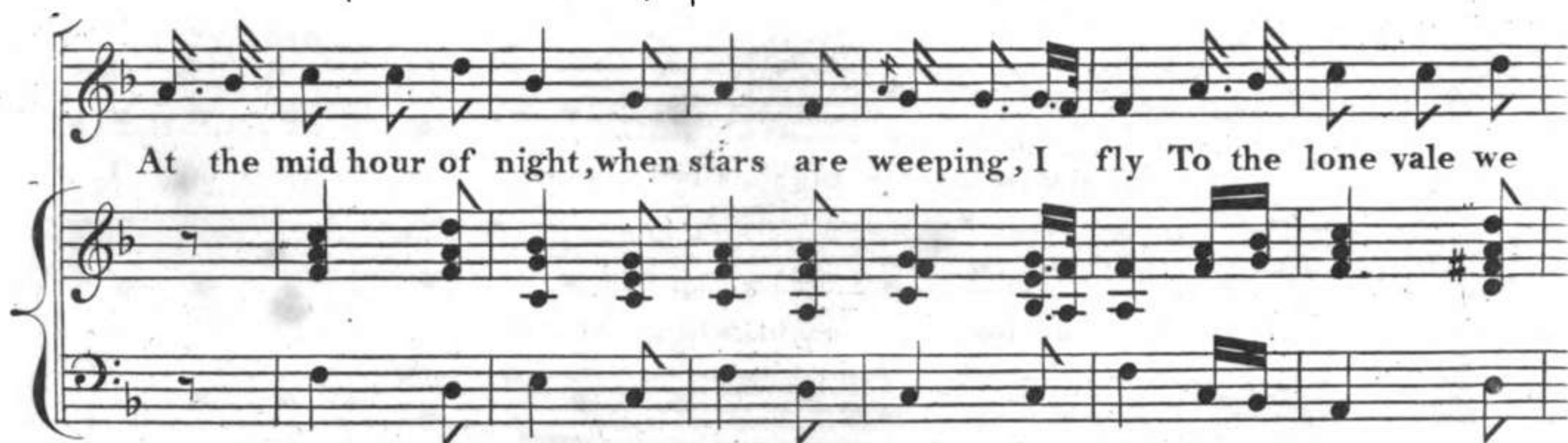
At the mid hour of Night.

7

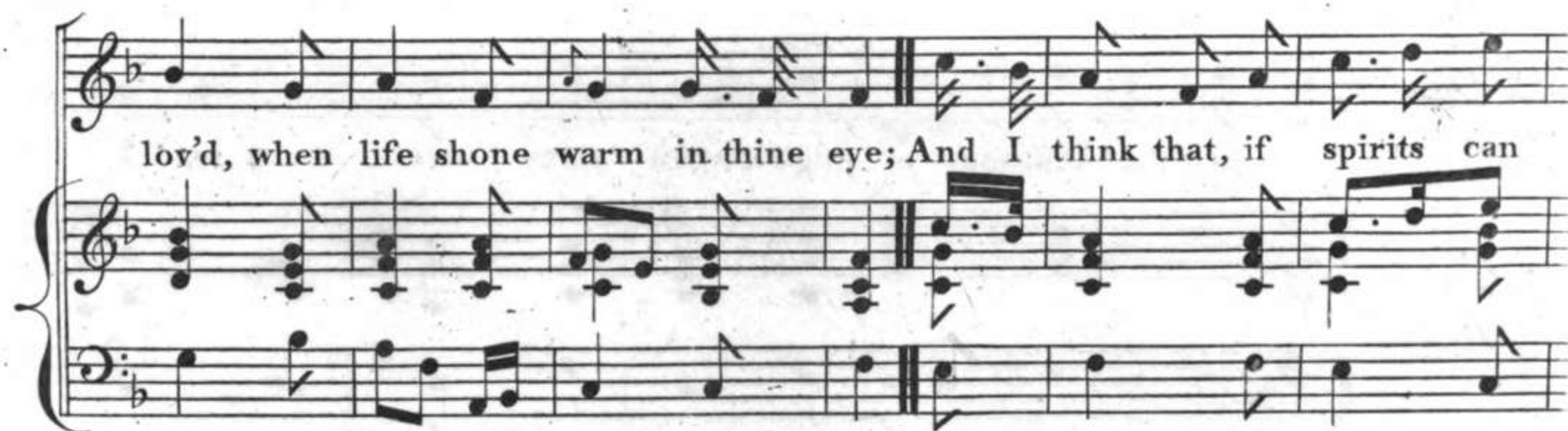
*Slow & with
Melancholy
Expression.*



Cres



At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly To the lone vale we



lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think that, if spirits can



steal from the region of air To re-visit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me



there, And tell me our love is remember'd ev'n in the sky!

8. *At the mid hour of Night,*
Harmonized for Four Voices.

Slow with Melancholy Expression.

1st Treble
Counter Tenor or 2nd Treble
Tenor
Bass
Piano Forte

1 *2* *3* *4*

pia *Cres* *Cres* *pia*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing I

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing I

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing I

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing I

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing I

5 6 *Cres.* 8 *p* 9 10

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;

p 11 *Cres* 12 13 14 15

And I think that, if spi-rits can steal from the region of air To re-

And I think that, if spi-rits can steal from the region of air To re-

And I think that, if spi-rits can steal from the region of air To re-

And I think that, if spi-rits can steal from the region of air To re-

16 *pia* 17 *And. 18* 19 *pia* 20 *p.* 21

vi-sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

pia vi-sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

pia vi-sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

vi-sit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there, And tell me our

22 23 *Dim* 24 25 26 27 28

love is re-member'd ev'n in the sky!

Dim

love is re-member'd ev'n in the sky!

love is re-member'd ev'n in the sky!

love is re-member'd ev'n in the sky!

2^d VERSE.

for 30 31 32

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

for

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

for

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap_ture to

33 *pia* 34 35 36 37 *g* 38

hear, When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear;

pia

hear, When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear;

pia

hear, When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear;

pia

hear, When our voices, both mingling, breath'd like one on the ear;

39 *Cres* 40 41 *pia* 42 43

And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad horizon rolls, I

pia

And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad horizon rolls, I

And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad horizon rolls, I

And, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad horizon rolls, I

Handwritten annotations: *44*, *45*, *46*, *47*, *48*, *49*, *pp*, *pp*, *pp*, *pp*

think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answering

think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answering

think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answering

think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls, Faintly answering

Handwritten annotations: *50*, *51*, *52*, *53*, *54*, *55*, *56*, *pp*

still the notes that once were so dear!

still the notes that once were so dear!

still the notes that once were so dear!

still the notes that once were so dear!

One Bumper at parting.

13

With Animation

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a series of eighth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment of quarter notes. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 9/8.

The first system of piano accompaniment features a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The melody includes some grace notes and slurs.

One bumper at parting!- tho' many Have circled the board since we met, The

The second system of piano accompaniment continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, corresponding to the first line of the lyrics.

fullest, the saddest of a ny Re mains to be crown'd by us yet. The

The third system of piano accompaniment continues the melody and accompaniment, corresponding to the second line of the lyrics.

sweetness, that pleasure has in it, Is always so slow to come forth, That

The fourth system of piano accompaniment concludes the melody and accompaniment for this page, corresponding to the third line of the lyrics.

seldom, a las, till the mi_nute It dies, do we know half its worth! But

oh! may our life's happy measure Be all of such moments made up; They're

born. on the bosom of Pleasure, They die midst the tears of the cup

for *Cres*

AIR—*Moll Roe in the Morning.*

I.

ONE bumper at parting!—tho' many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth!
 But, oh! may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die midst the tears of the cup.

II.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah! never does Time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But, come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die midst the tears of the cup.

III.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
 The waters beneath him how bright!
 Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
 Should be like the farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full liquid glory, like him.
 And, oh! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up;
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies mid the tears of the cup!

AIR—*Groves of Blarney.*

I.

'TIS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh !

II.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one .
To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them ;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

III.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

'Tis the last Rose of Summer.

17

Feelingly

pia

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a - lone; All her lovely com -

panions Are fa - ded and gone; No flow'r of her kindred, No rosebud is

pia

nigh, To re - flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

'Tis the last Rose of Summer, Harmonized for Four Voices.

Feelingly

Treble
Counter Tenor
Tenor
Bass
Piano Forte

pia
'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a--
'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a--
'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a--
'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a--

lone; All her love-ly com-panions are fa-ded and gone; No
lone; All her love-ly com-panions are fa-ded and gone; No
lone; All her love-ly com-panions are fa-ded and gone; No
lone; All her love-ly com-pa-nions are fa-ded and gone; No

7 10. 11 *Cres - cen - - do* 12 *p*

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -

flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -

flow'r her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -

flow'r her kin - dred, No rose - bud is nigh, To re -

13 *mf* 14 *mf* 15 *pia* 16 *Dim*

flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh!

flect her blushes - - Or give sigh for sigh!

hr 17 *hr* 18 *hr* 19 ~ 20

21 22 23 24

VOLTI

2^d VERSE. 25

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the

love-ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I

love-ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind-ly I

love-ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind I

love-ly are sleep-ing, Go, sleep thou with them; Thus kind I

34 35 *Gres* 37 *p*

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the

scat_ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates the

38 *pp* 39 40 41 42

garden. Lie scentless and dead.

garden. Lie scentless and dead.

garden. Lie scentless and dead.

garden - Lie scentless and dead.

43 44 45 46 47 48

The young May Moon

Study

The young May moon is beaming, love, The glowworm's lamp is

ad lib: gleaming, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Morna's grove, *a tempo.* While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!

Then a wake! the heav'ns look bright, my dear! 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear! And the

lento. best of all ways *ad lib:* To length-en our days *a tempo.* Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

203

2^d VERSE.

Now all the world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And

ad lib I, whose star, More glorious far, *a tempo* Is the eye from that casement peep-ing, love,

Then a-wake, till rise of sun, my dear! The Sa-ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

ad lib watching the flight Of *a tempo* bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

210

The young May Moon?

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Lively

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff with chords and a melodic line.

Piano accompaniment for the first system, showing harmonic support for the vocal parts.

Treble

Vocal line for the Treble voice part, including first, second, and third endings.

The young May moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

*Counter Tenor
or 2nd Treble*

Vocal line for the Counter Tenor or 2nd Treble voice part.

The moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

Tenor

Vocal line for the Tenor voice part.

The moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

Bass

Vocal line for the Bass voice part.

The moon is beaming, love, The glow-worms lamp is

*Piano
Forte*

Piano accompaniment for the second system, including piano and forte dynamics.

ad lib:

gleam-ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor-na's grove, While the
 gleam-ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor--na's grove, While the
 gleam-ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor--na's grove, While the
 gleam-ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro' Mor--na's grove, While the

a tempo

drowsy world is dreaming, love! Then a-wake!- the heav'ns look bright my dear! 'Tis
 drowsy world is dreaming, love! Then a--wake!- look bright my dear! 'Tis
 world is dreaming, love! Then a--wake!- look bright my dear! 'Tis
 drowsy world is dreaming, love! Then a--wake!- look bright my dear! 'Tis

13
lentando

4 6

ne-ver too late for de-light, my dear! And the best of all ways To
 ne-ver too late for de-light, my dear! And the best of all ways To
 ne-ver too late for de-light, my dear! And the best of all ways To
 ne-ver too late for de-light, my dear! And the best of all ways To

The first system of music consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are arranged in two pairs. The lyrics are repeated on each staff. The piano accompaniment is in the lower register, featuring chords and single notes. Handwritten numbers 10, 11, and 12 are visible above the first three vocal staves.

14 *ad lib:* length - en our days *15* Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 length - en our days *15* Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
 length - en our days Is to steal - - - from the night, my dear!
 length - en our days Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

16
a tempo.

The second system of music consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated on each staff. The piano accompaniment is in the lower register, featuring chords and single notes. Handwritten numbers 14, 15, and 16 are visible above the vocal staves. The tempo marking 'a tempo.' is present below the piano accompaniment.

18 *19* *20* *21* *22* *23*

The third system of music consists of two piano accompaniment staves. The music is in the lower register, featuring chords and single notes. Handwritten numbers 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23 are visible above the staves.

2^d VERSE.

27

25 26 27 28

Now all the world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And

The world is sleeping, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And

The world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And

The world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And

29 30 31 32

I, whose star, More glorious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

I, whose star, More glo-rious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

I, whose star, More glo-rious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

I, whose star, More glo-rious far, Is the eye from that casement peeping, love,

33 34 35 36

Then a - wake till rise of sun, my dear! The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

Then a - wake, of sun, my dear! The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

Then a - wake, of sun, my dear! The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

Then a - wake, of sun, my dear! The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in

4

37 *lento* 38 *ad lib:* 39 *a tempo* 40

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might take - - - thee for one, my dear!

watching the flight Of bodies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

a tempo

AIR—*The Dandy O!*

I.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,^a
 While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
 Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

II.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I, whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

^a "Steal silently to Morna's grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college-companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate, as his life had been amiable honourable, and exemplary.

AIR—*The Meeen.*

I

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
" Land of song !" said the warrior-bard,
" Tho' all the world betrays thee,
" *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
" *One* faithful harp shall praise thee !"

II.

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under ;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder ;
And said, " No chains shall sully thee,
" Thou soul of love and bravery !
" Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
" They shall never sound in slavery."

The Minstrel Boy.

31

*With
Strength
and Spirit*

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand features a rhythmic melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line.

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone, In the
ff

pia
ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his

for *li-* *tenderly*
wild harp slung be-hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world be-

Gras *pia*
trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee!"

Piano conclusion in G major, 2/4 time. The right hand continues the rhythmic melody, and the left hand provides a steady bass line, ending with a final chord.

The Minstrel Boy.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

With Strength and Spirit

Treble

Tenor

Bass

Piano Forte

Treble

Tenor

Bass

8 9 10 *h^r* *!! tenderly* 33

hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world be -

hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world be -

hind him. "Land of song!" said the warrior-bard, "Tho' all the world be -

12 *f* 13 14 15

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith-ful harp shall

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith-ful harp shall

trays thee, *One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, *One* faith-ful harp shall

16 17 18 19 20

praise thee!"

praise thee!"

praise thee!"

34 2^d VERSE.

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain Could not bring that proud soul

This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff.

un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again, For he

un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he

un - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he

This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff.

tore its chords a - - sun - - der; And said "No chains shall

tore its chords a - - - - sun - - der; And said "No chains shall.

tore its chords a - - - - sun - - der; And said "No chains shall

This system contains three vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music is in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal staff.

30 *h* 31 32 *f* 35

sul - - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy

sul - - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy

sul - - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry! Thy

33 34 35

tones were made for the pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in

tones were made for the pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in

tones were made for the pure and free, They shall ne - ver sound in

36 37 38 39 no

sla - ve - ry!"

sla - ve - ry!"

sla - ve - ry!"

*The Valley lay smiling before me.**In Moderate
Time and
According to
the feeling of
each Verse.*

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 9/8. The music begins with a series of eighth notes in the vocal line, followed by a more complex rhythmic pattern.

The val_ley lay smiling before me, Where lately I left her behind; Yet I

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "The val_ley lay smiling before me, Where lately I left her behind; Yet I".

trembled, and something hung o'er me, That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "trembled, and something hung o'er me, That sadden'd the joy of my mind.".

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me, Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd, But, tho'

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "I look'd for the lamp which, she told me, Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd, But, tho'".

dark_ness began to in_fold me, No lamp from the bat_tle_ments burn'd!

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dark_ness began to in_fold me, No lamp from the bat_tle_ments burn'd!".

The sixth system concludes the piece with a final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The music ends with a double bar line.

—oo—
THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

AIR—*The Pretty Girl milking her Cow.*

I.

THE valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That sadden'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd,
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

II.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no—the young false one had fled.
And *there* hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss!

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to doubt thee *in thought*!
While now—oh! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her vallies profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour—
And tyrants they long will remain!
But, onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry brand to the hilt;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN,
On *theirs* is THE SAXON and GUILT.

^a These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage, (an act of piety frequent in those days,) and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation,) "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."

AIR—*Sheela na Guira.*

I.

OH! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone ;
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.

Where the sun loves to pause

With so fond a delay,

That the night only draws

A thin veil o'er the day ;

Where simply to feel that we breath, that we live,
Is worth the best joys that life elsewhere can give !

II.

There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time ;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there !

With affection as free

From decline as the bowers ;

And with Hope, like the bee,

Living always on flowers ;

Our life should resemble a long day of light,

And our death come on holy and calm as the night !

Oh! had we some bright little Isle. 39

*With lightness
and in
Moderate Time*

Oh! had we some bright lit - -tle

isle of our own, In a blue summer ocean, far off and a -

lone; Where a leaf ne - -ver dies in the still - blooming

bow'rs And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flow'rs.

Where the sun loves to pause with so fond a de- - -lay, That the

night on - ly draws a thin veil o'er the day; Where sim - ply to

feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth the best joy that life

elsewhere can give!

41

Farewell! but, whenever you welcome the hour:

With Expression

Farewell!— but, when - ever you welcome the hour, Which a_

for wakens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once
pia

welcom'd it too, And *for* forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.

His griefs may re-turn— not a hope may re-main Of the

for few that have brighten'd his *Dim* path - way of pain— *ad lib:* But he

a tempo: ne'er will for - get the short vi - sion, that threw Its en -

pia chantment a - round him, while ling'ring with you!

210

Farewell! but, whenever you welcome the hour, ⁴³
Harmonized for Two Voices.

*With
Expression*

Piano introduction for two voices, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The music features a flowing, arpeggiated texture.

First system of vocal and piano music. It includes two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Fare - well! - but, when - e - ver you welcome the hour, Which a - - wakens the". The piano part provides harmonic support with a steady accompaniment.

Second system of vocal and piano music. The lyrics continue: "nightsong of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once". The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent rhythmic pattern.

Third system of vocal and piano music. The lyrics conclude: "welcom'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be happy with you." The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord.

9 10 11

His griefs may return not a hope may remain Of the few that have brightend his

His griefs may return not a hope may remain Of the few that have brightend his

12 *ad lib:* 13 *a tempo.* 14

pathway of pain But he ne'er will for-get the short vi-sion, that threw Its en-

pathway of pain But he ne'er will forget the short vi-sion, that threw Its en-

15 16 17

chantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

chantment around him, while ling'ring with you!

AIR—*Moll Roone.*

I.

FAREWELL!—but, whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend, who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his path-way of pain—
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you!

II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles!—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd “ I wish he were here !”

III.

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy us'd to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may run the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR—*Yellow Wat and the Fox.*

I.

OH! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

II.

And tho' my lute no longer
 May sing of passion's ardent spell,
 Oh! trust me, all the stronger
 I feel the bliss I do not tell.
 The bee thro' many a garden roves,
 And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
 But, when he finds the flower he loves,
 He settles there and hums no more.
 Then doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

Oh! Doubt me not.

47

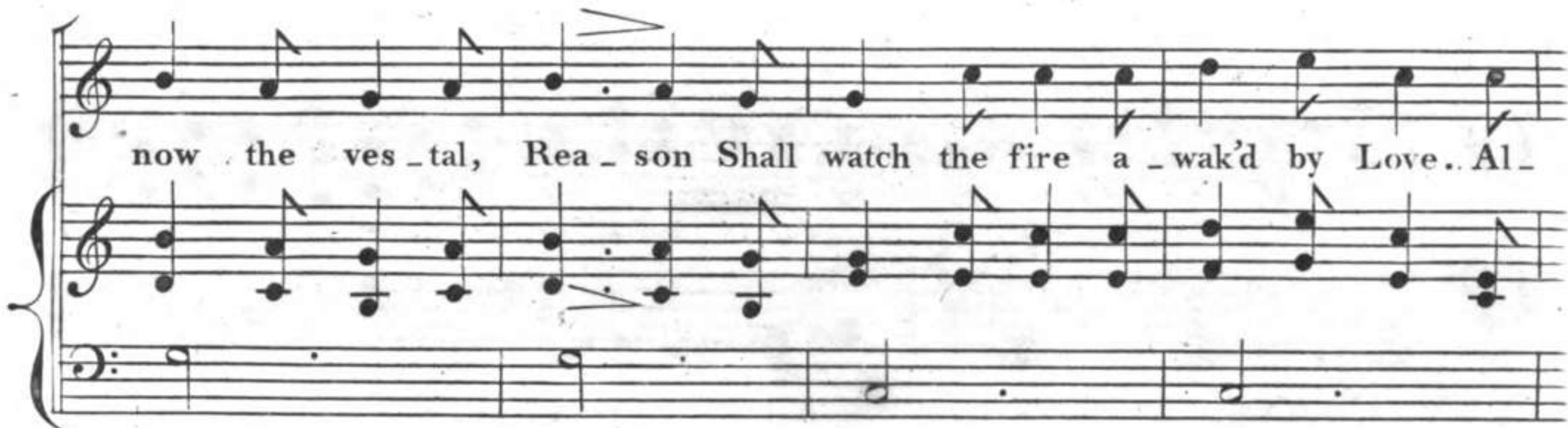
*With feeling
and
Cheerfulness*



Oh! doubt me not—the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly made me rove, And



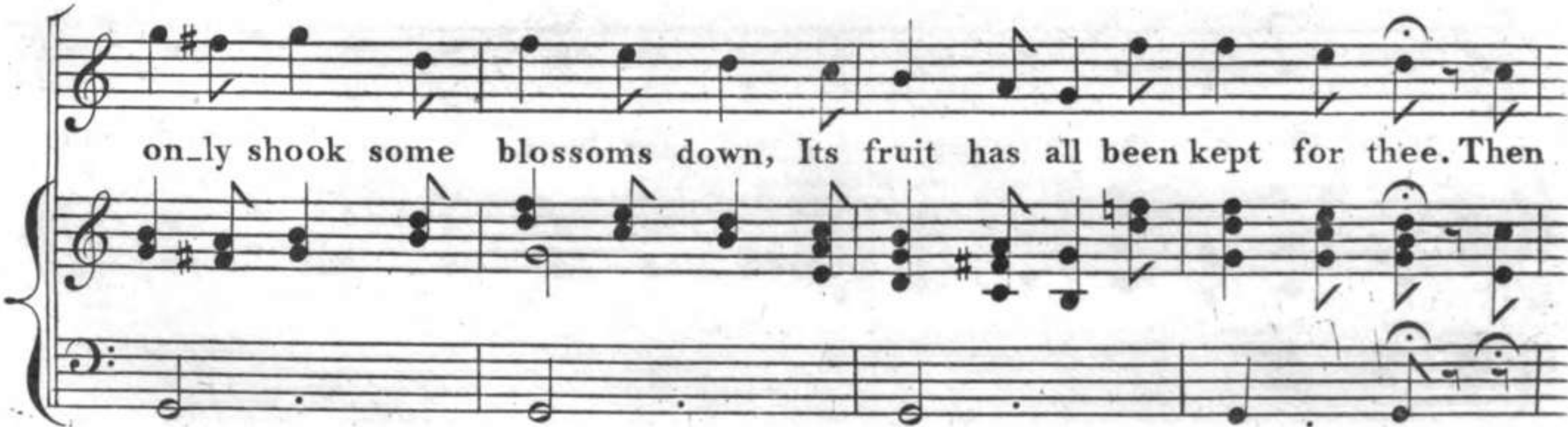
now the ves-tal, Rea-son Shall watch the fire a-wak'd by Love. Al-



tho' this heart was ear-ly blown, And fair-est hands disturb'd the tree, They



on-ly shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then



doubt me not—the sea—son Is o'er, when Fol—ly made me rove, And

now the ves—tal, Rea—son, Shall watch the fire a—wak'd by Love.

2^d VERSE.

And tho' my lute no lon—ger May sing of passion's ar—dent spell, Oh!

trust me, all the stron—ger I feel the bliss I do not tell. The

bee thro' many a gar-den roves, And hums his lay of court-ship o'er, But,

when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set-tles there and hums no more. Then

doubt me not- the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly kept me free, And

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall guard the flame a-wak'd by thee.

Oh! Doubt me not.

Harmonized for Two Voices.

*With feeling
and
Cheerfulness*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1 2 3 4

Oh! doubt me not—the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly made me rove, And

Oh! doubt me not—the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly made me rove, And

The first system of the song features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in 6/8 time and include the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves.

5 6 7 8

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall watch the fire a-wak'd by Love. Al-

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall watch the fire a-wak'd by Love. Al-

The second system of the song continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are repeated for both voices. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

9 10 11 12

tho' this heart was ear-ly blown, And fair-est hands dis-turb'd the tree, They

tho' this heart was ear-ly blown, And fair-est hands dis-turb'd the tree, They

The third system of the song concludes the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are repeated for both voices. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

13 14 15

only shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then

only shook some blossoms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then

17 *a tempo* 18 19 20

doubt me not—the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly made me rove, And

doubt me not—the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly made me rove, And

21 22 23 24

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall watch the fire a-wak'd by Love.

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall watch the fire a-wak'd by Love.

25 *2^d VERSE.* 26 27 28

And tho' my lute no lon-ger May sing of passion's ar-dent spell, Oh!

And tho' my lute no lon-ger May sing of passion's ar-dent spell, Oh!

29 30 31 32

trust me, all the stronger I feell the bliss I do not tell. The

trust me, all the stronger I feell the bliss I do not tell. The

33 34 35 36

bee thro' many a garden roves, And hums his lay of court-ship o'er, But

bee thro' many a garden roves, And hums his lay of court-ship o'er, But

when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set_tles there and hums no more. Then

when he finds the flow'r he loves, He set_tles there and hums no more. Then

doubt me not— the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly kept me free, And

doubt me not— the sea-son Is o'er, when Fol-ly kept me free, And

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall guard the flme a-wak'd by thee.

now the ves-tal, Rea-son, Shall guard the flme a-wak'd by thee.

You remember Ellen?

*Simply & in
Moderate Time*



pia
You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride, How meekly she bless'd her humble lot, When the

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked *pia* and includes a fermata over the word 'lot'.

pia
stranger, William, had made her his bride, And Love was the light of their low - ly cot.

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody is marked *pia* and includes a fermata over the word 'cot'.

for *pia*
To - gether they toil'd thro' winds and rains Till William at length, in sadness, said, "We must

The third line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked *for* and *pia* and includes a fermata over the word 'said'.

Dim
seek our fortune on o - ther plains;" Then, sighing, she left her low - ly shed.

The fourth line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is marked *Dim* and includes a fermata over the word 'shed'.

Piano accompaniment for the first system of music, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

2^d VERSE.

They roam'd a long and a weary way, Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease, When

now, at close of one stor-my day, They see a proud castle a - mong the trees.

"To night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there; The wind blows cold, the hour is late:" So, he

con spirito
blew the horn with a chieftain's air, And the Por-ter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

Piano accompaniment for the final system of music, continuing the treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

3^d VERSE.

“Now, welcome, Lady!” exclaim’d the youth, “This cas-tle is thine, and these dark woods all.” She be-

liev’d him wild, but his words were truth, For Ellen is La-dy of Ros-na Hall!

And dear-ly the Lord of Rosna loves What William, the stran-ger, woo’d and wed; And the

light of bliss, in those lord-ly groves, Is pure as it shone in the low-ly shed.

AIR—*Were I a Clerk.*

I

YOU remember ELLEN, our hamlet's pride,
 How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
 When the stranger, WILLIAM, had made her his bride,
 And love was the light of their lowly cot.
 Together they toil'd thro' winds and rains
 Till WILLIAM at length, in sadness, said,
 "We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
 Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

II.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
 Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
 When now, at close of one stormy day,
 They see a proud castle among the trees.
 "To-night," said the youth, "we'll shelter there;
 "The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
 So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
 And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

III.

"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,—
 "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all."
 She believ'd him wild, but his words were truth,
 For ELLEN is Lady of Rosna Hall!
 And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
 What WILLIAM, the stranger, woo'd and wed;
 And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
 Is pure as it shone in the lowly shed.

* This Ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

AIR—*The Rose-Tree.*

I.

I'D mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If *thy* smiles had left me too ;
 I d weep, when friends deceive me,
 If *thou* wert, like them, untrue.
 But, while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light !

II.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shar'd with thee.
 One minute's dream about thee
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear !

III.

And, tho' the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely, without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam,
 The mind, that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home

IV.

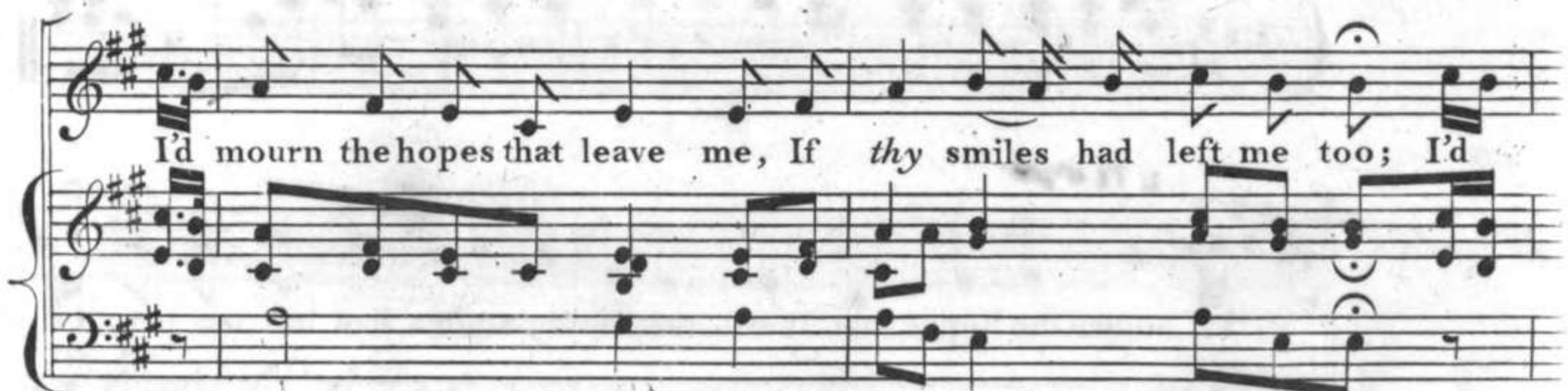
Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller, at first goes out,
 He feels a while benighted,
 And looks round in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless star-light on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds !

I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me. 59

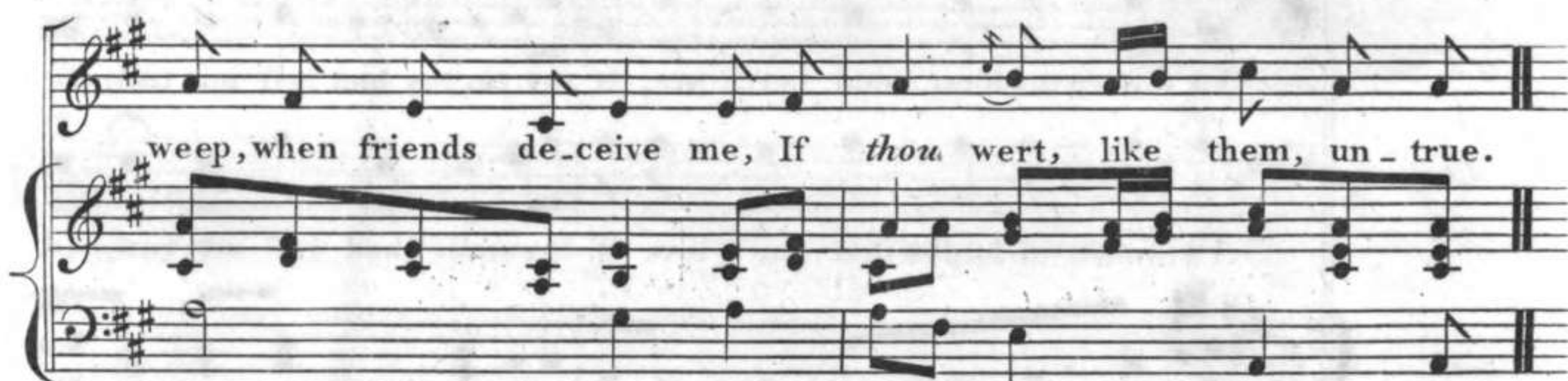
Tenderly



I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd



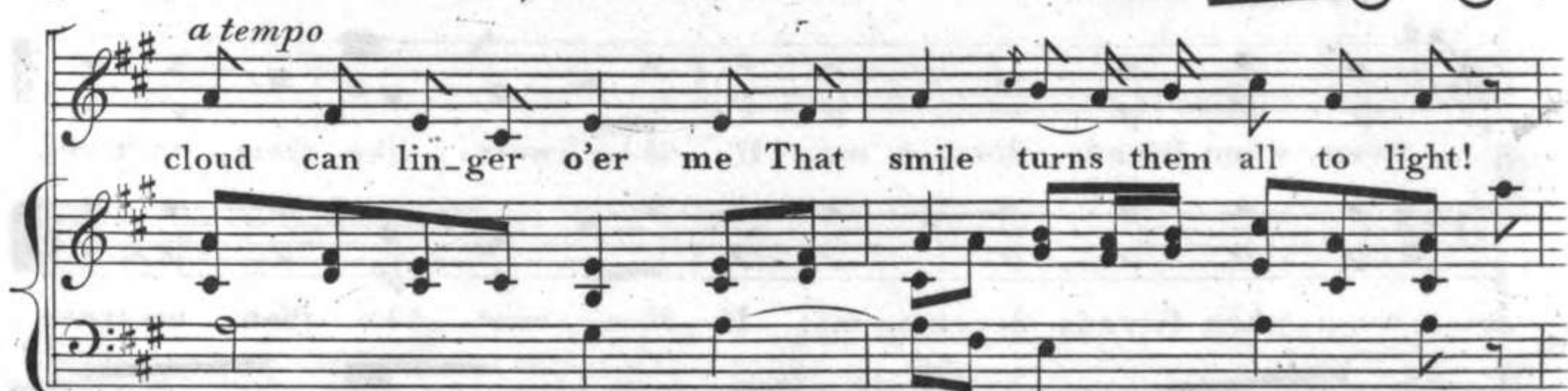
weep, when friends de-ceive me, If thou wert, like them, un-true.



for But, while I've thee before me, With heart so warm and eye so bright, No *ad lib*



a tempo cloud can lin-ger o'er me That smile turns them all to light!



I'd mourn the hopes that leave me.

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Tenderly

Treble *a tempo.*

Tenor

Bass

Piano Forte

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd

a tempo

weep, when friends deceive me, If thou wert, like them, un-true.

weep, when friends deceive me, If thou wert, like them, un-true.

weep, when friends deceive me, If thou wert, like them, un-true.

5 *ad lib* 6

But, while I've thee before me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No

But, while I've thee before me, With heart - - - - - so bright, No

But, while I've thee before me, With heart and eyes so bright, No

7 *a tempo* 8

clouds can linger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

clouds can linger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

clouds can linger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!

9 10 11

2^d VERSE.
allegro

'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis
 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis
 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis

allegro

not in joy to charm me, Un - - less joy be shar'd with thee.
 not in joy to charm me, Un - - less joy be shar'd with thee.
 not in joy to charm me, Un - - less joy be shar'd with thee.

ad lib:

16 17

One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth a long, an endless year Of

One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth ----- a year Of

One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth an endless year Of

Detailed description: This system contains three vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The first vocal staff has a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth a long, an endless year Of". The second vocal staff has a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth ----- a year Of". The third vocal staff has a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "One minute's dream a_bout thee Were worth an endless year Of". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. Handwritten numbers "16" and "17" are written above the first and second vocal staves respectively.

a tempo

18 19

wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!

wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!

wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!

Detailed description: This system contains three vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The first vocal staff has a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!". The second vocal staff has a treble clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!". The third vocal staff has a bass clef and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "wak_ing bliss with_out thee, My own love, my on_ly dear!". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The tempo marking "*a tempo*" is written above the first vocal staff. Handwritten numbers "18" and "19" are written above the first and second vocal staves respectively.

20 21 22

Detailed description: This system contains two piano accompaniment staves: a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). Handwritten numbers "20", "21", and "22" are written above the first, second, and third measures of the right-hand staff respectively.



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Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
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Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

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Drink to her

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When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
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'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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She is far from the Land
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This Life is all chequer'd

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At the mid Hour of Night
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'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
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Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
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Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy.
Forget not the Field where they perisk'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Drink of this Cup
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Oh ye Dead!
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The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Ah Perdona, Duett	Mozart	1 0	Lungi dal caro	Sarti	1 6	
Batti batti o bel	Ditto	1 0	Non più andrai	Mozart	2 0	
Che dice mal d'amore	Mayer	1 6	Oh quanto l'an	Mayer	1 0	
Deh vieni alla finestra	Mozart	1 0	Su l'aria	Duett	Mozart	1 0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	Rossini	2 0	Sul Margine		1 0	
Fin ch' han dal vino	Mozart	1 0	Tu che accendi	Rossini	2 0	
Fra tante angoscie	Carafa	2 0	Vederlo sol bra	Duett	Paer	2 6
Giovinette che fate, Duett and Chorus	Mozart	1 6	Vedrai carino		Mozart	1 0
La ci darem la mano	Duett	Mozart	Voi che sapete		Mozart	1 0
La dove prende, Duett	Ditto	1 0	Zitti, Zitti, Pi piano, .. Trio	Rossini	2 0	

(To be continued.)

SONGS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
ABSENCE	Bishop	2	0	Grotto	Parry	1	6
Adieu, at day-break	Kiallmark	2	0	Hapless Mary!	Dr. Clarke	2	0
A farewell!	Stevenson	2	0	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	Kelly	1	6	Heath, this night, must be my bed	Kemp	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1	6	Hence, faithless hope!	Stevenson	2	0
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Sue	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
Alice of Fyfe	West	2	0	Here's the bower	Moore	2	0
A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Hoax	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse	Ditto	1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
A rosy cheek	Horn	1	6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1	6
Auld lang syne	Burns	1	0	How happy once	Moore	2	0
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1	0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1	6
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1	0
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1	6	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1	0	I can no longer stifle	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2	0	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1	6
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
Can I again that form caress?	Moore	1	6	I'm wearing awa	Burns	1	0
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2	0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2	0
Cease your funning, (<i>New Edition</i>)	Ditto	2	0	In days of old	Horn	1	0
Chain and lute	Walmisley	2	0	Indian maid	Kelly	1	6
Chapter on pockets	Ditto	1	0	I never told my love	Ditto	1	6
Child of glory	Kelly	1	6	I never will deceive thee	Parry	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1	6	In moments to delight	Walmisley	1	6
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2	0	In the days of my youth	King	1	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1	6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	Ditto	2	0	Invitation, the	Turnbull	2	0
Contradiction	Cooke	1	6	In yonder bower	Arnold	1	6
Day of love	Moore	2	0	I-sigh for the days that are gone	Kelly	1	6
Danon's complaint	Kelly	2	0	It is not that a woman's eyes	Cooke	1	6
Dandy beau	Cooke	1	0	Kitty of Coleraine	Ditto	1	0
Dear aunt	Moore	2	0	Lament, the	Ditto	2	0
Dear Fanny	Stevenson	2	0	Land of Shillelah	Ditto	1	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	Howell	1	6	Land o' the Leal (<i>New Edition</i>)	Ditto	1	0
Dearest Ellen, awake	Emdin	2	0	Light as the shadows of evening	Stevenson	1	6
Deep in my soul	Duval	1	6	Light sounds the harp	Moore	2	6
Did not?	Moore	1	6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	2	0
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	Smith	1	6	Little Mary's eye	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	Stevenson	1	6	London, now is out of town	Ware	1	6
Donald, (<i>new edition</i>)	Ditto	1	0	Look that says I love thee	Cooke	1	6
Emblem	Horn	2	0	Lord of the castle	King	1	6
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	Hawes	2	0	Lottery, the	Moore	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2	0	Love	Horn	1	6
Exile of Erin	Campbell	1	0	Love and Folly	Smith	1	6
Expostulation	Kelly	1	6	Love and Time	Kelly	2	0
Fair as the morn's light	B. Livius, Esq. ..	1	6	Love Bird	Smith	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	Cooke	1	6	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	1	6
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1	6	Love in a storm	Barry	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2	0	Love, like an April day	Horn	1	6
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Lover's Smiles	Turnbull	2	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	Molineux	1	0	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	2	0
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
Fly, fly away	Parry	1	6	Love will find out the way	Little	2	0
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing	Horn	1	6
Fly to the desert	Kiallmark	2	0	Maid of Marlivalé	Stevenson	2	0
Folly, the	Kelly	1	0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	1	6
For her I die	Stevenson	1	6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	2	0
Friend of my soul	Moore	1	6	Mansion of love	Emdin	2	0
From glory's heights descending	Kelly	1	6	March away, Helen!	Horn	1	6
From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
Gallant Troubadour	Stevenson	2	0	Monody	Hawes	2	0
Georgian maid	Bishop	2	6	My heart and lute	Moore and Bishop ..	2	0
Give, love! give	Beethoven	2	0	My heart's my own	Ditto	1	0
Golden chain	Leonard	2	0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	1	6
Good night	Moore	2	0	My love hastes him home	Horn	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	Stevenson	2	0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	2	0
Green spot that blooms	Kelly	1	6	My dying sire	Kelly	1	6
				My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	1	0

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Namouna's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Taste life's glad moments	Walmisley	1	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	Smith	2	0	That shepherd, sure, he	Stevenson	1	6
Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	There's not a joy this world can give	Ditto	2	0
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
No joy without my love	Cooke	1	6	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Now morn is blushing	Stevenson	2	0	Think no more, love, of our parting	Clifton	2	0
Obey!	Horn	1	6	'Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	'Tho' fate, my girl,	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! fair as the seaflower	Welsh	2	0	'Tho' gaily smiles th' opening spring	Kelly	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	'Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke	1	6	Thou hast sent me lowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Thunder-bolt friga	Horn	1	6
Oh! Liberty	Moore	2	0	Thy gentle manner	Attwood	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	Horn	2	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	Bishop	2	0	'Tis love that shou'ld rule the breast	Kelly	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	'Tis Love, 'tis Lov.		1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke	2	0	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart	King	1	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! Patrick	Bishop	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	To the brook and willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flos of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	Triumph of Rus	Ditto	2	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	Trumpet of glor.	Moore	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	Stevenson	1	6	'Twas his own ve	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	'Twas on a wild & lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Oh! Woman!	Ditto	2	0	Ulrica	Cooke	1	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Wake, maid of morn	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	Waters of Elle	Stevenson		
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	What's life unb't with Love	Ditto	1	6
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	When a man w's	Horn	1	6
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	Whence can yon'herit		1	0
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When Charles deceived	Moore	2	0
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	When fickle n for woman sighs	Kelly	1	6
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When from thight, love	Ditto	1	6
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When I first t my Rosa I lov'd	Ditto	2	0
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When I think my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I went a soldier	Horn	1	6
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When Leila th'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When love gen the youthful brain	Horn	1	6
Plumed casque	Kelly	1	6	When love an'uth together play'd	Philipps	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love w'resh from his cradle	West	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0	When midst'gay	Moore	2	0
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When night w'spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When stormsturb old ocean's bed	King	1	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When the daf the summer	Kiallmark	2	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the gif my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	0
Remembrances	Mrs. Mc Mullan	2	0	When the rosud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, > steals	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1	6	When twiliglews	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke	1	0	When woe ore bosom of mercy	Howell	1	0
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While partcom the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listu thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on th'each I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose anor	Kelly	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	Bishop	2	0	Who would love?	Cooke	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0	Why comes iot	Smith	1	6
Sea Boy's Dream	Smith	2	6	William and nett	Sanderson	1	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	0	Will you co to the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Wilt thou sarewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Winds, whis'gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's p' ending never	Kearns	1	0
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman's sr	Parry	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woman, wbnquers all	Cooke	1	6
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodbine age	Stevenson	2	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodman's	Kelly	1	0
Summer	Ditto	2	0	Woodpecke	Ditto	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	Kelly	1	6	Wreath youve	Moore	1	6
Sweet is love	Doyle	2	0	Ye banks a'raes, (new edition)	Burns	1	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	Dallas	2	0	Ye light fo of fancy	Kelly	1	6
Sweet is the dream	Stevenson	1	6	Yes, it is, ll!	Clifton	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Yes, thro' t'vide world	Mrs. —	1	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young Jes	Moore	2	0
Sweet robin		1	6	Young lov.	Ditto	2	0
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Young son'hivalry	King	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth I ad	Cooke	1	6
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	Youth is bnort	Dallas	2	0
Take back the sigh	Moore	2	0	You watch the sun's ray	Welsh Air	1	0
Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6	Zounds, md	Cooke	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	Black	1	6	Mourn not, silly mortals	Stevenson	2	0
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevens	1	6	Nights of music	Moore	2	6
As with slow-moving oar	King	2	0	No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2	6
Catherine	Lady (Stewart)	2	0	Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2	0
Chieftain	Stevens	2	0	O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2	0
Chink-a-chink	Horn	1	6	Our first young love	Moore	2	0
Come, friendly night	Livius	1	6	Peace!	Stevenson	2	0
Come, all ye youths	Harris	2	0	Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1	6
Congenial to friends	Stevenson	2	0	Should we be forced to part	Cooke	2	0
Could a man be secure (<i>new edition</i>)		1	0	Song of war	Moore	2	0
Dear, in pity	Stevenson	1	6	Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2	0
Dragon fly	Smith	2	0	Surprise	Ditto	1	6
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	Stevenson	1	6	Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2	0
Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1	6	Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2	0
Faithful love	Parry	2	0	That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1	6
Fare thee well!	Ditto	2	0	Think on me	Ditto	2	0
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2	0	Thro' silent woods	King	2	0
Heave one sigh	Horn	1	0	Time has not thinn'd (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0
Here is the lip	Moore	2	0	Tit bits	Cooke	1	6
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2	0	Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1	6
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1	6	Turn to this heart	Horn	1	6
If fortune smile	Kelly	1	6	Wake thee, my dear	Moore	2	0
In search of glory	Cooke	2	6	Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2	0	Well-a-day!	Horn	1	0
Joys that pass away	Moore	2	0	When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2	6	When Jove from the skies	Horn	1	6
Life-boat	Moore	2	6	When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1	6
Love and the sun-dial	Ditto	2	0	Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2	6
Love in thine eyes (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0	While parted from the youth I love	King	1	6
Love, my Mary, dwells	Stevenson	2	0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	Ditto	2	0	Wine to cheer	Parry	1	6
				Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1	6
				Young rose	Moore	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
A broken cake	Stevenson	2	0	Merrily O!	Stevenson	2	6
Allen-a-Dale	Horn	2	6	Mountain cot	Richards	2	0
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1	6	Nor throne of state	Kelly	1	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6	Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5	0
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6	Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2	6
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2	6	Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3	0
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2	0	Ocean king	West	2	6
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2	6	Oh! lady fair!	Moore	3	0
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2	0	Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3	0
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	6	Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	2	6
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3	0	Raise the song	Stevenson	1	6
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2	0	Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	3	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2	0	Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1	6
Come, follow me	Ditto	5	0	Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	2	6
Day set on Norham's castle steep	Lord Burghers	3	0	Soldier, rest!	Kemp	2	6
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Stevenson	1	6	Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	3	0
Ella	Ditto	2	6	Spirit of Bliss	Lord Burghers	3	0
Fairy glee	Ditto	5	0	Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	3	0
Fair and False	Lord Burghers	2	0	This is love	Moore	2	6
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1	6	Ting-a-tingle	Horn	2	0
Finland love-song	Moore	2	6	Tis done! the fatal deed	Lord Burghers	2	6
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	2	6
Happy love	Ditto	2	0	To thy lover	Ditto	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0	Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	2	6
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	King	1	6	Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1	6
Here's the bower	Stevenson	2	6	Up, quit the bower	Attwood	2	0
Hermits	Ditto	3	0	Wake, Rosa, wake (<i>serenade</i>)	Bartlett	2	6
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Moore	5	0	We fairy folk	Stevenson	2	0
I mark'd not eyes	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals our years	Phelps	2	6
Lonely isle	Horn	3	0	Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	2	6
				Why so pale?	Lord Burghers	2	6
				Wood nymph	Smith	2	6
				Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	2	6

INSTRUMENTAL MUSC.

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncel, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, " 'Tis the last Rose of Summer." *Ries* 8 6
 Piano-Forte part 6 6

		<i>s. d.</i>			<i>s. d.</i>
ALLEGRETTO et Valce.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 0	Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....		1 6
A Temple to Friendship.....	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	Lord Harwicke's March.....	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.....		2 6	Lord Wehgton.....	<i>Jansen</i>	1 6
Banks of Allan Water.....	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	Marche Ptorale et Air Russe.....	<i>Von Esch</i>	2 6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Minuetto. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6
Bird-catcher.....	<i>Mozart</i>	1 6	Merch Man.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	1 6
Blaize et Babet.....	<i>Howell</i>	2 0	Morgan Igan.....	<i>Lanza</i>	2 0
Cease your funning.....	<i>Davy</i>	2 0	Mozart's Grand March.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.....		5 0	—Military Waltz. Flute accomp.....	<i>Metzler</i>	1 6
Come chase that starting tear.....	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 0	—Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Weippert</i>	5 0
Conway Ferry.....	<i>Parry</i>	1 6	My love like the red, red rose, &c.....	<i>Hummell</i>	2 0
Devonshire Waltz.....	<i>Voigt</i>	1 6	Nel cor ù non mi sento.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Oh! Lay Fair.....	<i>Latour</i>	3 0
Eveleen's Bower.....	<i>Woelfl</i>	2 0	O Pescor dell' onda.....	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Fantasia.....	<i>Gladstones</i>	2 6	O softlyleep.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 0
Fly not yet.....	<i>Woelfl</i>	2 0	Partantour la Syrie.....	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Gelinek's Air from "Alceste.".....		2 6	Pastorazondo.....	<i>Holder</i>	3 0
—"Air" in C.....		2 6	Peace laround thee.....	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6
—"Aria" in C.....		2 0	Pria ch'Impegno.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 6
—"Minuet" from Le Nozze Disturbate.....		2 0	Prussia Air.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2 0
—"Waltz".....		2 0	Pyrene Air.....	<i>Ditto</i>	1 6
Gladstane's Grand Sonata, with Orchestral accompaniments.....		6 6	Queen Prussia's Waltz.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6
—without accomps.....		4 6	Rode's air, variations.....	<i>Lysaght</i>	2 0
Glow di Glow.....	<i>Cooke</i>	2 0	Row gtlly here.....	<i>Eavestaff</i>	2 6
Go where glory waits thee.....	<i>Corri</i>	2 0	St. Pack's Day.....	<i>Logier</i>	2 0
Guaracha Waltz.....	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Scot's a hae wi' Wallace.....	<i>Voigt</i>	1 6
Harmonious Blacksmith (new edition).....	<i>Handel</i>	1 0	Sicilia Dance.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0
Holder's "Divertimento." Op. 46. to Mrs. L. H.....		2 0	Sicilia and Pollacca.....	<i>Schulz</i>	3 0
—"Sonata." Op. 47. to Miss Emily Tower.....		2 6	Sophy.....	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 0
Howell's Progressive Sonatinas.....		4 0	Sun Iwer.....	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6
J'ai de la raison.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	Sweetichard.....	<i>Parry</i>	2 0
La Belle Henriette.....	<i>Holder</i>	2 0	Syrer.....	<i>Schulz</i>	2 6
La belle Rosa.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6	Temad Waltz.....	<i>Holder</i>	3 0
La ci darem.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	Tu caccendi, Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0
—Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Turgain, Whittington, with accompanents, Flute and Violoncello.....	<i>Turnbull</i>	3 6
Lady Mary.....	<i>Jansen</i>	1 6	—without accomps.....		2 6
La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Tyrc Air.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 6
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.....	<i>Holder</i>	1 6	Vals rancoise.....	<i>Ringwood</i>	1 6
L'Hymenée.....	<i>Von Esch</i>	2 6	Venn Air.....	<i>Hummell</i>	1 0
Lieber Augustine.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2 0	Whoove was a child.....	<i>Ries</i>	3 0
L'Oiseau de Venus.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 6	Whthe Rosebud.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2 6
			Wopecker.....	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 6
			Ye mbrian Youths.....	<i>Parry</i>	2 0
			Your Love.....	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 6

Flute and Pian-Forte.

		<i>s. d.</i>			<i>s. d.</i>
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	O Ice Concento.....	<i>Parry</i>	3 0
Di piacer mi balza il cor.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0	Ningale.....	<i>Parry</i>	3 0
Fra tante Angoscie, Flute Accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Pas Six Divertimentos.....		5 0
Gia la mensa et Bravi Cosa Rara.....	<i>Coggins</i>	2 6	Poise.....	<i>Metzler</i>	3 0
Hornpipe danced by Mad. Milanie.....	<i>Cooke</i>	3 0	The Grove.....	<i>Coggins</i>	2 6
La ci darem la mano.....	<i>Little</i>	1 6	Thh.....	<i>Parry</i>	3 0
Mozart's Military Waltz.....	<i>Metzler</i>	1 6	Ves' Gavotte. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2 0
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A New and corrected Edition, with Flute Violoncello Accompaniments.

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—Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6	—Ditto, with accomp.....		2 6
Idomeneo.....		1 6	Iraglio.....		1 6
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My love is like the red, red rose.....	<i>Hummell</i>	2 6	We're a' Noddin.....	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6
Munich Waltz, &c.....	<i>Hummell</i>	3 6			



Mus. Pr.

532

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WITH
Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY
Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

AND
CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

BY
Thomas Moore Esq.

No. VI.



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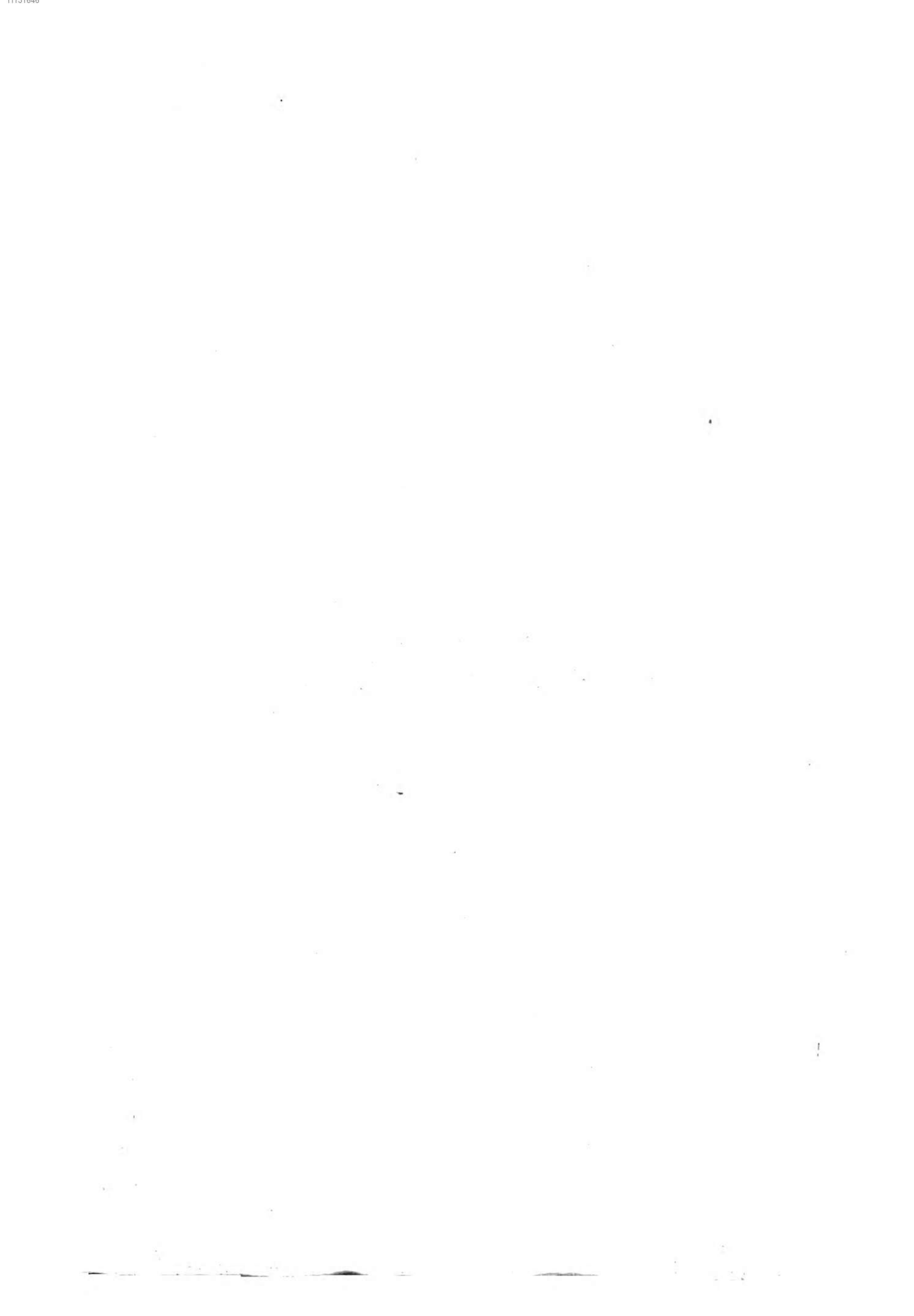
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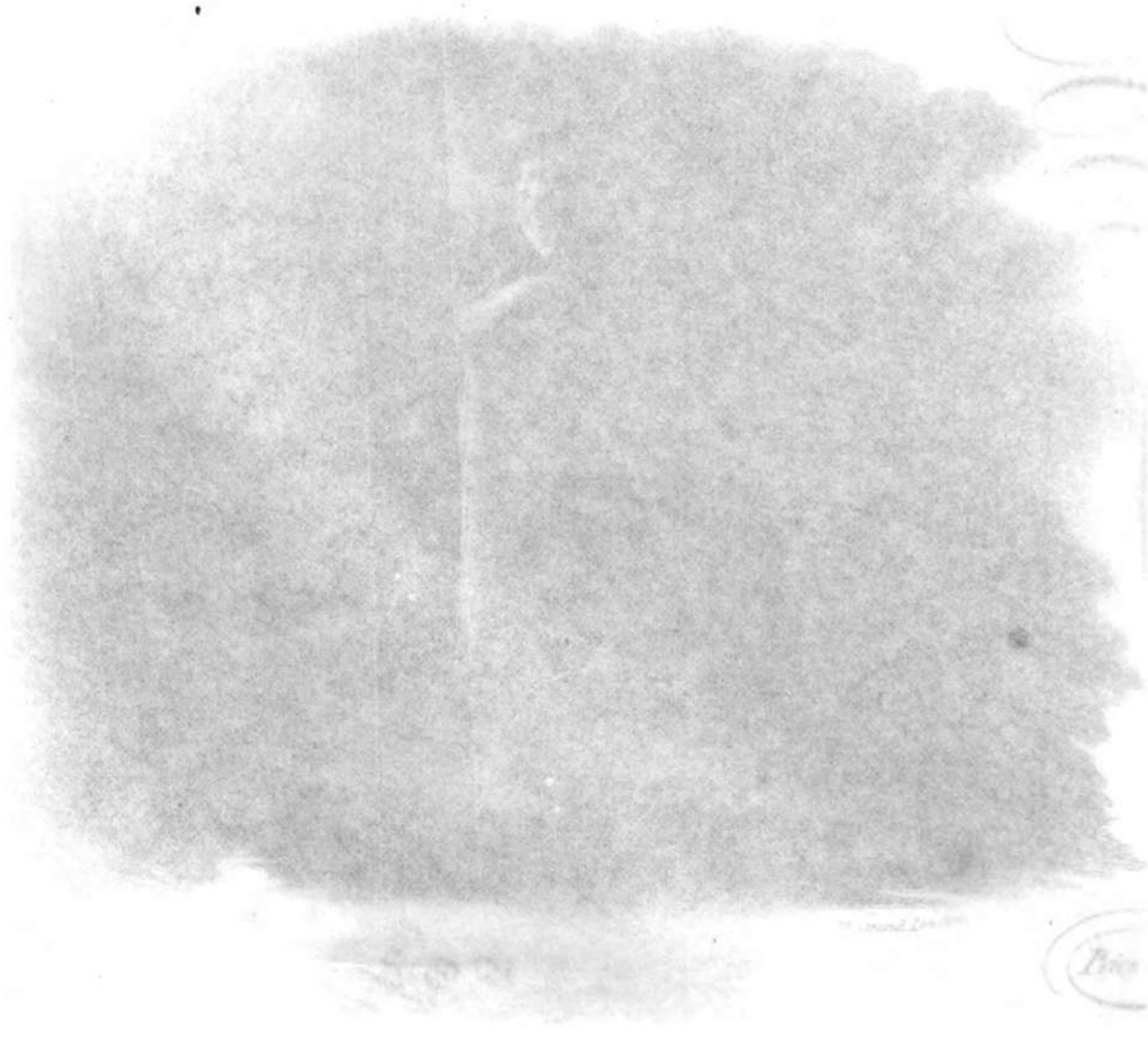


IN presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive indeed for discontinuing the Work, was a fear that our treasures were beginning to be exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. But this intention, which we announced in our Fifth Number, has excited an anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence, have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one gentleman in particular who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for though the Work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the “IRISH MELODIES.”

T. M.

*Mayfield, Ashbourne,
March, 1815.*

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Is respectfully Inscribed

By
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TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

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Come o'er the Sea?

*With
impassioned
Melancholy*

9^p 10 11

Come o'er the Sea, Maiden with me Mine thro' sunshine,

12 13 14 15

storm and snows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same where.

16 17 18 19

e'er it goes. Let For-tune frown, so we love and part not, 'Tis

19 20 4/4 P 21 53

life where *thou* art, Tis death where thou art not, Then come o'er the Sea,

This system contains measures 19, 20, and 21. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. Measure 19 has a fermata over the first two notes. Measure 20 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 21 has a fermata over the last two notes. The lyrics are: "life where *thou* art, Tis death where thou art not, Then come o'er the Sea,"

22 23 24 P 25

Maiden, with me, Come where e... ver the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,

This system contains measures 22, 23, 24, and 25. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. Measure 22 has a fermata over the first two notes. Measure 23 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 24 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 25 has a fermata over the last two notes. The lyrics are: "Maiden, with me, Come where e... ver the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll,"

26 27 28 29

But the true soul Burns the same, where e'er it goes.

This system contains measures 26, 27, 28, and 29. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. Measure 26 has a fermata over the first two notes. Measure 27 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 28 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 29 has a fermata over the last two notes. The lyrics are: "But the true soul Burns the same, where e'er it goes."

30 31 32 P 33 34

Is not the Sea Made for the Free,

This system contains measures 30, 31, 32, 33, and 34. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. Measure 30 has a fermata over the first two notes. Measure 31 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 32 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 33 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 34 has a fermata over the last two notes. The lyrics are: "Is not the Sea Made for the Free,"

35 36 P 37 38

Land for courts and chains a_lone? Here we are slaves, But on the waves

This system contains measures 35, 36, 37, and 38. The vocal line is in treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff. Measure 35 has a fermata over the first two notes. Measure 36 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 37 has a fermata over the last two notes. Measure 38 has a fermata over the last two notes. The lyrics are: "Land for courts and chains a_lone? Here we are slaves, But on the waves"

54 39 40

Love and li_berty's all our own! No eye to watch, and no

42 43 44

tongue to wound us, All earth for_got and all hea_ven a_ round us_Then

45 46 47

come o'er the Sea, Mai_den, with me, Come where e_ver, the

48 49 50 51

wild wind blows Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, where

52 53 54 55 56

e'er it goes.

AIR—*Cuishlih ma chree**.

I.

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me,
 Mine thro' sunshine, storm, and snows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let Fate frown on, so we love and part not;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not!
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

II.

Is not the Sea
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone?
 Here we are slaves;
 But, on the waves,
 Love and Liberty's all our own!
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around us!
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden! with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind blows;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air;—they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

Cuishlih ma chree,
 Did you but see
 How, the rogue, he did serve me;—*Bis.*
 He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
 He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
 O Cuishlih ma chree! &c.

* AIR—*Sly Patrick.*

I.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That even in sorrow were sweet?
 Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear?—
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

II.

Has Love to that soul so tender
 Been like our Lagenian mine †,
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine?
 But if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
 Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story ‡,
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has hope been that bird to thee?
 On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away?

IV.

If thus the sweet hours have fled,
 When sorrow herself look'd bright;
 If thus the fond hope has cheated,
 That led thee along so light;
 If thus the unkind world wither
 Each feeling that once was dear;—
 Come, child of misfortune! come hither,
 I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

* To the Gentleman who favoured me with this Air I am indebted for many other old and beautiful Melodies, from which, if ever we resume this Work, I shall be able to make a very interesting selection.

† Our Wicklow Gold-Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

‡ "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.

ARABIAN NIGHTS—*Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

57
Has sorrow thy young days shaded.

*Simply
and
Tenderly*

Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning

fleet? Too fast have those young days faded, That even in sorrow were

sweet. Does Time with his cold wing wither Each feeling that once was

dear? Come, child of misfortune! hither, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

2^d VERSE.

Has Love to that soul so

tender, Been like our La-genian mines, Where a sparkle of golden splendor All

o-ver the sur-face shines. But if in pursuit you go deep-er, Al-

lur'd by the gleam that shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like

Love, the bright ore is gone.

59
Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
Harmonized for Two Voices.

*Simply
and
Tenderly*



*Treble
Voice*



Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning

*Tenor Voice
& Alto/Contr.*

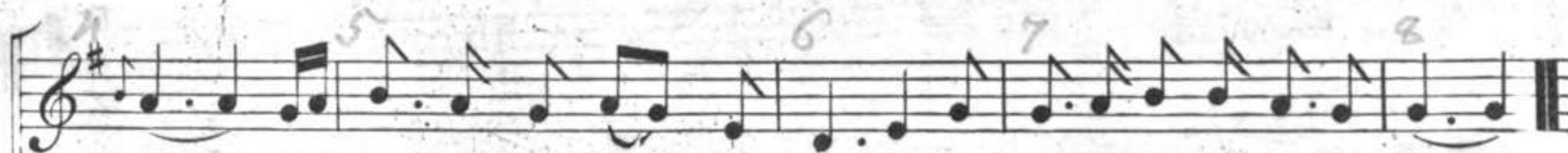


Has sorrow thy young days shaded, As clouds o'er the morning

*Piano
Forte*



5 *6* *7* *8*



fleet? Too fast have those young days faded, That even in sorrow were sweet?



fleet? Too fast have those young days faded, That even in sorrow were sweet?



Does Time with his cold wing wi - ther Each feel - ing that once was
 Does Time with his cold wing wi - ther Each feel - ing that once was

12 13 14 15
 dear? Come, child of mis - fortune! hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for
 dear? Come, child of mis - fortune! hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for

16
 tear.
 tear.

2^d VERSE.
 18 19 20
 Has Love to that soul so tender, Been like our La - ge - nian mines, Where a
 Has Love to that soul so tender, Been like our La - ge - nian mines, Where a

22 23 24

spar_kle of gol_den splendor, All o_ver the sur_face shines.

spar_kle of gol_den splendor, All o_ver the sur_face shines.

25 26 27

But if in pur_suit you go deep_er, Al_lur'd by the gleam that

But if in pur_suit you go deep_er, Al_lur'd by the gleam that

28 29 30 31

shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is

shone, Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper, Like Love, the bright ore is

32

gone.

gone.

No, not more welcome.

With Expression

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of four systems of music. The first system features a piano introduction with a treble clef staff and a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part is marked 'With Expression' and includes a 'lento' section. The second system begins with a vocal line in the treble clef, marked 'No, not more', and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff marked 'a tempo'. The third system contains the vocal line with lyrics: 'wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of music fall on the sleepers'. The fourth system continues the vocal line with lyrics: 'ear, When half a - - wak - ing from fearful slumbers, He thinks the'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout all systems.

lento

a tempo

No, not more

wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of music fall on the sleepers

ear, When half a - - wak - ing from fearful slumbers, He thinks the

full quire of heav'n is near. Than came that voice, when all for-

sak - en, This heart long had sleeping lain, Nor thought its

lento

cold pulse would e-ver wa-ken To such be-nign blessed sounds a-

lento

gain.

2^d VERSE

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the steal-ing Of summer wind thro' some wreathed

shell; Each se-cret wind-ing, each inmost feel-ing, Of all my

soul e-cho'd to its spell! 'Twas whis-per'd balm—'twas sunshine

spo-ken! — I'd live years of grief and pain, To have my

lento

long sleep of sorrow bro-ken! By such be-nign blessed sounds a-

lento

gain!

AIR—*Luggelaw.*

I

NO, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heav'n is near,—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

II.

Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell;
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell!
'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken!—
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

AIR—*O Patrick, fly from me**.

I.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder,
 And thought, tho' false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 The heart whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

II.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
 I fled th' unwelcome story;
 Or found, in even the faults they blam'd,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream, to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
 No lights of age adorn thee;
 The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it;
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
 Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
 When even those ties shall sever;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou 'st lost for ever!
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believ'd thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

* This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.

When first I met thee.

67

*In
Moderate
time*

When first I met thee warm and young, There shone such truth a-bout thee, And

on thy lip such promise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I

saw thee change, Yet still re- lied Still clung with hope the fon- der, And

thought tho' false to all be- side, From me thou couldst not wan- - der

But go de - cei - ver, go, The heart whose hopes could make it

Trust one so false, so low, De - serves that thou shouldst break it!

2^d VERSE.

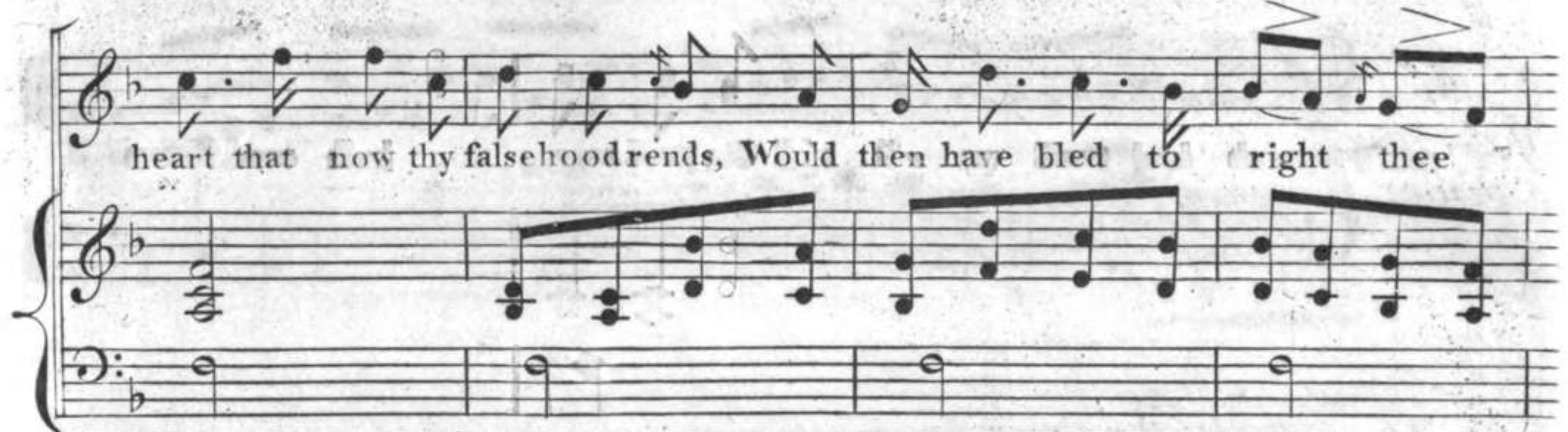
When ev'ry tongue thy fol - lies nam'd, I fled th'unwel - come sto - ry; Or

found in ev'n the faults they blam'd, Some gleams of fu - ture glo - ry. I


still was true, when nearer friends Conspired to wrong, to slight thee, This



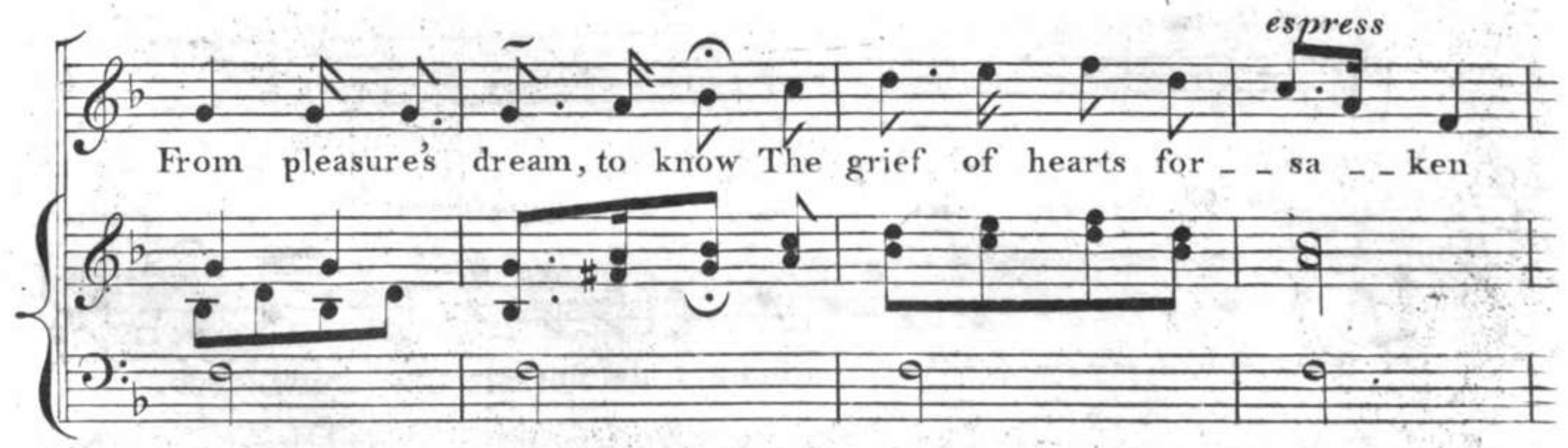
heart that now thy falsehood rends, Would then have bled to right thee



But go, deceiver! go Some day perhaps thou'lt wa - - ken



From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for - - sa - - ken *espress*



When first I met thee,

Harmonized for Two Voices.

In Moderate time

Treble

When first I met thee warm and young, There shone such truth a-

Tenor
8 Notes lower

When first I met thee warm and young, There shone such truth a-

Piano
Forle

bout thee, And on thy lip such promise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I

bout thee, And on thy lip such promise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I

saw thee change, Yet still relied, Still clung with hope the fonder, And thought, tho' false to

saw thee change, Yet still relied, Still clung with hope the fonder, And thought, tho' false to

all beside, From me thou couldst not wan - der - But go de - cei - ver, go, The

all beside, From me thou couldst not wan - der - But go de - cei - ver, go, The

heart whose hopes could make it Trust one so false, so low, Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

heart whose hopes could make it Trust one so false, so low, Deserves that thou shouldst break it!

Slow

2^d VERSE.

When ev'ry tongue thy follies nam'd, I fled th'unwelcome sto - - ry; Or

When ev'ry tongue thy follies nam'd, I fled th'unwelcome sto - - ry; Or

found in ev'n the faults they blam'd, Some gleam of fu_ture glo__ry. I

found in ev'n the faults they blam'd, Some gleam of fu_ture glo__ry. I

Slow

still was true, when nearer friends Con_spir'd to wrong to slight thee, This

still was true, when nearer friends Con_spir'd to wrong to slight thee, This

heart that now thy false hood rends, Would then have bled to right thee

heart that now thy false hood rends, Would then have bled to right thee

But go, de--cei-ver! go Some day perhaps thou'lt wa--ken

But go, de--cei-ver! go Some day perhaps thou'lt wa--ken

From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for--sa--ken

From pleasure's dream, to know The grief of hearts for--sa--ken

Slow

210

While History's Muse

*Moderate
time with
Energy*

First system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 6/8 time signature. The music features a melodic line in the treble and a supporting bass line. A *Cres* (crescendo) marking is present at the end of the system.

Second system of piano introduction. Treble clef, key signature of one sharp (F#), 6/8 time signature. The music continues with melodic and harmonic development. A *p* (piano) marking is present in both staves.

First system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "While His-to-ry's Muse the me-morial was keeping Of all that the dark hand of". A *p* (piano) marking is present in the piano part.

Second system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "Des-ti-ny weaves, Be-side her the Genius of E-rin stood weeping, For". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. A *espress* (espressivo) marking is present in the vocal line.

Third system of the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "hers was the story that blotted the leaves. But oh how the tear in her". The piano accompaniment concludes the piece.

eyelids grew bright, When after whole pages of sorrow and shame, She saw

His-to-ry write, With a pencil of light, That il-lum'd all the volume her

WELLINGTON'S name!

2^d VERSE

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling With

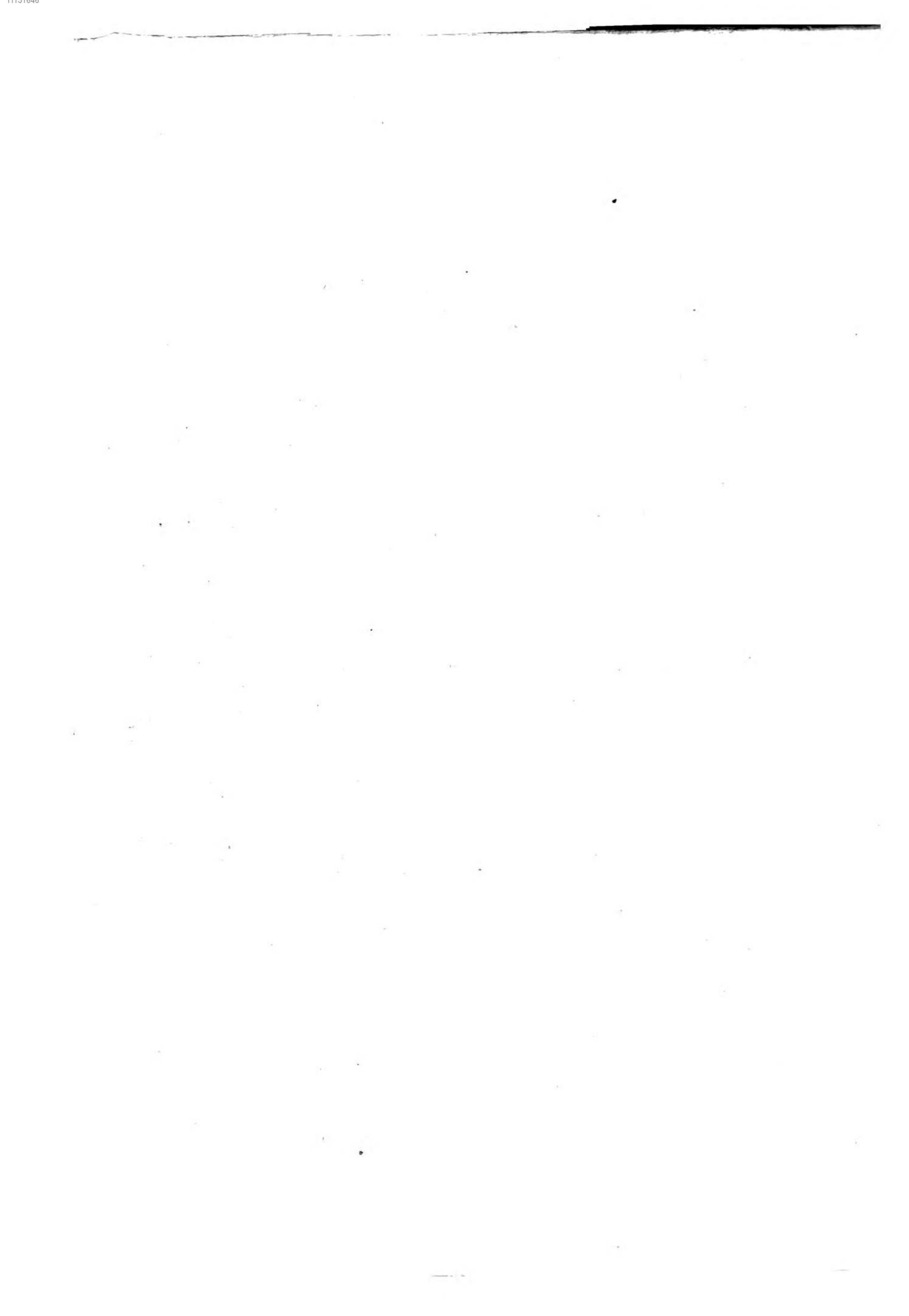
beams such as break from her own dewy skies; Thro' a-ges of sorrow, de-

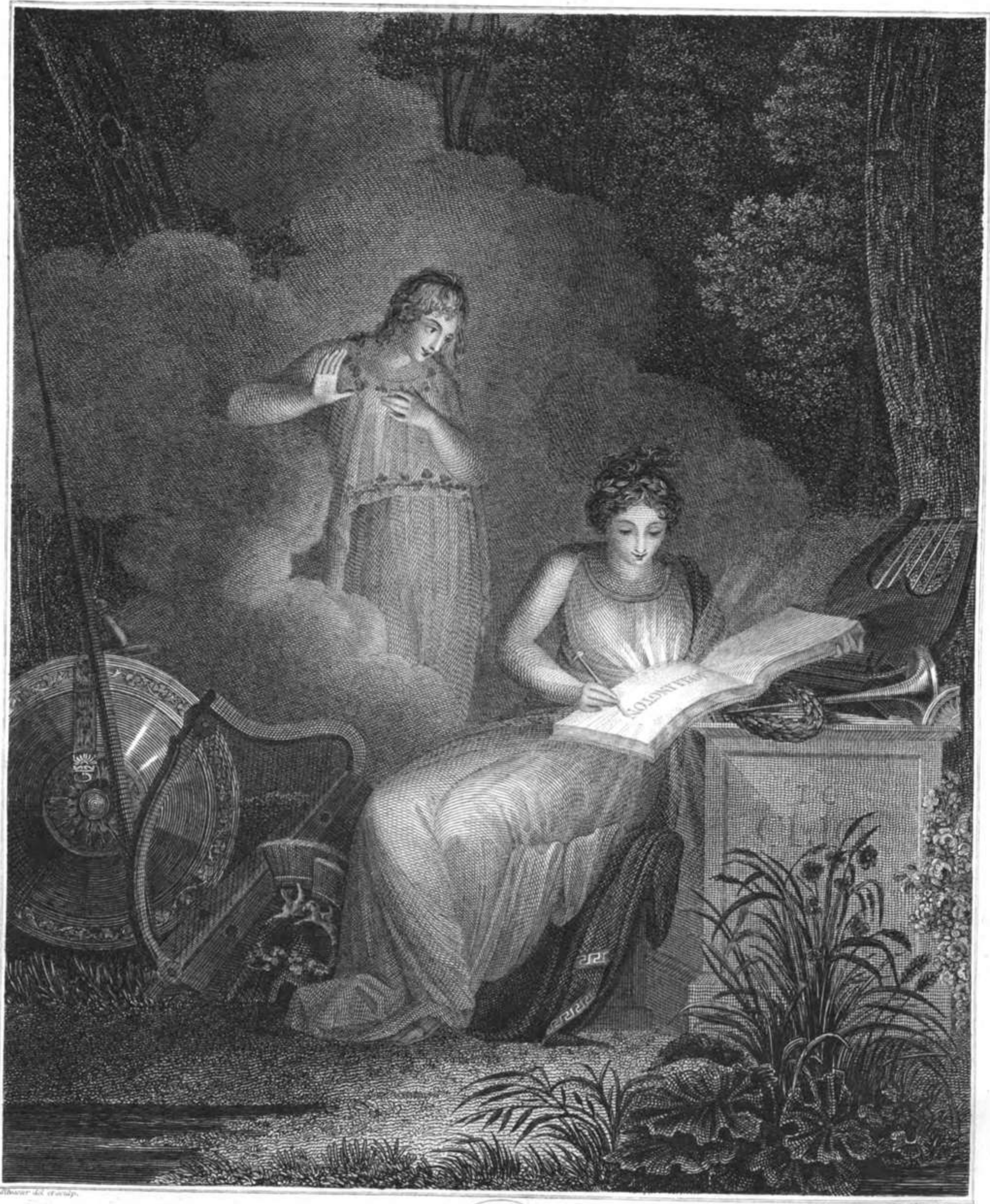
serted and darkling, I've watch'd for some glo-ry like thine to a- rise. For the

Heroes: I've number'd, unblest was their lot, And un-hallow'd they sleep in the

crossways of Fame, - But oh! there is not One dis-honouring blot On the

wreath that en-circles my WELLINGTON'S name.





While History's Muse
"She saw History write,
"With a pencil of light,
"That illum'd all the volume, her Wellington's name!"

Air—"Paddy Whack."

I.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For her's was the story that blotted the leaves.
 But, oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light,
 That illum'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON's name.

II.

"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies;—
 "Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 "I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
 "For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
 "And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
 " But, oh! there is not
 " One dishonouring blot
 " On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON's name!

III.

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 "The grandest, the purest e'en thou hast yet known;
 "Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 "Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 "At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
 "Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 " And bright o'er the flood
 " Of her tears and her blood
 " Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR--*Pease upon a Trencher.*

I.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In Woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me ;
 My only books
 Were Woman's looks,
 And Folly's all they 've taught me.

II.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him, the Sprite*
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But, while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away.
 O! winds could not outrun me.

III.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever!

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting Novel, O'Donnel) has given a very different account of that Goblin

The time I've lost in wooing.

*Lightly
and in
Moderate
Time.*

The time I've lost in wooing, In watching and pur_su_ing, The light that lies In

Womans' eyes has been my heart's un_doing. Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me, I

scorn'd the lore she brought me, My only books Were Womans looks, And Folly's all they've taught me

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Her smile when beauty granted, I hung with gaze enchanted, Like him, the sprite, Whon

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains its rhythmic accompaniment, with some chordal textures in the right hand.

maids by night, Oft meet in glen that's haunted. Like him too Beauty won me, But

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent accompaniment pattern.

while her eyes were on me, If once their ray Was turn'd a way O winds could not out -

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent accompaniment pattern.

run me.

The fifth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent accompaniment pattern.

Oh! where's the Slave.

Spirited

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Spirited'. The score consists of a piano accompaniment and a vocal line. The lyrics are as follows:

Oh! where's the Slave, so low - - - ly, Con - demn'd to chains un -
 ho - - - ly, Who, could he burst his bonds at first, Would
 pine - - beneath them slow - - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would

wait 'till time de - cay'd it, When thus its wing At

once may spring To the throne - of Him who made it?

Slow and Melancholy

Fare - well E - rin, farewell all, Who

live to weep our fall!

2^d VERSE.

Less dear, the laurel grow - ing, A - live, un - touch'd and blow - ing, Than

that, whose braid is pluck'd to shade The brows with vict'ry glowing! We

tread the land that bore us, Her green flag glitters o'er us, The

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe we hate be-fore us!

Slow and Melancholy

Farewell E-rin, farewell all, Who

live to weep our fall!

Oh! where's the Slave,

Harmonized for Three Voices.

Spirito

Treble

Counter Tenor
8 Notes lower.

Bass

Piano Forte

Oh! where's the Slave, so low - - ly, Condemn'd to chains un -

Oh! where's the Slave, so low - - ly, Condemn'd to chains un -

Oh! where's the Slave, so low - - ly, Condemn'd to chains un -

ho - - ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would

ho - - ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would

ho - - ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would

7 8 9

pine - - be-neath them slow - - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de-

pine beneath them slow - - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de-

pine - - be-neath them slow - - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de-

10 11 12

grade it, Would wait 'till time - - de - - cay'd it, When

grade it, Would wait 'till time de - - cay'd it, When

grade it, Would wait 'till time de - - cay'd it, When

13 14 15 16

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him, who made it?

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him, who made it?

thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him, who made it?

86

21 22
Slow and Melancholy

Farewell E-rin, farewell all, Who
Farewell E-rin, farewell all, Who
Farewell E-rin, farewell all, Who

live to weep our fall!
live to weep our fall!
live to weep our fall!

2^d VERSE.

Less dear the lau-rel grow-ing, A-live, un-touch'd and
Less dear the lau-rel grow-ing, A-live, un-touch'd and
Less dear the lau-rel grow-ing, A-live, un-touch'd and

32 33 34 87

blow_ing, Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

blow_ing, Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

blow_ing, Than that whose braid Is pluck'd to shade The

35 36 37

brows with vic_ try glow_ _ing! We tread the land that

brows with vic_ try glow_ _ing! We tread the land that

brows with vic_ try glow_ _ing! We tread the land that

38 39 40

bore us, Her green flag glit_ ters o'er us, The

bore us, Her green flag glit_ ters o'er us, The

bore us, Her green flag glit_ ters o'er us, The

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe -- we hate be - fore us!

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe -- we hate be - fore us!

friends we've tried, are by our side, And the foe we hate be - fore us!

Slow and Melancholy

Farewell E_rin, farewell all, Who

Farewell E_rin, farewell all, Who

Farewell E_rin, farewell all, Who

live to weep our fall!

live to weep our fall!

live to weep our fall!

AIR—*Sios agus sios liom*

I.

OH! where's the slave, so lowly,
 Condemn'd to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it?
 * Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
 Who live to weep our fall!

II.

Less dear the laurel growing,
 Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
 Than that, whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing!
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Our green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us!
 Farewell, Erin! farewell all,
 Who live to weep our fall!

* The few bars, which I have here taken the liberty of connecting with this spirited Air, form one of those melancholy strains of our Music, which are called *Dumps*. I found it in a Collection entitled *The Hibernian Muse*, and we are told in the *Essay* referred to that Work, that "it is said to have been sung by the Irish Women on the field of battle, after a terrible slaughter made by Cromwell's troops in Ireland."

AIR—*Lough Sheeling.*

I

COME, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here,
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art!

III.

Thou hast call'd me thy angel, in moments of bliss,—
Still thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

Come rest in this bosom.

91

*With
Aldancholy
feeling, but
not too slow*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The left hand is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The music features a flowing, arpeggiated accompaniment.

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "Come, rest in this bosom, My own stricken deer! Tho' the".

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "herd have fled from thee, Thy home is still here. Here still is the".

The third system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "smile that no cloud can o'er-cast, And the heart and the hand all thy".

The fourth system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are: "own to the last!". The system concludes with a *pia* marking and a *tr* (trill) in the piano accompaniment.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same Through
 bliss and through torments, through glo - - ry and shame? I
 know not, I ask not if guilt's in - - that heart, I but
 know that I love thee, what - e - - ver thou art!

pia *tr*

'Tis gone—and for ever.

With feeling

'Tis gone, and for e--ver, the light we saw break--ing, Like

Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead, When man, from the slum-ber of

a--ges a-wak-ing, Look'd upwards and bless'd the pure light, ere it fled!

'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning, But deepen the long night of

bondage and mourning, That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning And,

dark-est of all, hap-less Erin! o'er thee.

8va

Tis gone and for-ever.

Harmonize for Three Voices.

With feeling

Treble

Tis gone and for e - ver, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the

Tenor
8. Notes lower

Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the

Bass

Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking, Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the

Piano
Forte

sleep of the dead, When man, from the slumber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd

sleep of the dead, When man, from the slumber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd

sleep of the dead, When man, from the slumber of a - ges a - wak - ing, Look'd

up_ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has

up_ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has

up_ward and bless'd the pure light ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has

left of its burn_ing,But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,That dark o'er the

left of its burn_ing,But deep_en the long night of bondage and mourning,That dark o'er the

left of its burn_ing,But deep_en the long night of bondage and mourning,That dark o'er the

kingdoms of earth is re_turning,And darkest of all, hapless E_rin! o'er thee.

kingdoms of earth is re_turning,And dark_est of all, hapless E_rin! o'er thee.

kingdoms of earth is return_ing,And dark_est of all, hapless E_rin! o'er thee.

8va

2^d VERSE

For high was thy hope, when those glo-ries were dart-ing A - round thee thro' all the gross
For high was thy hope, when those glo-ries were dart-ing A - round thee 'thro' all the gross
For high was thy hope, when those glo-ries were dart-ing A - round thee thro' all the gross

clouds of the world; - When Truth, from her fet-ters in - dig - nant - ly start - ing, At
clouds of the world; - When Truth, from her fetters in - dig - nant - ly start - ing, At
clouds of the world; - When Truth, from her fet-ters in - dig - nant - ly start - ing, At

once, like a Sun - burst, her ban - ner un - furld. Oh, ne - ver shall earth see a
once, like a Sun - burst, her ban - ner un - furld. Oh, ne - ver shall earth see a
once, like a Sun - burst, her ban - ner un - furld. Oh, ne - ver shall earth see a

moment so splen_did! Then, then had one Hymn of De - liv - erance blended The
 moment so splen_did! Then, then had one Hymn of De - liv - erance blended The
 moment so splen_did! Then, then had one Hymn of De - liv - erance blended The

tongues of all na - tions, how sweet had as - cend - ed The first note of Liber - ty
 tongues of all na - tions, how sweet had as - cend - ed The first note of Liber - ty
 tongues of all na - tions, how sweet had as - cend - ed The first note of Liber - ty

E - rin! from thee .
 E - rin! from thee .
 E - rin! from thee .

210

AIR—*Savournah Deesh.*

I.

'TIS gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead,
When man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward and blessed the pure ray, ere it fled!
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning,
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And, darkest of all, hapless Erin! o'er thee.

II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sun-burst*, her banner unfurl'd.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

III.

But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood!
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.

AIR—*Miss Molly.*

I.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone !

II.

Ah ! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;—
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

IV.

Oh who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame !

I saw from the beach.

In Moderate time

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining, A bark o'er the waters, move

glorious-ly on; I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declin-ing, The

lento

bark was still there, but the waters were gone! I came, when the sun o'er that

beach was declining The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

lento

Ah! such is the fate of our

life's early promise, So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known; Each

lento
wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us, And leaves us, at eve, on the

lento
bleak shore a - lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us, And

leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

3^d VERSE.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning The close of our day, the calm

lento
eve of our night; Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning, Her

clouds and her tears are worth ev'nings best light. Give me back, give me back the wild

lento
freshness of morning, Her clouds and her tears are worth ev'ning's best light.

210

I saw from the beach,

Harmonized for Two Voices.

*In Moderato
Time*

Treble

*Tenor
or Alto lower*

*Piano
Forte*

I saw from the beach, when the morn-ing was shin-ing, A

I saw from the beach, when the morn-ing was shin-ing, A

bark o'er the wa-ters, move gloriously on; I came, when the sun o'er that

bark o'er the wa-ters, move gloriously on; I came, when the sun o'er that

lento

beach was de-clining, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone! I

beach was de-clining, The bark was still there, but the waters were gone! I

9 10 *lento* 105

came, when the sun o'er that beach was de - clin - ing The

came, when the sun o'er that beach was de - clin - ing The

11 12

bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone!

bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone!

13 14 15

2^d VERSE. 16 17 18

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise, So passing the spring-tide of

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise, So passing the spring-tide of

106

19 20 21 *lento*

joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morning ebbs from us, And
joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morn-ing ebbs from us, And

22 23 24

leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at
leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at

25 *lento* 26 27

morn-ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore a lone!
morn-ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore a lone!

28 29 30

morn-ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore a lone!
morn-ing ebbs from us, And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore a lone!

Fill the bumper fair

107

*Slowly
and
Spirited*



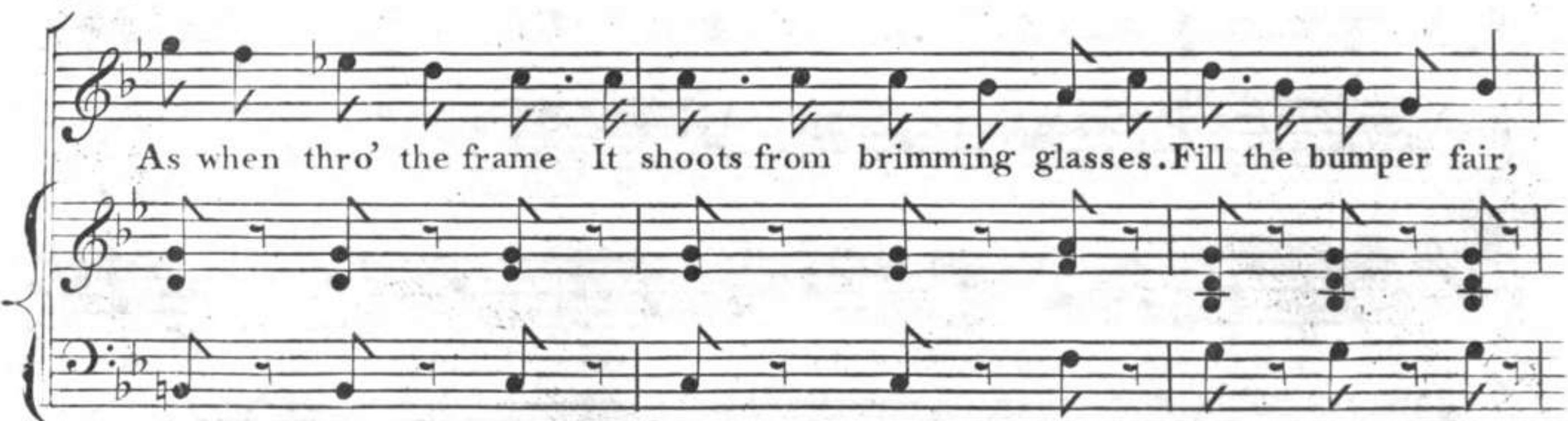
Fill the bumper fair, Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care



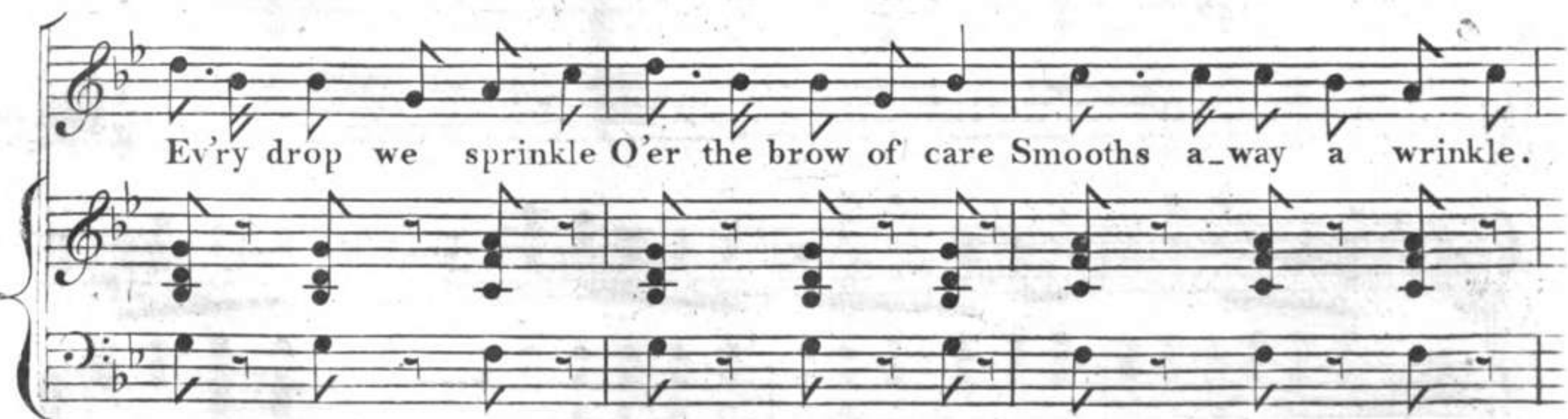
Smooths a way a wrinkle. Wits electric flame Ne'er so swiftly passes,



As when thro' the frame It shoots from brimming glasses. Fill the bumper fair,



Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smooths a way a wrinkle.



2^d VERSE.

Sages can, they say, Grasp the lightnings pinions, And bring down its ray

From the starr'd dominions. So we Sages sit And 'mid bumpers brightning,

From the heav'n of wit Draw down all its lightning! Fill the bumper fair

Ev'ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of care Smooths a-way a wrinkle.

AIR.—*Bob and Joan.*

I

FILL the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when thro' the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses.
 Fill the bumper fair!
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.

II.

Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,
 And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions:—
 So We, Sages, sit,
 And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning
 From the Heav'n of Wit
 Draw down all its lightning!
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit?
 It chanc'd upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

IV.

The careless youth, when up
 To Glory's fount aspiring,
 Took nor urn nor cup,
 To hide the pilfer'd fire in:—
 But oh his joy! when round
 The halls of Heaven spying,
 Amongst the stars he found
 A bowl of Bacchus lying.
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

V.

Some drops were in the bowl,
 Remains of last night's pleasure,
 With which the Sparks of Soul
 Mix'd their burning treasure!
 Hence the goblet's shower
 Hath such spells to win us—
 Hence its mighty power
 O'er that Flame within us.
 Fill the bumper fair! &c.

AIR—*New Langolee.*

I.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence * had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp ! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
 But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
 That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

II.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine ;
 Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
 I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own !

* In that rebellious but beautiful Song "When Erin first rose" there is, if I recollect right, the following line :—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brook's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

Dear Harp of my Country!

111

*Moderate
Time and with
much warmth
of Expression*

The introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The music is a flowing, rhythmic accompaniment.

Dear Harp of my Country! in dark-ness I found thee, The

The first line of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "Dear Harp of my Country! in dark-ness I found thee, The".

cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long, When proudly my own island

The second line of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long, When proudly my own island".

harp! I unbound thee, And gave all thy chords to light freedom and song!

The third line of the song concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "harp! I unbound thee, And gave all thy chords to light freedom and song!".

The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness A - wa - ken thy fondest, thy

lento
live - li - est thrill, But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness, That

espress
ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

2^d VERSE.
Dear Harp of my Country! fare-

well to thy numbers, This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine; Go,-

sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers, Till touch'd by some hand, less un-

worthy than mine. If the pulse of the Pa-tri-ot, Soldier, or Lover, Have

throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo-ry a-lone, I was but as the wind, passing

heedless-ly o-ver, And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own!



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WITH
SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR
THE PIANO-FORTE,



BY
SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

AND
HENRY R. BISHOP, Esq.

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The pleasant Rocks
Planxty Drury
The Beardless Boy
Go where Glory waits thee
Remember the Glories of Brien the Brave
Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

No. II.—Price 15s.—Containing

St. Senanus and the Lady
How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
The Legacy—(When in Death I shall calm recline)
The Dirge—(How oft has the Benshee cried!)
We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
Silent, oh Moyle! be the Roar of thy Waters
Come, send round the Wine
Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

No. III.—Price 15s.—Containing

Cean dubh Delish
The snowy-breasted Pearl
Planxty Johnstone
Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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The Prince's Day—(Tho' dark are our Sorrows)
Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

No. V.—Price 15s.—Containing

Thro' Erin's Isle
At the mid Hour of Night
One Bumper at Parting!
'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
The Minstrel Boy
The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

No. VI.—Price 15s.—Containing

Come o'er the Sea
Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

No. VII.—Price 15s.—Containing

My gentle Harp! once more I waken
As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perish'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Ne'er ask the Hour
Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
Drink of this Cup
The Fortune-teller
Oh ye Dead!
O'Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Fare thee well! thou lovely one! . . . Sicilian	Hear me but once French	Oh days of Youth French
Flow on, thou shining river! Portuguese	Joys of youth, how fleeting Portuguese	Peace to the Slumberers Catalonian
Oh! come to me when daylight sets Venetian	Love and Hope Swiss	Row gently here Venetian
Of in the stilly night Scotch	Love is a hunter-boy Languedocian	Say what shall be our sport to-day Sicilian
Reason, Folly, and Beauty Italian	My harp has one unchanging theme Swedish	See the dawn from Heaven Italian
Should those fond hopes Portuguese	Oh! no, not e'en when first we lov'd Cashmerian	When first that Smile Venetian
So warmly we met Hungarian	Peace be around thee Scotch	When Love was a Child Swedish
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	How oft when watching stars Savoyard	When the first summer Bee German
	Ne'er talk of wisdom's gloomy school Mahratta	When through the Piazzetta Venetian
	Nets and cages Swedish	Where shall we bury our shame Neapolitan

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This world is all a fleeting Show	The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine	As down in the sunless Retreats
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Who is the Maid? (St. Jerome's Love)	Go, let me weep	Almighty God! (Chorus of Priests)
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Oh! Thou who dry'st the Mourner's Tears		

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Gruydd's Feast	I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water
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Prince Madog's Farewell	The Exile of Cambria
Caswallon's Triumph	Ye free Sons of Cambria
Press on my steed I hear the swell	Oh Cambria! the Days of thy Glory
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Oh! come thou not near
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(To be continued.)

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Adieu, at day-break	Kiallmark	2	0	Hapless Mary!	Dr. Clarke	2	0
A farewell!	Stevenson	2	0	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the foud	Kelly	1	6	Heath, this night, must be my bed	Kemp	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1	6	Hence, faithless hope!	Stevenson	2	0
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Sue	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
Alice of Fyfe	West	2	0	Here's the bower	Moore	2	0
A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Hoax	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse	1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
A rosy cheek	Horn	1	6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1	6
Auld lang syne	Burns	1	0	How happy once	Moore	2	0
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1	0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1	6
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1	0
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1	6	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1	0	I can no longer stifle	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2	0	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1	6
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
Can I again that form caress?	Moore	1	6	I'm wearing awa	Burns	1	0
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2	0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2	0
Cease your funning, (New Edition)	1	0	In days of old	Horn	1	0
Chain and lute	Walmisley	2	0	Indian maid	Kelly	1	6
Chapter on pockets	1	0	I never told my love	Ditto	1	6
Child of glory	Kelly	1	6	I never will deceive thee	Parry	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1	6	In moments to delight	Walmisley	1	6
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2	0	In the days of my youth	King	1	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1	6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	Ditto	2	0	Invitation, the	Turnbull	2	0
Contradiction	Cooke	1	6	In yonder bower	Arnold	1	6
Day of love	Moore	2	0	I sigh for the days that are gone	Kelly	1	6
Damon's complaint	Kelly	2	0	It is not that a woman's eyes	Cooke	1	6
Dandy beau	Cooke	1	0	Kitty of Coleraine	1	0
Dear aunt	Moore	2	0	Lament, the	2	0
Dear Fanny	Stevenson	2	0	Land of Shillelah	1	0
Dear ladjes, listen to my tale	Howell	1	6	Land o' the Leal (New Edition)	1	0
Dearest Ellen, awake	Emdin	2	0	Light as the shadows of evening	Stevenson	1	6
Deep in my soul	Duval	1	6	Light sounds the harp	Moore	2	6
Did not?	Moore	1	6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	2	0
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	Smith	1	6	Little Mary's eye	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Does the harp of Rosa slumber?	Stevenson	1	6	London, now is out of town	Ware	1	6
Donald, (new edition)	1	0	Look that says I love thee	Cooke	1	6
Emblem	Horn	2	0	Lord of the castle	King	1	6
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	Hawes	2	0	Lottery, the	Moore	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2	0	Love	Horn	1	6
Exile of Erin	Campbell	1	0	Love and Folly	Smith	1	6
Expostulation	Kelly	1	6	Love and Time	Kelly	2	0
Fair as the morn's light	B. Livius, Esq. ..	1	6	Love Bird	Smith	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	Cooke	1	6	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	1	6
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1	6	Love in a storm	Barry	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2	0	Love, like an April day	Horn	1	6
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Lover's Smiles	Turnbull	2	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest!	Molineux	1	0	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	2	0
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
Fly, fly away	Parry	1	6	Love will find out the way	Little	2	0
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing	Horn	1	6
Fly to the desert	Kiallmark	2	0	Maid of Marlival	Stevenson	2	0
Folly, the	Kelly	1	0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	1	6
For her I die	Stevenson	1	6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	2	0
Friend of my soul	Moore	1	6	Mansion of love	Emdin	2	0
From glory's heights descending	Kelly	1	6	March away, Helen!	Horn	1	6
From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
Gallant Troubadour	Stevenson	2	0	Monody	Hawes	2	0
Georgian maid	Bishop	2	6	My heart and lute	Moore and Bishop ..	2	0
Give, love! give	Beethoven	2	0	My heart's my own	1	0
Golden chain	Leonard	2	0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	1	6
Good night	Moore	2	0	My love hastens him home	Horn	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	Stevenson	2	0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	2	0
Green spot that blooms	Kelly	1	6	My dying sire	Kelly	1	6
				My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	1	0

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Namouna's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Taste life's glad moments	Walmisley	1	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	Smith	2	0	That shepherd, sire, is he	Stevenson	1	6
Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	There's not a joy this world can give	Ditto	2	0
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
No joy without my love	Cooke	1	6	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Now morn is blushing	Stevenson	2	0	Think no more, love, of our parting	Clifton	2	0
Obey!	Horn	1	6	'Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	'Tho' fate, my girl	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! fair as the seafflower	Welsh	2	0	'Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	Kelly	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	'Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke	1	6	Thou hast sent me a flowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Thunder-bolt frigate	Horn	1	6
Oh! Liberty	Moore	2	0	Thy gentle manners	Attwood	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	Horn	2	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	Bishop	2	0	'Tis love that should rule the breast	Kelly	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke	2	0	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart	King	1	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! Patrick	Bishop	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	Triumph of Russia	Ditto	2	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	Trumpet of glory	Moore	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	Stevenson	1	6	'Twas his own voice	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	'Twas on a wild and lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Oh! Woman!	Ditto	2	0	Ulrica	Cooke	1	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Wake, maid of Lorn	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	Waters of Elle	Stevenson		
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	What's life unblest with Love	Ditto	1	6
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	When a man weds	Horn	1	6
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	Whence can you inherit		1	0
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When Charles was deceived	Moore	2	0
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	When fickle man for woman sighs	Kelly	1	6
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When from thy sight, love	Ditto	1	6
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	Ditto	2	0
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When I think of my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When Leila touch'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When love gets in the youthful brain	Horn	1	6
Plumed casque	Kelly	1	6	When love and truth together play'd	Philipps	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love was fresh from his cradle	West	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0	When midst the gay	Moore	2	0
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When night was spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed	King	1	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When the days of the summer	Kiallmark	2	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the girl of my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	6
Remembrances	Mrs. Mc Mullan	2	0	When the rose-bud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1	6	When twilight dews	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke	1	0	When woe on the bosom of mercy	Howell	1	0
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While parted from the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listen to thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on the beach I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose of honor	Kelly	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	Bishop	2	0	Who would not love?	Cooke	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0	Why comes he not	Smith	1	6
Sea Boy's Dream	Smith	2	0	William and Jannett	Sanderson	1	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	6	Will you come to the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Winds, whisper gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's power ending never	Kearns	1	0
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman's smile	Parry	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woman, who conquers all	Cooke	1	6
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodbine cottage	Stevenson	2	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodman's cot	Kelly	1	0
Summer	Ditto	2	0	Woodpecker	Ditto	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	Kelly	1	6	Wreath you wove	Moore	1	6
Sweet is love	Doyle	2	0	Ye banks and braes, (new edition)	Burns	1	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	Dallas	2	0	Ye light forms of fancy	Kelly	1	6
Sweet is the dream	Stevenson	1	6	Yes, it is, love!	Clifton	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Yes, thro' the wide world	Mrs. —	1	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young Jessica	Moore	2	0
Sweet robin		1	6	Young love	Ditto	2	0
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Young son of chivalry	King	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth I adore	Cooke	1	6
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	Youth is but short	Dallas	2	0
Take back the sigh	Moore	2	0	You watch'd the sun's ray	Welsh Air	1	0
Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6	Zounds, my lad	Cooke	1	0

DUETTS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	Black	1	6	Mourn not, silly mortals	Stevenson	2	0
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevenson	1	6	Nights of music	Moore	2	6
As with slow-moving oar	King	2	0	No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2	6
Catherine	Lady C. Stewart	2	0	Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2	0
Chieftain	Stevenson	2	0	O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2	0
Chink-a-chink	Horn	1	6	Our first young love	Moore	2	0
Come, friendly night	Livius	1	6	Peace!	Stevenson	2	0
Come, all ye youths	Harris	2	0	Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1	6
Congenial to friends	Stevenson	2	0	Should we be forced to part	Cooke	2	0
Could a man be secure (<i>new edition</i>)		1	0	Song of war	Moore	2	0
Dear, in pity	Stevenson	1	6	Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2	0
Dragon fly	Smith	2	0	Surprise	Ditto	1	6
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	Stevenson	1	6	Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2	0
Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1	6	Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2	0
Faithful love	Parry	2	0	That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1	6
Fare thee well!	Ditto	2	0	Think on me	Ditto	2	0
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2	0	Thro' silent woods	King	2	0
Heave one sigh	Horn	1	0	Time has not thinn'd (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0
Here is the lip	Moore	2	0	Tit bits	Cooke	1	6
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2	0	Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1	6
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1	6	Turn to this heart	Horn	1	6
If fortune smile	Kelly	1	6	Wake thee, my dear	Moore	2	0
In search of glory	Cooke	2	6	Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2	0	Well-a-day!	Horn	1	0
Joys that pass away	Moore	2	0	When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2	6	When Jove from the skies	Horn	1	6
Life-boat	Moore	2	6	When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1	6
Love and the sun-dial	Ditto	2	0	Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2	6
Love in thine eyes (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0	While parted from the youth I love	King	1	6
Love, my Mary, dwells	Stevenson	2	0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	Ditto	2	0	Wine to cheer	Parry	1	6
				Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1	6
				Young rose	Moore	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
A broken cake	Stevenson	2	0	Merrily O!	Stevenson	2	6
Allen-a-Dale	Horn	2	6	Mountain cot	Richards	2	0
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1	6	Nor throne of state	Kelly	1	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6	Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5	0
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6	Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2	6
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2	6	Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3	0
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2	0	Ocean king	West	2	6
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2	6	Oh! lady fair!	Moore	3	0
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2	0	Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3	0
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	6	Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	2	6
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3	0	Raise the song	Stevenson	1	6
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2	0	Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	3	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2	0	Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1	6
Come, follow me	Ditto	5	0	Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	2	6
Day set on Norham's castle steep	Lord Burghersh	3	0	Soldier, rest!	Kemp	2	6
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Stevenson	1	6	Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	3	0
Ella	Ditto	2	6	Spirit of Bliss	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Fairy glee	Ditto	5	0	Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	3	0
Fair and False	Lord Burghersh	2	0	This is love	Moore	2	6
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1	6	Ting-a-tingle	Horn	2	0
Finland love-song	Moore	2	6	Tis done! the fatal deed	Lord Burghersh	2	6
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	2	6
Happy love	Ditto	2	0	To thy lover	Ditto	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0	Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	2	6
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	King	1	6	Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1	6
Here's the bower	Stevenson	2	6	Up, quit the bower	Attwood	2	0
Hermits	Ditto	3	0	Wake, Rosa, wake (<i>serenade</i>)	Bartlett	2	6
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Moore	5	0	We fairy folk	Stevenson	2	0
I mark'd not eyes	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals our years	Phelps	2	6
Lonely isle	Horn	3	0	Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	2	6
				Why so pale?	Lord Burghersh	2	6
				Wood nymph	Smith	2	6
				Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	2	6

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, " 'Tis the last Rose of Summer." *Ries* 8 6
 Piano-Forte part 6 6

		s.	d.			s.	d.
ALLEGRETTO et Valce.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2	0	Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....		1	6
A Temple to Friendship.....	<i>Evestaff</i>	2	0	Lord Hardwicke's March.....	<i>Cooke</i>	2	0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.....		2	6	Lord Wellington.....	<i>Jansen</i>	1	6
Banks of Allan Water.....	<i>Chipp</i>	2	6	Marche Pastorale et Air Russe.....	<i>Von Esch</i>	2	6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Little</i>	3	0	Minuetto. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	1	6
Bird-catcher.....	<i>Mozart</i>	1	6	Merch Megan.....	<i>Dibdin</i>	1	6
Blaise et Babet.....	<i>Howell</i>	2	0	Morgan Megan.....	<i>Lanza</i>	2	0
Cease your funning.....	<i>Davy</i>	2	0	Mozart's Grand March.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2	0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.....		5	0	—— Military Waltz. Flute accomp.....	<i>Metzler</i>	1	6
Come chase that starting tear.....	<i>Evestaff</i>	2	0	—— Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Weippert</i>	5	0
Conway Ferry.....	<i>Parry</i>	1	6	My love is like the red, red rose, &c.....	<i>Hummell</i>	2	0
Devonshire Waltz.....	<i>Voigt</i>	1	6	Nel cor più non mi sento.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2	0
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0	Oh! Lady Fair.....	<i>Latour</i>	3	0
Eveleen's Bower.....	<i>Woelfl</i>	2	0	O Pescator dell'onda.....	<i>Little</i>	2	6
Fantasia.....	<i>Gladstones</i>	2	6	O softly sleep.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2	0
Fly not yet.....	<i>Woelfl</i>	2	0	Partant pour la Syrie.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0
Gelinek's Air from "Alceste.".....		2	6	Pastoral Rondo.....	<i>Holder</i>	3	0
—— "Air" in C.....		2	6	Peace be around thee.....	<i>Hummell</i>	2	6
—— "Aria" in C.....		2	0	Pria che l'Impegno.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2	6
—— "Minuet" from Le Nozze Disturbate.....		2	0	Prussian Air.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0
—— "Waltz".....		2	0	Pyrene Air.....	<i>Ditto</i>	1	6
Gladstone's Grand Sonata, with Orchestral accompaniments.....		6	6	Queen of Prussia's Waltz.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0
—— without accomps.....		4	6	Rode's Air, variations.....	<i>Lysaght</i>	2	0
Glow di Glow.....	<i>Cooke</i>	2	0	Row gently here.....	<i>Evestaff</i>	2	6
Go where glory waits thee.....	<i>Corri</i>	2	0	St. Patrick's Day.....	<i>Kogier</i>	2	0
Guaracha Waltz.....	<i>Little</i>	3	0	Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace.....	<i>Voigt</i>	1	6
Harmonious Blacksmith (new edition) Holder's "Divertimento." Op. 46. to Mrs. L. H. "Sonata." Op. 47. to Miss Emily Tower.....	<i>Handel</i>	1	0	Sicilian Dance.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0
Howell's Progressive Sonatinas.....		4	0	Siciliana and Pollacca.....	<i>Schutz</i>	3	0
J'ai de la raison.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2	0	Sophy.....	<i>Burrowes</i>	2	0
La Belle Henriette.....	<i>Holder</i>	2	0	Sun Flower.....	<i>Hummell</i>	2	6
La belle Rosa.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2	6	Sweet Richard.....	<i>Parry</i>	2	0
La ci darem.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2	0	Syren.....	<i>Schulz</i>	2	0
—— Flute accompaniment.....	<i>Little</i>	1	6	Tema and Waltz.....	<i>Holder</i>	3	0
Lady Mary.....	<i>Jansen</i>	1	6	Tu che accendi, Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0
La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0	Turn again, Whittington, with accompaniments; Flute and Violoncello without accomps.....	<i>Turnbull</i>	3	6
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.....	<i>Holder</i>	1	6	Tyrolese Air.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2	6
L'Hymenée.....	<i>Von Esch</i>	2	6	Valse Françoise.....	<i>Ringwood</i>	1	6
Lieber Augustine.....	<i>Gelinek</i>	2	0	Venetian Air.....	<i>Hummell</i>	1	0
L'Oiseau de Venus.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2	6	When love was a child.....	<i>Ries</i>	3	0
				When the Rosebud.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2	6
				Wood-pecker.....	<i>Burrowes</i>	2	6
				Ye Cambrian Youths.....	<i>Parry</i>	2	0
				Young Love.....	<i>Burrowes</i>	2	6

Flute and Piano-Forte.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0	O Dolce Concerto.....	<i>Parry</i>	3	0
Di piacer mi balza il cor.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0	Nightingale.....	<i>Parry</i>	3	0
Fra tante Angoscie, Flute Accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	1	6	Parry's Six Divertimentos.....		5	0
Gia la mensa et Bravi Cosa Rara.....	<i>Coggins</i>	2	6	Polonoise.....	<i>Metzler</i>	3	0
Hornpipe danced by Mad. Milanie.....	<i>Cooke</i>	3	0	Thistle Grove.....	<i>Coggins</i>	2	6
La ci darem la mano.....	<i>Little</i>	1	6	Thrush.....	<i>Parry</i>	3	0
Mozart's Military Waltz.....	<i>Metzler</i>	1	6	Vestris' Gavotte. Flute accomp.....	<i>Little</i>	2	0
O Dolce Concerto.....	<i>Burrowes & Nicholson</i>	2	6	When the Rosebud.....	<i>Kiallmark</i>	2	6

Mozart's Overtures.

A New and corrected Edition, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments:

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Così fan tutti.....		1	6	Il Flauto Magico.....		1	6
—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6
Idomeneo.....		1	6	Il Seraglio.....		1	6
—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6
Il Direttore.....		1	6	La Clemenza di Tito.....		1	6
—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6
Il Don Giovanni.....		1	6	Le Nozze di Figaro.....		1	6
—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	—— Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Overtures.

Henry the Fourth, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello..... <i>Martini</i>	s. d.	4	0	Caliph of Bagdad..... <i>Lanza</i>	s. d.	2	0
with Flute accompaniment		3	0	Conquest of Taranto	<i>Kelly</i>	2	0
"Il Ratto di Proserpina," with accomp. for Flute and Violoncello	<i>Winter</i>	3	6	First Attempt	<i>Cooke</i>	2	0
"Il Tancredi," with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello.....	<i>Rossini</i>	2	6	Flodden Field	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0
with Flute accomp		2	6	Florence Macarthy	<i>Cooke</i>	2	0
Lodoiska, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello.....	<i>Kreutzer</i>	2	0	Frederick the Great.....	<i>Ditto</i>	2	6
with Flute Accompaniments.....		1	6	Harlequin Whittington	<i>Ware</i>	2	0
Bride of Abydos	<i>Kelly</i>	2	0	High Notions	<i>Parry</i>	2	0
All in the dark.....	<i>B. Livius, Esq.</i> ..	2	0	Medley	<i>Logier</i>	2	0
				Plots	<i>King</i>	2	6
				Successful Cruise.....	<i>Sanderson</i>	2	0
				Valley of Diamonds.....	<i>Corri</i>	2	0

Waltzes.

FOUR WALTZES. Sets 1, 2, and 3, by <i>M. Schoengen</i>	s. d.	1	6	NATIONAL WALTZ and Six others, as danced by the Misses Dennett, composed by.....	<i>Miss H.M. Dennett</i>	s. d.	2	6
FOUR WALTZES, "The Wood-Hill," "Clifton," "Castle Mahon," and "Charlemont," by.....	<i>T. Holt</i>	1	6	THREE WALTZES, "The Cobourg," "The Anglesea," and "The Sarah Ann," composed by	<i>Augustus Meves</i>	2	0	

Musard's Quadrilles, &c.

J. POWER, has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry, Subscribers to the Balls at Mack's and the Argyll Rooms, that he has purchased from Messrs. Musard, Collinet, and Michau, the exclusive Copyright of all the Quadrilles and Waltzes composed by them this season.

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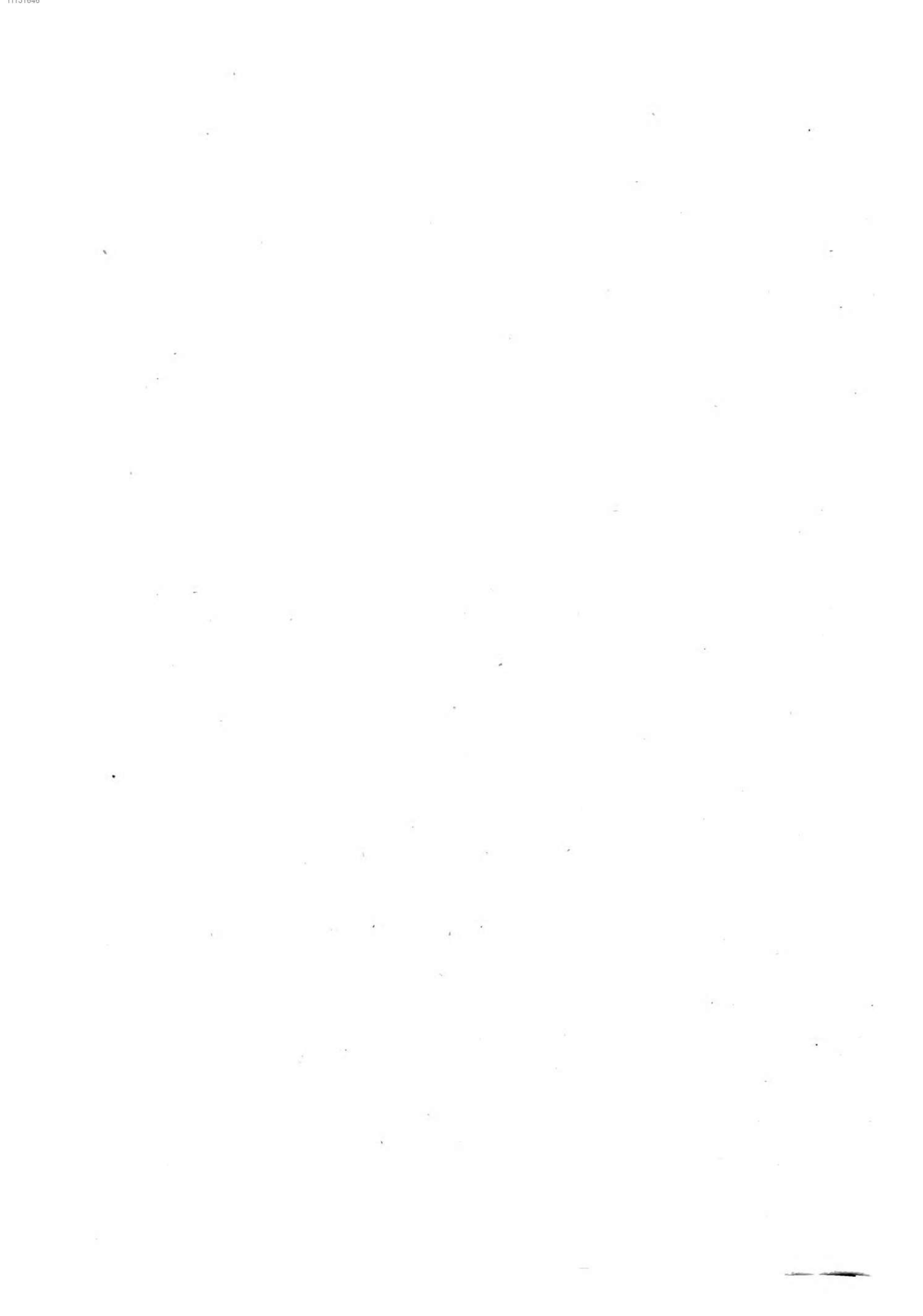
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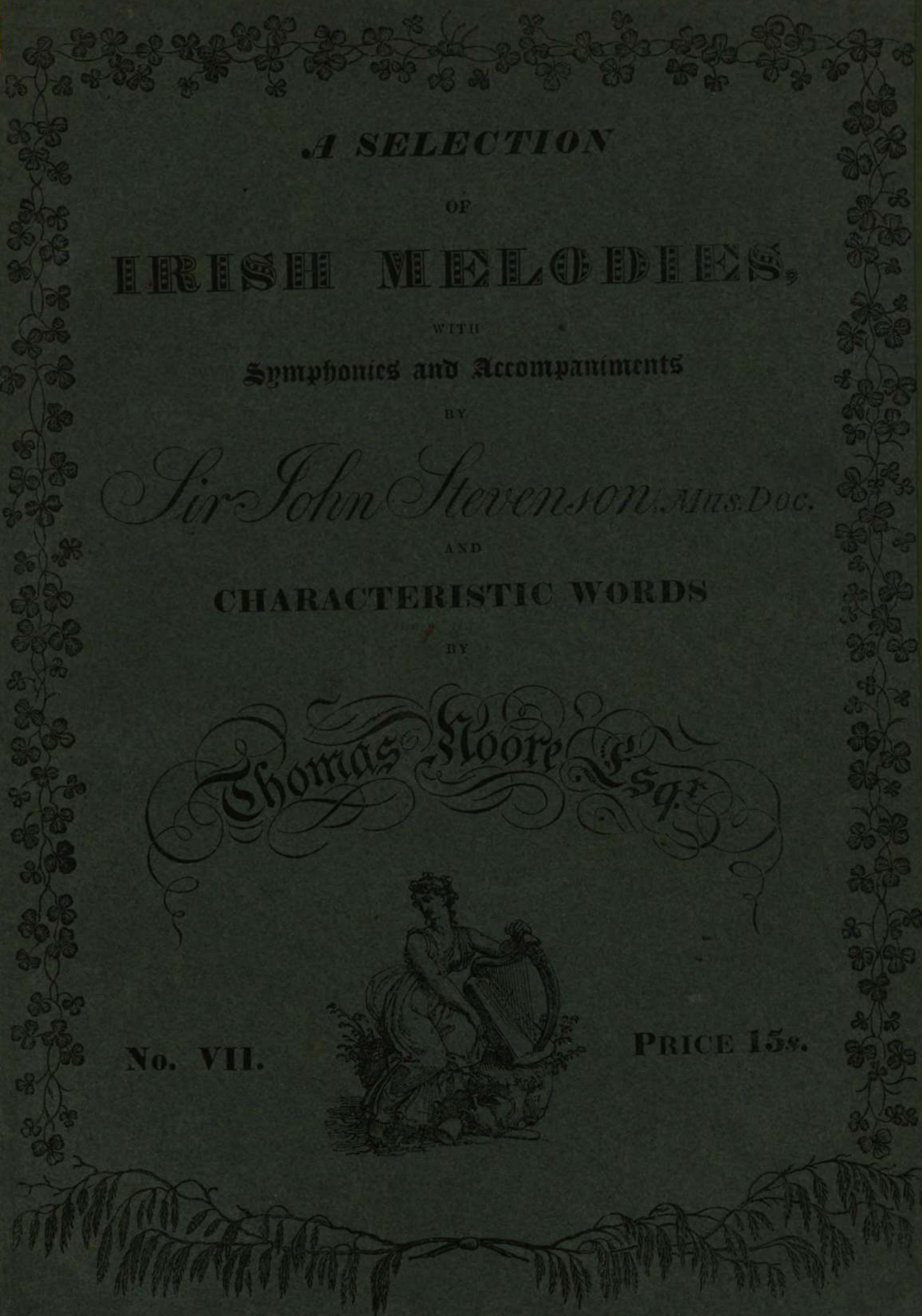
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Drink to me only with thine eyes	<i>Weippert</i>		2	0	Sun-flower, the (from the Irish Melodies)	<i>Hummell</i> ..		2	6
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Legacy (from the Irish Melodies)	<i>Chipp</i>		2	0	Venetian Air	<i>Hummell</i> ..		1	0
Merch Megan	<i>Miss Dibdin</i> ..		1	6	To Ladies eyes.....	<i>Ditto</i>		2	6
My love is like the red, red rose	<i>Hummell</i> ..		2	6	We're a' Noddin	<i>Chipp</i>		2	6
Munich Waltz, &c.	<i>Hummell</i> ..		2	6					



20
Mus. Pr.
532



A SELECTION
OF
IRISH MELODIES,
WITH
Symphonies and Accompaniments
BY
Sir John Stevenson, Mts. Doc.
AND
CHARACTERISTIC WORDS

Thomas Moore Esqr.

No. VII.

PRICE 15s.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY J. POWER, 34, STRAND.

Mus. pract
532.

Stevenson

Jan 7









Advertisement.

IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have been extended beyond the six Numbers, already published ; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our national melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado,*" would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I understand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs*, the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

* One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us near forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions, current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.



Designed by J. Power

Engraved by J. Power

L O N D O N ,

Price 15s

Published October 1st 1818, by J. Power, 34, Strand.

Printed at the Press of J. Power, 34, Strand.

A SELECTION OF
IRISH MELODIES,
WITH
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THOMAS MOORE, Esq^r.



Drawn by E. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by J. Altan.

7th Number.

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Price 15 0

Published October 1st 1818, by J. Power, 34, Strand.

Ent. at Sta. Hall.

1900
J. C. 4



To the
Nobility and Gentry
of
Ireland,

The following Works

Is respectfully Inscribed

By
The Publisher:



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THE SEVENTH NUMBER.

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TO

THE HARMONIZED AIRS.

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My gentle Harp!

With Feeling.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

My gentle Harp! once more I waken The sweetness

The first line of the song features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "My gentle Harp! once more I waken The sweetness". A triplet of eighth notes is marked above the piano accompaniment.

of thy slumb'ring strain; In tears our last fare-well was

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "of thy slumb'ring strain; In tears our last fare-well was".

taken, And now in tears we meet a - gain. No light of Joy hath o'er thee

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "taken, And now in tears we meet a - gain. No light of Joy hath o'er thee".

broken, But like those Harps, whose heav'nly skill Of slav'-ry

dark as thine hath spoken—Thou hang'st up—on the wil-low

still.

2^d VERSE.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded, An hour of peace and triumph

came, When many an ardent bosom bounded With hopes, that now are turn'd to

shame. Yet even then, while Peace was singing Her halcyon song o'er land and

sea, Tho' joy and hope to others bringing, She on-ly brought new tears to,

thee.

MY GENTLE HARP

5

AIR—*The Coina or Dirge.*

I.

MY gentle Harp! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those Harps, whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
When many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains!

IV.

But, come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy—oh breathe for me,
And shew the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet can'st wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still*!

* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.

JUVENAL.

AIR—*The Girl I left behind me*

I.

AS slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still look'd back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loath we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us ;
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us !

II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,
 And smiles that might as well be tears,
 So faint, so sad their beaming ;
 While mem'ry brings us back again
 Each early tie that twin'd us,
 Oh sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us !

III.

And, when in other climes we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
 And nought but love is wanting ;
 We think how great had been our bliss,
 If Heav'n had but assign'd us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

IV.

As trav'lers oft look back, at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing, -
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consign'd us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

As slow our Ship.

7

*In Moderate
Time and
with Expression*

As slow our ship her foamy track A_gainst the wind was cleaving, Her
trembling pennant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav - ing. So,
loath we part from all we love, From all the links that bind us, So
turn our hearts, where-e'er we rove To those we've left be_hind us!

The musical score is written in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a right-hand melody and a left-hand bass line. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

2^d VERSE.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years We talk, with joyous seeming, And

smiles that might as well be tears, So faint, so sad their beaming; While

mem'ry brings us back a-gain Each ear-ly love that twin'd us, Oh

sweet's the cup that circles then To those we've left be-hind us!

3^d VERSE.

And, when in o-ther climes we meet Some isle or vale en-chant-ing, Where

all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet, And nought but love is want-ing; We

think how great had been our bliss, If heav'n had but as-sign'd us To

live and die in scenes like this, With some we've left be-hind us!

In the morning of life.

*In Moderate
Time and
with Feeling.*

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second system continues the piece with similar notation, including some accidentals like flats (b) and sharps (#).

In the morn-ing of life, when its cares are un-known, And its

The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature.

pleasures in all their new lus-tre begin; When we live in a bright-beaming

The vocal line continues in the same treble clef and key signature. The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff.

world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is all from within Oh

The vocal line concludes the phrase in the same treble clef and key signature. The piano accompaniment concludes in the grand staff.

'tis not, believe me, in that happy time We can love as in hours of less

trans-port we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the gay sunny prime, But af-

fec-tion is warm-est when these fade a-way.

2^d VERSE.

When we see the bright charm of our

youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream, that will ne-ver return, When our

cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high, Now tastes of the o-ther, the

dark-flowing Urn; Then, then is the moment af-fec-tion can sway With a

depth and a ten-derness joy never knew; Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is

faithless as they, But the Love, born of sorrow, like sorrow is true!

In the morning of life,

Harmonized for Two Voices.

*In Moderate
Time and
with Feeling.*

Two staves of piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

Two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "In the morning of life, when its". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

Two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "cares are unknown, And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin; When we". The piano accompaniment continues.

Two vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "live in a bright-beaming world of our own, And the light that surrounds us is". The piano accompaniment continues.

14

ad lib *a tempo*

all from with-in - - Oh 'tis not, be-ieve me, in that happy time We can

love as in hours of less transport we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes 'tis the

gay, sun-ny prime, But af-fec-tion is warmest when these fade a-way.

2^d VERSE.

17 18

When we see the bright charm of our youth pass us by, Like a

When we see the bright charm of our youth pass us by, Like a

19 20 21

leaf on the stream, that will ne-ver re-turn; When our cup, which had sparkled with

leaf on the stream, that will ne-ver return; When our cup, which had sparkled with

22 23 24

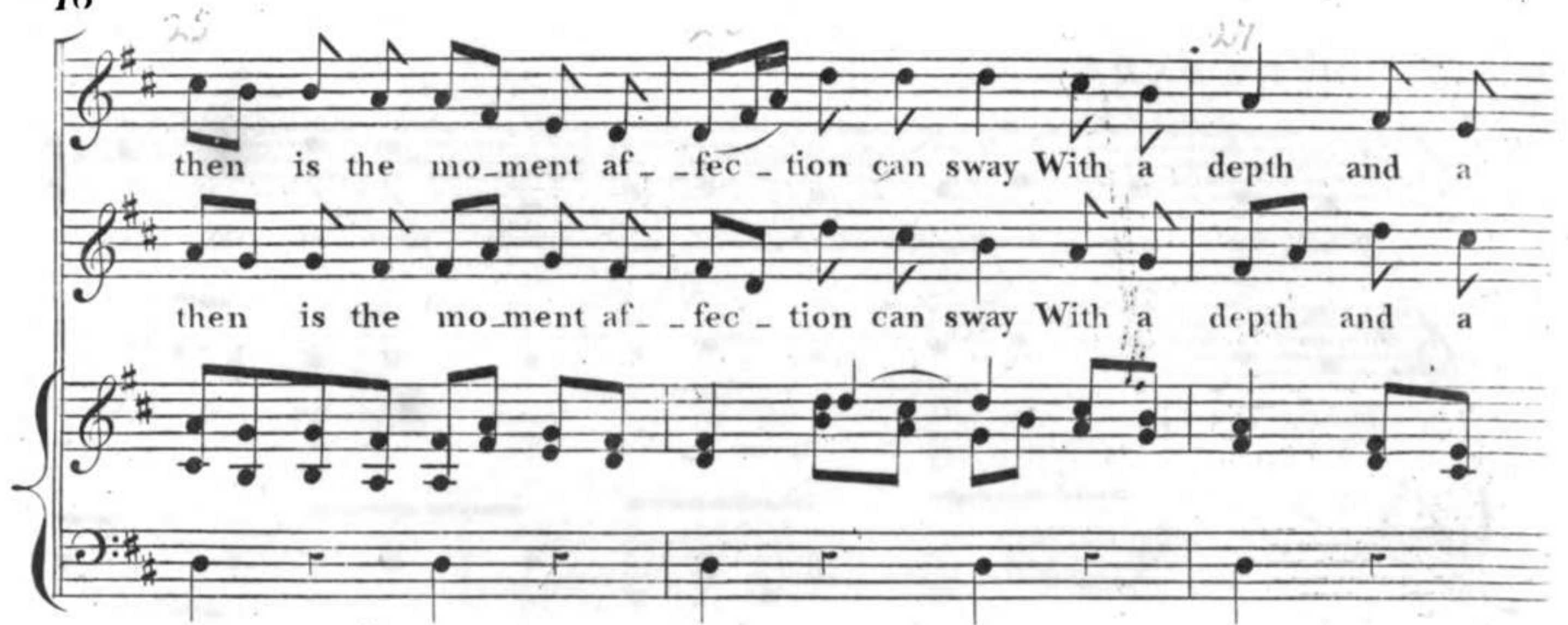
plea-sure so high, Now tastes of the o-ther, the dark-flow-ing Urn; Then,

plea-sure so high, Now tastes of the o-ther, the dark-flow-ing Urn; Then,

25 27

then is the mo_ment af_ _fec_ tion can sway With a depth and a

then is the mo_ment af_ _fec_ tion can sway With a depth and a



28 29

ten_ _derness joy ne_ver knew; Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is

ten_ _derness joy ne_ver knew; Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is



30 31 32

faith_ less as they, But the Love, born of sorrow, like sor_row is true!

faith_ less as they, But the Love, born of sorrow, like sor_row is true!



AIR—*The Little Harvest Rose.*

I.

IN the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may ;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

II.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream, that will never return ;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn ;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew ;
Love, nurs'd among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true !

III.

In climes full of sun-shine, tho' splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flow'rs shed about ;
'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief true affection appears ;—
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears !

 AIR—*Limerick's Lamentation* .

I.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be remov'd,
 Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
 And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the path-ways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

II.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings, that taught him true Love to adore,—
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he darkly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea ;
 And, if happiness purely and glowingly smil'd
 On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And tho' sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
 And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
 He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood soon vanish'd away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there !

* Our right to this fine air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed ; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.

When cold in the earth.

Slow and with Melancholy Expression.

Cres

pia

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast

for pia

lov'd, Be his faults and his follies for-got by thee then; Or, if from their

slumber the veil be re-mov'd, Weep o'er them in si-lence and

close it a - gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re - - - mem - ber how

far From the path - ways of light he was tempted to roam, Be it

bliss to re - member that thou wert the star Which a - rose on his

darkness, And guid - ed him home. *Cres*

pia

2^d VERSE.

From thee and thy in - no - cent beauty first came The re -

pia

vealings that taught him true Love to a - -dore, To feel the bright

presence and turn him with shame From the i - dols he darkly had

knel't to be - fore. O'er the waves of a life, long be - night - ed and

wild, Thou cam'st, like a soft gol - den calm o'er the sea; And if

hap - pi - ness purely and glow - ing - ly smil'd On his ev' - ning ho -

ri - zon, the light was from thee! *Cres*

pia

When cold in the earth.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Slow and with Melancholy Expression.

1st Treble.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his

2nd Treble
Counter Tenor.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his

Tenor.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his

Bass.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his

Piano
Forte.

5 6 7 8 9

faults and his fol_lies for_got by thee then; Or if from their

faults - - - - - for_got by thee then; Or if from their

faults and his fol_lies for_got by thee then; Or if from their

faults - - - - - for_got by thee then; Or if from their

10 11 12 13 14

slumber the veil be re_mov'd, Weep o'er them in si_lence and

slumber the veil be re_mov'd, Oh! weep - - - - - and

slumber the veil be re_mov'd, Weep o'er them in si_lence and

slumber the veil be re_mov'd, Oh! weep - - - - - and

15 16 17 18 19

close it a - gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re - - member how

close it a - gain. And oh! if 'tis pain if 'tis pain - - - -

close it a - gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re - mem - ber how

close it a - gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re - - mem - ber how

20 21 22 23 -24

far From the path - ways of light he was tempted to roam, Be it

- - - From the path - ways of light - - - - he did roam, Be it

far From the path - ways of light he was tempted to roam, Be it

far From the path - - - - of light he did roam, Be it

25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29

bliss to re-member that thou wert the star Which a-rose on his

bliss to re-member that thou wert the star Which a-rose on his

bliss to re-member that thou wert the star Which a-rose on his

bliss to re-mem-ber that thou wert the star Which a-rose on his

30 | 31 | 32

dark-ness and guid-ed him home.

dark- - -ness guid-ing him home.

dark-ness and guid-ed him home.

dark- - -ness guid-ing him home.

Cres

pia

Remember thee!

*Not too slow
and with
strong feeling*

1 2 3 4 5

Remember thee! yes, while there's life in this heart It shall ne - - ver for -

6 7 hr 8 9 10

get thee, all torn as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy

11 12 13 14 15 hr 16

gloom and thy show'rs, Than the rest of the world in their sunni - est hours.

2^d VERSE.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free, First flow'r of the

earth and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with prouder, with

happi--er brow, But oh! could I love thee more deep-ly than now?

AIR—*Castle Tirowen.*

I.

REMEMBER thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art ;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

III.

No, thy chains as they torture thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATH THE BOWL.

AIR—*Noran Kitsu.*

I.

WREATH the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us,
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heav'n to-night
 And leave dull earth behind us!
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid
 That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear,
 While wine is near,
 We'll drown him, if he stings us.
 Then, wreath the bowl
 With flow'rs of soul,
 The brightest Wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Tow'rds heav'n to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

II.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And Man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt's as follows;—
 Take wine, like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended,
 Then bring wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid!
 So, wreath the bowl, &c.

III.

Say, why did Time
 His glass sublime
 Fill up with sands unsightly,
 When wine, he knew,
 Runs brisker through,
 And sparkles far more brightly.
 Oh, lend it us,
 And, smiling thus,
 The glass in two we'd sever,
 Make pleasure gñde
 In double tide,
 And fill both ends for ever!
 Then, wreath the bowl, &c.

Wreath the bowl.

*Gaily and
Brilliantly*

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 6/8 time, featuring a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

bright-est wit can find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And

leave dull earth be-hind us. Should Love a-mid the wreaths be hid, Which

Mirth th'Enchanter, brings us, No dan-ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

drown him if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight tow'rd's Heav'n to night, And

leave dull earth behind us.

2^d VERSE.

'Twas nectar fed, of old, 'tis said, Their Junos, Joves, A-

pollos; And Man may brew his nectar too, The rich receipt's as fol- - lows - Take

wine like this, Let looks of bliss A_ round it well be blend - - ed, Then

bring Wit's beam to warm the stream, And there's your Nectar, splendid! So

wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The bright_ est wit can find us; We'll

take a flight tow'rds Heav'n to night, And leave dull earth be_ hind us.

Wreath the bowl.

Harmonized for Four Voices.

Gaily and Brilliantly

1st Treble
Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

2nd Treble
Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

Tenor
8. Notes lower
Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

Bass
Wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The brightest wit can

Piano Forte

find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And

find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And

find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And

find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And

leave dull earth behind us. Should Love amid the wreaths be hid, Which

leave dull earth behind us. Should Love amid the wreaths be hid, Which

leave dull earth behind us. Should Love amid the wreaths be hid, Which

leave dull earth behind us. Should Love amid the wreaths be hid, Which

11 12 13 14

Mirth, th'Enchanter brings us, No dan-ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

Mirth, th'Enchanter brings us, No dan-ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

Mirth, th'Enchant-er brings us, No dan-ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

Mirth, th'Enchant-er brings us, No dan-ger fear, while wine is near, We'll

15 16 17 18

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

drown him, if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl with flow'rs of soul The

19 20 21 24

brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And
 brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And
 brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And
 brightest wit can find us; We'll take a flight towards Heav'n to night, And

23 24

leave dull earth behind us.
 leave dull earth behind us.
 leave dull earth behind us.
 leave dull earth behind us.

When e'er I see those smiling Eyes.

Slow and Tenderly

When

e'er I see those smiling eyes, All fill'd with hope and joy -- and light, As

if no cloud cou'd e - ver rise, To dim a heav'n so pure - - ly bright; I

sigh to think how soon that brow In grief may lose its ev' - - ry

ray, And that light heart, so joyous now, Al - most for - get it

once was gay.

2^d VERSE.

For Time will come, with all his blights, The ru - in'd hope, the friend unkind; And

Love, who leaves, where-e'er he lights, A chill'd or burn-ing heart behind. And

youth, that like pure snow ap-pears, Ere sul-lyed by the dark'ning

rain, When once 'tis touch'd by sorrows' tears, Will ne-ver shine so

bright a-gain.

AIR—*Father Quinn.*

I.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All fill'd with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

II.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruin'd hope—the friend unkind—
And Love, who leaves, where'er he lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind !
And youth, that like pure snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 'tis touch'd by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again !

AIR—*The Winnowing Sheet.*

I.

IF thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet ;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love !

II.

Bright flow'rs shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love !

III.

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that flow from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

IV.

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells ;
That heaven, which forms his home, above,
He can make, on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love !

If thou't be mine.

*Flowing
and
Simple*

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of a piano introduction and four systems of vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano introduction is marked 'Flowing and Simple' and features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: 'If thou't be mine, the treasures of air, Of earth and sea shall lie at our feet; What - e - ver in Fan - - cy's eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu_sic sounds most sweet, Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support for the vocal line, with a consistent eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The score concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

2^d VERSE.

Bright flow'rs shall spring where ever we rove, A voice divine shall talk in each

stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one

espres:

beautiful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

If thou'lt be mine, Harmonized for Two Voices.

*Flowing
and
Simple*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves in G major and 6/8 time. The right hand features a flowing eighth-note melody, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

A second system of piano accompaniment, continuing the melody and harmony from the introduction.

Treble

Vocal line for the Treble voice, with lyrics: "If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of"

Tenor

Vocal line for the Tenor voice, with lyrics: "If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of"

*Piano
Forte*

Piano accompaniment for the first system of the vocal entry, with dynamics marked *Piano* and *Forte*.

Vocal line for the Treble voice, with lyrics: "earth and sea shall lie at our feet; What e-ver in Fan - - cy's"

Vocal line for the Tenor voice, with lyrics: "earth and sea shall lie at our feet; What e-ver in Fan - - cy's"

Piano accompaniment for the second system of the vocal entry.

eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be
eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be".

ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!
ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!

The second system of the musical score continues with two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!".

The third system of the musical score consists of two empty vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics are not present in this system.

2^d VERSE.

Bright flow'rs shall spring where ever we rove, A voice divine shall talk in each
Bright flow'rs shall spring where ever we rove, A voice divine shall talk in each

stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one
stream, The stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one

beauti _ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!
beauti _ful dream In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!

Final piano accompaniment system with a double bar line at the end.

To Ladies Eyes.

*In Moderate
Time and
with Spirit*

8va

The introduction consists of two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It features a melodic line starting on G4, moving through A4, B4, C5, and ending on B4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

To Ladies eyes a round, Boy, We can't re_fuse, we can't re_fuse, Tho'

The first system of the vocal melody is on a single staff in treble clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff in treble clef with chords and a left-hand staff in bass clef with a simple bass line.

bright eyes' so a - bound, Boy, Tis hard to chuse, tis hard to chuse. For

The second system of the vocal melody continues the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

thick as stars that light -- en Yon air - y bow'rs, yon air - y bow'rs, The

The third system of the vocal melody continues the lyrics. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

countless eyes that bright - en This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But

The fourth system of the vocal melody concludes the lyrics on this page. The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

fill the cup, where e'er, Boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're

con spirito
sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

2^d VERSE.

Some eyes there are, so ho - - - ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As

splendid bea-cons, sole - - - ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n! While

some - oh! ne'er be - lieve them With tempt - ing ray, with tempting ray, Would

lead us (God for - give them!) The o - ther way, the o - ther way. But

fill the cup, where e'er, Boy Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're

con spirito.
sure to find Love there, Boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!

AIR—*Fague a Ballagh*

I.

TO Ladies' eyes a round, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
 Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to chuse, 'tis hard to chuse.
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all! so drink them all!

II.

Some looks there are, so holy,
 They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
 As splendid beacons, solely,
 To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.
 While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them!)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup, &c.

III.

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems pourtray'd, Love seems pourtray'd,
 But shun the flattering error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fix'd his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And lips—but this is telling,
 So here they go! so here they go!
 Fill up, fill up, &c.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

AIR—*The Lamentation of Aughrim.*

I.

FORGET not the field where they perish'd,
 The truest, the last of the brave,
 All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
 Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

II.

Oh! could we from death but recover
 Those hearts, as they bounded before,
 In the face of high heav'n to fight over
 That combat for Freedom once more;—

III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven
 Which Tyranny flung round us then,
 Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
 To let Tyranny bind it again!

IV.

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
 The name of our Victor may be,
 Accurst is the march of that glory
 Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

V.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illum'd by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all, who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame!

Forget not the field.

Despondingly

For - get not the field where they perish'd, The

Cres *h* *pia*

tru - est, the last of the brave - All gone! and the bright hope we

cherish'd Gone with them and quench'd in their grave.

2^d VERSE.

Oh! could we from death but re - co - ver Those hearts, as they

bound - ed -- be - fore, In the face of high heav'n to fight

o - ver That com - bat for Freedom once more!—

for

3^d VERSE.

But 'tis past, and tho' bla - zon'd in sto - ry, The name of our

conqu'ror may be, Thrice curst is the march of that

Glo - ry, Which treads o'er the hearts of the Free.

for

This earth is the planet.

*With gaiety
and feeling*

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a more melodic line in the left hand. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics underneath.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it, I've
found it a life full of kindness and bliss; And un-til they can show me some
hap-pi-er pla-net, More social and bright, I'll con-tent me with this. As

long as the world has such e - loquent eyes, As be - fore me this moment en -

raptur'd I see, They may say what they will of their Orbs in the skies, But this

earth is the pla - net for you, love, and me.

2^d VERSE.

In Mer - cu - ry's star, where each

mi - nute can bring them New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high, Tho' the

Nymphs may have liveli_er poets to sing them, They've none, e_ven there, more e_

namour'd than I. And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love, And that

eye its di_vine in_spi_ra-tion shall be, They may talk as they will of their

E_dens a_bove, But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me!

AIR—*Noch bonn shun doe*

I.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
 I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss ;
 And until they can shew me some happier planet,
 More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
 As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
 As before me this moment enraptur'd I see,
 They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
 New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
 Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets^a to sing them,
 They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
 And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
 And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
 They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
 But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
 At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
 And look, in their twilights^b, as lovely as you.
 But, tho' they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
 As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
 Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
 Heav'n knows, we have plenty on earth we could spare.
 Oh think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

^a Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs.

Pluralité des Mondes.

^b La Terre pourra être pour Venus l'étoile du berger et la mere des amours, comme Venus l'est pour nous
ib.

AIR—*Name unknown.*

I.

OH for the swords of former time!

Oh for the men who bore them,

When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,

And tyrants crouch'd before them!

When pure yet, ere courts began

With honours to enslave him,

The best honours worn by Man

Were those which Virtue gave him.

Oh for the swords of former time! &c.

II.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!

Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,

When hearts and hands of freeborn men

Were all the ramparts round them!

When, safe built on bosoms true,

The throne was but the centre,

Round which Love a circle drew,

That Treason durst not enter.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then! &c.

Oh! for the swords of former time! 61

*In Moderate
time & with
Spirit.*



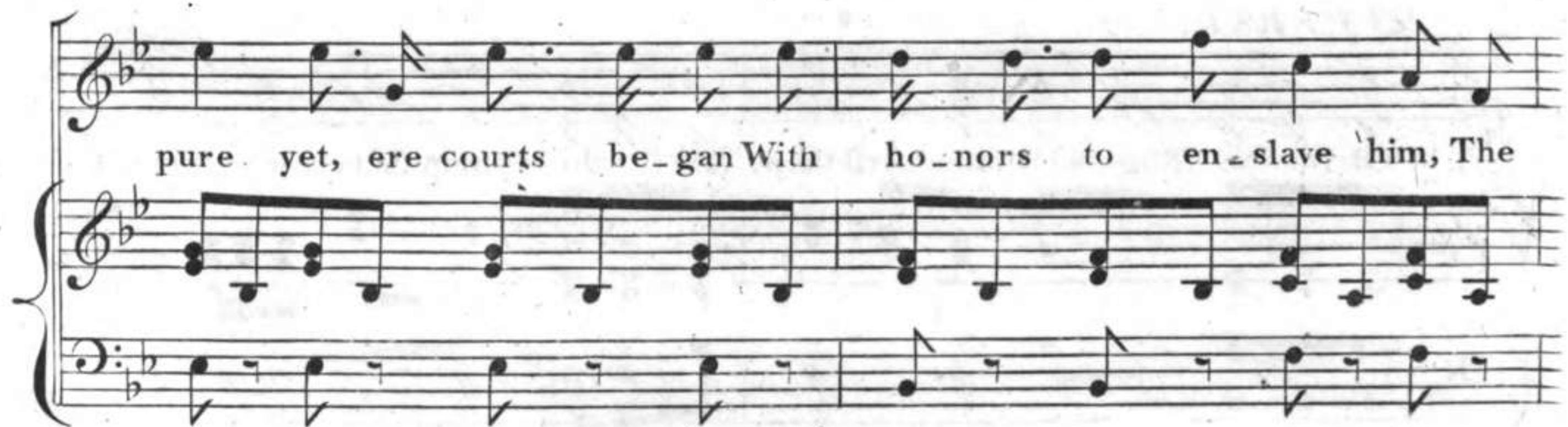
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and common time (C). The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords and a steady accompaniment.



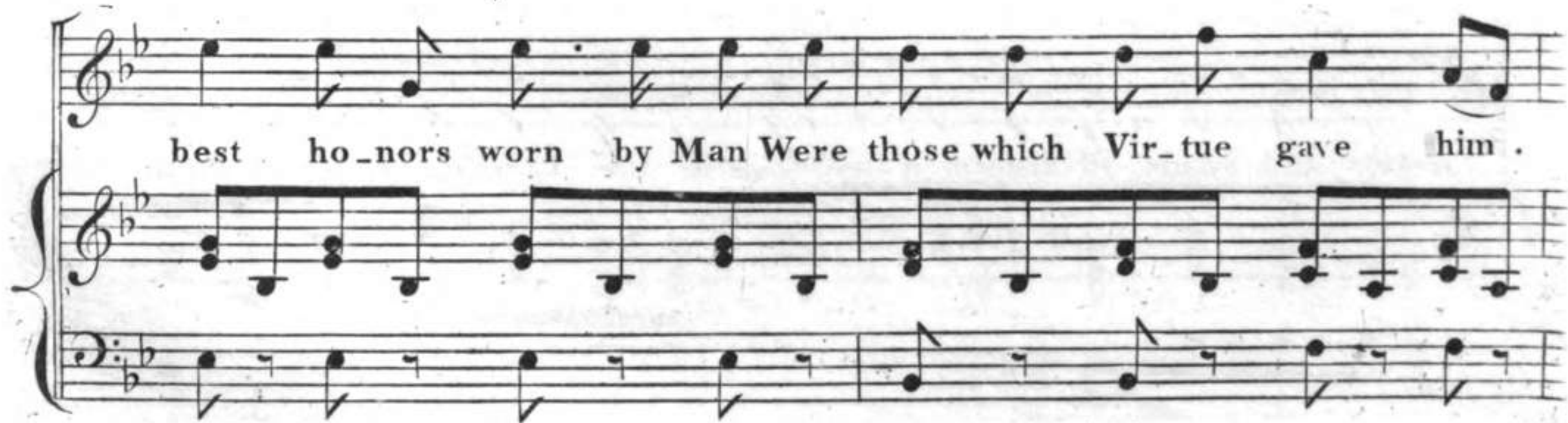
Oh for the swords of former time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,



arm'd for Right, they stood sublime, And tyrants crouch'd before them. When



pure yet, ere courts be-gan With ho-nors to en-slave him, The



best ho-nors worn by Man Were those which Vir-tue gave him.

Oh for the swords of former time! Oh for the men who bore them, When,

arm'd for Right, they stood sublime, And tyrants crouch'd be-fore them.

2^d VERSE.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then, Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When

hearts and hands of freeborn men Were all the ram-parts round them. When,

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Erin! the Tear and the Smile in thine Eyes
Oh! breathe not his name
When he who adores thee
The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls
Fly not yet!
Oh! think not my Spirits are always as light
Tho' the last Glimpse of Erin
Rich and rare were the Gems she wore
As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters may glow
The Meeting of the Waters

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How dear to me the Hour
Take back the virgin Page
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We may roam thro' this World
Eveleen's Bower—(Oh! weep for the Hour)
Let Erin remember the Days of old
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Sublime was the Warning
Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms

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Captain Megan
Erin, oh! Erin—(Like the bright Lamp)
Drink to her

Oh! blame not the Bard
While gazing on the Moon's Light
When Daylight was yet sleeping under the Billow
Before the Battle—(By the Hope within us springing)
After the Battle
Oh! 'tis sweet to think
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress
When thro' Life unblest we rove
It is not the Tear at this Moment shed
'Tis believ'd that this Harp

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Weep on, weep on
Lesbia hath a beaming Eye
I saw thy Form in youthful Prime
By that Lake whose gloomy Shore
She is far from the Land
Nay, tell me not
Avenging and bright
What the Bee is to the Floweret
Love and the Novice (Here we dwell in holiest Bowers)
This Life is all chequer'd

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At the mid Hour of Night
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'Tis the last Rose of Summer
The young May Moon
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The Valley lay smiling before me
Oh! had we some bright little Isle
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the Hour
Oh! doubt me not
You remember Ellen
I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me

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Has Sorrow thy young Days shaded?
No, not more welcome
When first I met thee
While History's Muse
The Time I've lost in wooing
Oh! where's the Slave?
Come, rest in this Bosom
'Tis gone, and for ever
I saw from the Beach
Fill the Bumper fair
Dear Harp of my Country

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As slow our ship her foamy Track
In the Morning of Life, when its Cares are unknown
When cold in the Earth lies the Friend thou hast lov'd
Remember thee! yes, while there's Life in this Heart
Wreath the Bowl
Whene'er I see those smiling Eyes
If thou'lt be mine, the Treasures of Air
To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boy
Forget not the Field where they perisk'd
They may rail at this Life
Oh for the Swords of former Time!

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Sail on, sail on
The Parallel
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O' Donohue's Mistress
The Echo
Oh banquet not
Thee, thee, only thee
Shall the Harp, then, be silent?
Oh the Sight entrancing

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Fare thee well! thou lovely one! . . . Sicilian	Hear me but once French	Oh! days of Youth French
Flow on, thou shining river! Portuguese	Joys of youth, how fleeting Portuguese	Peace to the Slumberers Catalonian
Oh! come to me when daylight sets Venetian	Love and Hope Swiss	Row gently here Venetian
Oft in the stilly night Scotch	Love is a hunter-boy Languedocian	Say what shall be oursport to-day Sicilian
Reason, Folly, and Beauty Italian	My harp has one unchanging theme Swedish	See the dawn from Heaven Italian
Should those fond hopes Portuguese	Oh! no, not e'en when first we lov'd Cashmerian	When first that Smile Venetian
So warmly we met Hungarian	Peace be around thee Scotch	When Love was a Child Swedish
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How oft when watching stars Savoyard	When the first summer Bee German	
Ne'er talk of wisdom's gloomy school Mahratta	When through the Piazzetta Venetian	
Nets and cages Swedish	Where shall we bury our shame Neapolitan	

* * * This Work is published in Royal Quarto, embellished with Illustrations, designed by T. STOTHARD, R. A., and engraved by CHARLES HEATH, J. MITAN, and C. MARR.

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Count not the Hours A Stranger is come O do not think my words are cold Tho' my Visions of Life	My Love is but a Lassie yet The Shadows are stealing Dear Girl The Crystal Waters	Oh cast not a Damp on this Hour of Delight Oh why is yon Cottage so desolate Fare ye well, my pretty Sophy! Yet, ere I seek a distant shore

A SELECTION OF WELSH MELODIES,

With Symphonies and Accompaniments, by JOHN PARRY.—The Words by Mrs. HEMANS. No. 1 and 2., Price 15s. each.

No. I.—Containing	No. II.—Containing
Druidical Chorus, on the landing of the Romans The Sea Song of Gavran The Hall of Cynddylan is gloomy to-night The Rock of Cader Idris The Lament of Llywarch Hen Gruffydd's Feast The Cambrian in America Sons of the fair Isle forget not the time Taliesin's Prophecy Owain Glyndwr's War Song Prince Madog's Farewell Caswallon's Triumph Press on my steed I hear the swell The Mountain Fires White Snowdon The Chant of the Bards	The Green Isles of Ocean Be happy to-day 'Tis the step of my Morvydd Strike the Harp Sweet Vale of the Tywi I crossed in its beauty thy Dee's Druid water The Summer Storm is on the Mountain The Lament of the Last Druid Ellen dear The Heroes of Cymru The Exile of Cambria Ye free Sons of Cambria Oh Cambria! the Days of thy Glory The Hirlas Horn Oh Wallia! around thee The Death of Llywelyn

VOCAL MUSIC.

A SELECTION OF INDIAN MELODIES.

With Symphonies and Accompaniments by C. E. HORN, and Poems written to the Airs by WM. READER, Jun. Esq.—Price 15s

No. 1.—Containing

<i>Red is the Billow's Spray</i>	<i>Fair Dream!</i>	<i>Night is falling</i>
<i>Rose of this enchanted Vale</i>	<i>Bring me the Wine</i>	<i>From the Hill</i>
<i>Hark! the Song</i>	<i>How true the Spot</i>	<i>Oh! come thou not near</i>
<i>In the woody Wilds</i>	<i>In vain thou callest</i>	<i>Maid of the wildly-wishing Eye</i>

LALLA ROOKH*.

Selections from that CELEBRATED POEM, the MUSIC by the following NOBLE and EMINENT Composers —

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Five Songs and a Duet	<i>Lady Flint</i>	5	0	Namouna's song, Recit. and Aria	<i>Dr. Clarke</i>	2	6
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The cold wave my love lies under	<i>Ditto</i>	1	6	Then fly with me, Ballad	<i>Ditto</i>	1	6
The song of the fire worshipper	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0	Fly to the desert, Ballad	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0
The Arabian maid	<i>Bishop</i>	2	0	Hinda's appeal to her lover	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0
The feast of roses	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0	'Twas his voice, Recit. and Air	<i>Sir J. Stevenson</i>	2	0
The Georgian maid	<i>Ditto</i>	2	6	Now morn is blushing, ditto	<i>Ditto</i>	2	0
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— 3, I know that my Redeemer liveth		1	0	— 6, Angels ever bright and fair		1	0

(To be continued.)

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2. Scenes of my Childhood (written by Mrs. Cornwall B. Wilson)		2	0
3. O lovely is the Summer Morn (written by Miss Anna Maria Porter)		2	0

(To be continued.)

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		s.	d.			s.	d.
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Le Portrait		1	0	Depuis longtems Gentille Annette	<i>Ditto</i>	1	0
Le Serment Français		1	0	Le Gentil Housard		1	0
Partant pour la Syrie		1	0	Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur		1	0

(To be continued.)

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		s.	d.			s.	d.	
Ah Perdona, Duett	<i>Mozart</i>	1	0	Lungi dal caro bene	<i>Sarti</i>	1	6	
Batti batti o bel	<i>Ditto</i>	1	0	Non più andrai	<i>Mozart</i>	2	0	
Che dice mal d'amore	<i>Mayer</i>	1	6	Oh quanto l' anima	<i>Mayer</i>	1	0	
Deh vieni alla finestra	<i>Mozart</i>	1	0	Su l'aria	<i>Duett</i>	<i>Mozart</i>	1	0
Di piacer mi balza il cor	<i>Rossini</i>	2	0	Sul Margine		1	0	
Fin ch' han dal vino	<i>Mozart</i>	1	0	Tu che accendi	<i>Rossini</i>	2	0	
Fra tante angoscie	<i>Carafa</i>	2	0	Vederlo sol bramo	<i>Duett</i>	<i>Paer</i>	2	6
Giovinette che fate, Duett and Chorus	<i>Mozart</i>	1	6	Vedrai carino	<i>Mozart</i>	1	0	
La ci darem la mano	<i>Duett</i>	<i>Mozart</i>	1	Voi che sapete	<i>Mozart</i>	1	0	
La dove prende, Duett	<i>Ditto</i>	1	0	Zitti, Zitti, Piano, Piano, .. Trio	<i>Rossini</i>	2	0	

(To be continued.)

SONGS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
ABSENCE	Bishop	2	0	Grotto	Parry	1	6
Adieu, at day-break	Kiallmark	2	0	Hapless Mary!	Dr. Clarke	2	0
A farewell!	Stevenson	2	0	Hark! the trumpet, hark!	Cooke	2	0
Ah! me, why should I heave the fond	Kelly	1	6	Heath, this night, must be my bed	Kemp	1	6
Ah! say, lovely Emma!	Stevenson	1	6	Hence, faithless hope!	Stevenson	2	0
Ah! what woes are mine	Ditto	2	0	Henry and Suvé	Horn	1	6
Ah! who would heed the seeming sigh?	Horn	1	6	Here, in this lone little wood	Stevenson	2	0
Alice of Fyfe	West	2	0	Here's the bower	Moore	2	0
A medley	Horn	1	6	Her heart was made to love	Horn	1	6
And thou art young	King	2	0	Hoax	Ditto	1	6
Annot Lyle	Doyle	2	0	Hope, thou Nurse	1	0
Araby's daughter	Kiallmark	2	0	Hope told a flattering tale	Paisiello	1	0
A rosy cheek	Horn	1	6	Hour of victory	Stevenson	1	6
Auld lang syne	Burns	1	0	How happy once	Moore	2	0
Auld Robin Gray	Ditto	1	0	Hush'd be that sigh	Stevenson	1	6
Away with this pouting and	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Hush! dearest, hush!	Horn	1	0
A youth sat sighing	Kelly	1	6	I always turn to thee	Kelly	1	6
Banks of Allan Water	Horn	1	0	I can no longer stifle	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Be gay! be gay!	Stevenson	2	0	Je suis un pauvre Savoyard	Ware	1	6
Be sure that a smart little maid	King	1	6	If I swear by that eye	Stevenson	1	0
Bill of fare	Horn	1	6	If maidens would marry	Horn	1	6
Black and blue eyes	Moore	2	0	If then to love thee be offence	Stevenson	2	0
Blighted rose	Stevenson	2	0	If winter frowns	Horn	1	6
Bold is the maiden's heart	Kelly	1	6	I have woven a garland for thee	Holden	1	6
Bosoms who conquer'd and bled	Ditto	2	0	I'll love thee ever dearly	Cooke	1	6
Bud in beauty	Stevenson	2	0	I'm deep in love	Parry	1	6
Can I again that form caress?	Moore	1	6	I'm wearing awa	Burns	1	0
Cease, oh! cease to tempt	Ditto	2	0	I'm wearing away	Stevenson	2	0
Cease your funning, (<i>New Edition</i>)	1	0	In days of old	Horn	1	0
Chain and lute	Walmisley	2	0	Indian maid	Kelly	1	6
Chapter on pockets	1	0	I never told my love	Ditto	1	6
Child of glory	Kelly	1	6	I never will deceive thee	Parry	1	6
Come, all you forsaken	Dr. Clarke	1	6	In moments to delight	Walmisley	1	6
Come, take the harp	Stevenson	2	0	In the days of my youth	King	1	0
Come, tell me, says Rosa	Ditto	1	6	In vain may that bosom	Kelly	1	6
Come tell me where the maid is found	Ditto	2	0	Invitation, the	Turnbull	2	0
Contradiction	Cooke	1	6	In yonder bower	Arnold	1	6
Day of love	Moore	2	0	I sigh for the days that are gone	Kelly	1	6
Damon's complaint	Kelly	2	0	It is not that a woman's eyes	Cooke	1	6
Dandy beau	Cooke	1	0	Kitty of Coleraine	1	0
Dear aunt	Moore	2	0	Lament, the	2	0
Dear Fanny	Stevenson	2	0	Land of Shillelah	1	0
Dear ladies, listen to my tale	Howell	1	6	Land o' the Leal (<i>New Edition</i>)	1	0
Dearest Ellen, awake	Emdin	2	0	Light as the shadows of evening	Stevenson	1	6
Deep in my soul	Duval	1	6	Light sounds the harp	Moore	2	6
Did not?	Moore	1	6	Lilla, come down to me	Cooke	2	0
Disasters of poor Jerry Blossom	Smith	1	6	Little Mary's eye	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Does the harp of Rosu slumber?	Stevenson	1	6	London, now is out of town	Ware	1	6
Donald, (<i>new edition</i>)	1	0	Look that says I love thee	Cooke	1	6
Emblem	Horn	2	0	Lord of the castle	King	1	6
Ethereal hope, nuptial song	Hawes	2	0	Lottery, the	Moore	2	0
Every hour I lov'd thee more	Blewitt	2	0	Love	Horn	1	6
Exile of Erin	Campbell	1	0	Love and Folly	Smith	1	6
Expostulation	Kelly	1	6	Love and Time	Kelly	2	0
Fair as the morn's light	B. Livius, Esq. ..	1	6	Love Bird	Smith	1	6
Fair lady, why this frowning?	Cooke	1	6	Love, honour, and obey!	Cooke	1	6
Fair Rosa!	Parry	1	6	Love in a storm	Barry	1	6
Fanny, dearest!	Moore	2	0	Love, like an April day	Horn	1	6
Fanny was in the grove	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Lover's Smiles	Turnbull	2	0
Fare thee well, thou first and fairest! ..	Molineux	1	0	Love's light summer cloud	Moore	2	0
Farewell, Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Love thee, dearest, love thee	Moore	2	0
Fly, fly away	Parry	1	6	Love will find out the way	Little	2	0
Fly from the world, O Bessy!	Moore	1	6	Loud the trump of war was blowing ..	Horn	1	6
Fly to the desert	Kiallmark	2	0	Maid of Marlivale	Stevenson	2	0
Folly, the	Kelly	1	0	Maid of the rock	Ditto	1	6
For her I die	Stevenson	1	6	Maid whose heart was cold to love	Ditto	2	0
Friend of my soul	Moore	1	6	Mansion of love	Emdin	2	0
From glory's heights descending	Kelly	1	6	March away, Helen!	Horn	1	6
From life, without freedom	Moore	2	0	Mary, I believ'd thee true	Stevenson	1	6
Gallant Troubadour	Stevenson	2	0	Monody	Hawes	2	0
Georgian maid	Bishop	2	6	My heart and lute	Moore and Bishop ..	2	0
Give, love! give	Beethoven	2	0	My heart's my own	1	0
Golden chain	Leonard	2	0	My life, I love thee!	Kelly	1	6
Good night	Moore	2	0	My love hastes him home	Horn	2	0
Go, sweet enchantress!	Stevenson	2	0	My love, when thou'rt away	Nicholson	2	0
Green spot that blooms	Kelly	1	6	My dying sire	Kelly	1	6
				My mother did one rule bequeath	Horn	1	0

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Namouna's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Taste life's glad moments	Walmisley	1	6
Nay, weep not! dear Ellen	Smith	2	0	That shepherd, sure, is he	Stevenson	1	6
Ned of the hills	Owenson	1	0	There's not a joy this world can give	Ditto	2	0
Nightingale, the	Sola	2	0	There's the bower	Ditto	1	6
No joy without my love	Cooke	1	6	They bid me sleep	Kemp	1	6
Now morn is blushing	Stevenson	2	0	Think no more, love, of our parting	Clifton	2	0
Obey!	Horn	1	6	Tho' far from thee I'm roving	Dallas	2	0
Oh! come, sweet lass!	Stevenson	2	0	Tho' fate, my girl	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! fair as the seaflower	Welsh	2	0	Tho' gaily smiles the opening spring	Kelly	1	6
Oh! fate in pity	Horn	1	6	Tho' winter frowns	Horn	1	0
Oh! give me the heart that is cheerful	Cooke	1	6	Thou hast sent me a flowery band	Moore	1	6
Oh! if those eyes deceive me not	Stevenson	2	0	Thunder-bolt frigate	Horn	1	6
Oh! Liberty	Moore	2	0	Thy gentle manners	Attwood	2	0
Oh! listen to your lover	Horn	2	0	Thyrsis	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! list unto my tale of	Stevenson	1	6	Thyrza	Walmisley	3	0
Oh! lovely is the summer morn	Bishop	2	0	'Tis love that should rule the breast	Kelly	1	6
Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang	Carter	1	0	'Tis Love, 'tis Love		1	0
Oh! never doubt my love	Cooke	2	0	'Tis wine alone can banish care	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! never from the maid depart	King	1	0	To Julia, weeping	Ditto	1	0
Oh! nothing in life can sadden us	T. M., Esq.	1	0	Toll not the bell	Dallas	2	0
Oh! Patrick	Bishop	2	0	To love thee	Mrs. Opie	1	6
Oh! remember the time	Moore	2	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	1	6
Oh! see those cherries	Ditto	2	0	Too soon the flowers of spring may fade	Kelly	1	6
Oh! smile not thus	Smith	1	6	Triumph of Russia	Ditto	2	6
Oh! soon return	Moore	2	0	Trumpet of glory	Moore	2	0
Oh! turn away those mournful eyes	Stevenson	1	6	'Twas his own voice	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! white is the snow	Kelly	2	0	'Twas on a wild and lonely	Kelly	1	6
Oh! why should the girl of my soul	Moore	2	0	Tyrolese song	Moore	2	0
Oh! Woman!	Ditto	2	0	Ulrica	Cooke	1	0
Oh! woods of green Erin	Doyle	2	0	Vittoria	Ditto	2	0
Oh! would I ne'er had seen thee!	Stevenson	1	0	Wake, maid of Lorn	Stevenson	2	0
Oh! yes—so well, so tenderly	Moore	2	0	Waters of Elle	Stevenson		
Oh! yes, when the bloom	Ditto	2	0	What's life unblest with Love	Ditto	1	6
One dear smile	Moore	2	0	When a man weds	Horn	1	6
Orator Puff	Ditto	1	6	Whence can you inherit		1	0
Orphan boy	Smith	2	0	When Charles was deceived	Moore	2	0
O softly sleep!	Ditto	2	0	When fickle man for woman sighs	Kelly	1	6
Paddy in London	Irish Air	1	0	When from thy sight, love	Ditto	1	6
Paddy the piper	Ditto	1	0	When I first told my Rosa I lov'd	Ditto	2	0
Pangs of absence	Philipps	1	6	When I think of my own green glen	Turnbull	1	6
Parting hour is come, love	Doyle	2	0	When I went for a soldier	Horn	1	6
Parting look she gave	Turnbull	2	0	When Leila touch'd the lute	Moore	2	0
Pleasures of Brighton	Horn	1	6	When love gets in the youthful brain	Horn	1	6
Plumed casque	Kelly	1	6	When love and truth together play'd	Philipps	1	6
Poh! Dermot, go 'long with your goster	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When love was fresh from his cradle	West	1	6
Pray, Goody!		1	0	When midst the gay	Moore	2	0
Pretty Sophy	Bishop	2	0	When night was spreading o'er me	Stevenson	2	0
Probability	T. M., Esq.	1	6	When storms disturb old ocean's bed	King	1	0
Rabbinical origin of woman	Moore	1	6	When the days of the summer	Kiallmark	2	0
Ray that beams for ever	Kelly	2	0	When the girl of my heart	Dr. Clarke	2	0
Remembrances	Mrs. Mc Mullan	2	0	When the rose-bud of summer	Stevenson	2	0
Return, my love	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals	Moore	2	0
Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	1	6	When twilight dews	Stevenson	2	0
Roll, drums, merrily	Cooke	1	0	When woe on the bosom of mercy	Howell	1	6
Rose of affection	Stevenson	1	6	While parted from the youth	King	1	6
Sale of loves	Moore	2	0	Whilst I listen to thy voice	Stevenson	2	0
Savoyard's return	Dr. Clarke	2	0	Whilst on the beach I wander	Doyle	2	0
Say, pretty weeping figure	Stevenson	1	6	White rose of honor	Kelly	1	6
Scenes of my childhood	Bishop	2	0	Who would not love?	Cooke	2	0
Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled		1	0	Why comes he not	Smith	1	6
Sea Boy's Dream	Smith	2	6	William and Jannet	Sanderson	1	0
Send the bowl round merrily	Moore	1	0	Will you come to the bower?	T. M., Esq.	1	0
Soft breezes breathing	Stevenson	1	6	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Moore	2	0
Soft Zephyr	Dr. Clarke	1	6	Winds, whisper gently	Stevenson	2	0
Soldier, rest!	Kemp	1	6	Woman's power ending never	Kearns	1	0
Spanish patriots	Parry	1	0	Woman's smile	Parry	1	6
Spirit of joy	Moore	2	0	Woman, who conquers all	Cooke	1	6
Spirit's song	Dr. Clarke	2	6	Woodbine cottage	Stevenson	2	0
Stay, one moment stay!	Stevenson	2	0	Woodman's cot	Kelly	1	0
Summer	Ditto	2	0	Woodpecker	Ditto	2	0
Sweetest moments life allows	Kelly	1	6	Wreath you wove	Moore	1	6
Sweet is love	Doyle	2	0	Ye banks and braes, (new edition)	Burns	1	0
Sweet is the beam of morning	Dallas	2	0	Ye light forms of fancy	Kelly	1	6
Sweet is the dream	Stevenson	1	6	Yes, it is, love!	Clifton	1	6
Sweet lady! look not thus	Ditto	2	0	Yes, thro' the wide world	Mrs. —	1	0
Sweet minstrel, sing!	Ditto	1	6	Young Jessica	Moore	2	0
Sweet robin		1	6	Young love	Ditto	2	0
Sweet Rose, come away!	Dibdin	1	6	Young son of chivalry	King	1	6
Sweet seducer	Moore	1	6	Youth I adore	Cooke	1	6
Tablet of love	Stevenson	2	0	Youth is but short	Dallas	2	0
Take back the sigh	Moore	2	0	You watch'd the sun's ray	Welsh Air	1	0
Tarry, ye moments	Kelly	1	6	Zounds, my lad	Cooke	1	6

DUETTS.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Ah! say if the glance	Black	1	6	Mourn not, silly mortals	Stevenson	2	0
Alas! poor Lubin	Stevenson	1	6	Nights of music	Moore	2	6
As with slow-moving our	King	2	0	No! never shall my soul forget	Stevenson	2	6
Catherine	Lady C. Stewart	2	0	Now bright July to pleasure calls	Horn	2	0
Chieftain	Stevenson	2	0	O dinna weep	J. M. Harris	2	0
Chink-a-chink	Horn	1	6	Our first young love	Moore	2	0
Come, friendly night	Livius	1	6	Peace!	Stevenson	2	0
Come, all ye youths	Harris	2	0	Send home those long strayed eyes	Ditto	1	6
Congenial to friends	Stevenson	2	0	Should we be forced to part	Cooke	2	0
Could a man be secure (<i>new edition</i>)		1	0	Song of war	Moore	2	0
Dear, in pity	Stevenson	1	6	Sparkling fountains	Stevenson	2	0
Dragon fly	Smith	2	0	Surprise	Ditto	1	6
Dress, with me, the myrtle bower	Stevenson	1	6	Tell me where is fancy bred?	Ditto	2	0
Edmund of the hill	Ditto	1	6	Ditto ditto	Arranged by Bishop	2	0
Faithful love	Parry	2	0	That I no longer wish to rove	Stevenson	1	6
Fare thee well!	Ditto	2	0	Think on me	Ditto	2	0
Flowers in the east	Kelly	2	0	Thro' silent woods	King	2	0
Heave one sigh	Horn	1	0	Time has not thinn'd (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0
Here is the lip	Moore	2	0	Tit bits	Cooke	1	6
He's gone, ah! me	Kemp	2	0	Together let us range the fields	Dr. Boyce	1	6
How happy pass'd morn's pleasant dream	Sanderson	1	6	Turn to this heart	Horn	1	6
If fortune smile	Kelly	1	6	Wake thee, my dear	Moore	2	0
In search of glory	Cooke	2	6	Warrior's soul is all in arms!	Cooke	2	6
Invest my head with fragrant rose	Stevenson	2	0	Well-a-day!	Horn	1	0
Joys that pass away	Moore	2	0	When in languor sleeps the heart	Stevenson	2	0
Lady, by Cupid's darts I swear	Dr. Clarke	2	6	When Jove from the skies	Horn	1	6
Life-boat	Moore	2	6	When war unfurls his banner bright	King	1	6
Love and the sun-dial	Ditto	2	0	Where is the light from Lara's tower?	Stevenson	2	6
Love in thine eyes (<i>new edition</i>)	Jackson	1	0	While parted from the youth I love	King	1	6
Love, my Mary, dwells	Stevenson	2	0	Wilt thou say farewell, love?	Bishop	2	0
Love, wand'ring thro' the golden maze	Ditto	2	0	Wine to cheer	Parry	1	6
				Would you gain by art?	Kelly	1	6
				Young rose	Moore	2	0

GLEES.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
A broken cake	Stevenson	2	0	Merrily O!	Stevenson	2	6
Allen-a-Dale	Horn	2	6	Mountain cot	Richards	2	0
And will he not come again	Stevenson	1	6	Nor throne of state	Kelly	1	6
Archer's glee	Ditto	1	6	Now is the merry month of May	Stevenson	5	0
Awake! Apollo calls	Ditto	1	6	Now let the warrior wave his sword	Moore	2	6
Banks of Allanwater	Hawes	2	6	Now the star of day is high	Stevenson	3	0
Blithe are the bowers of Mosellai	Kelly	2	0	Ocean king	West	2	6
Blest were the days	Stevenson	2	6	Oh! lady fair!	Moore	3	0
Boat trio—"Row gently, row"	Ditto	2	0	Oh! stay, sweet fair	Stevenson	3	0
Buds of Roses	Ditto	2	6	Oh! tell me, pilgrims	Ditto	2	6
Canadian boat-song	Moore	3	0	Raise the song	Stevenson	1	6
Cease not yet, sweet bard!	Stevenson	2	0	Roderigh Vich-Alpine	Horn	3	0
Come, buy my cherries, &c.	Ditto	2	0	Sigh not thus, oh! simple boy	Moore	1	6
Come, follow me	Ditto	5	0	Sir Rowland the brave	Stevenson	2	6
Day set on Norham's castle steep	Lord Burghersh	3	0	Soldier, rest!	Kemp	2	6
Doubt thou the stars are fire	Stevenson	1	6	Song that lightens the languid way	Moore	3	0
Ella	Ditto	2	6	Spirit of Bliss	Lord Burghersh	3	0
Fairy glee	Ditto	5	0	Sweet lady, look not thus again	Stevenson	3	0
Fair and False	Lord Burghersh	2	0	This is love	Moore	2	6
Fill, fill the goblet	Aylmer	1	6	Ting-a-tingle	Horn	2	0
Finland love-song	Moore	2	6	Tis done! the fatal deed	Lord Burghersh	2	6
Give me the harp	Stevenson	5	0	To the brook and the willow	Stevenson	2	6
Happy love	Ditto	2	0	To thy lover	Ditto	2	0
Hark! the bell is ringing	Ditto	2	0	Under the greenwood tree	Ditto	2	6
Hark! thro' the long resounding halls	King	1	6	Under the hawthorn tree	Ditto	1	6
Here's the bower	Stevenson	2	6	Up, quit the bower	Attwood	2	0
Hermits	Ditto	3	0	Wake, Rosa, wake (<i>serenade</i>)	Bartlett	2	6
Holy be the pilgrim's sleep	Moore	5	0	We fairy folk	Stevenson	2	0
I mark'd not eyes	Stevenson	2	0	When time, who steals our years	Phelps	2	6
Lonely isle	Horn	3	0	Where shall the lover rest?	Stevenson	2	6
				Why so pale?	Lord Burghersh	2	6
				Wood nymph	Smith	2	6
				Wreaths of flowers	Stevenson	2	6

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

NEW PIANO-FORTE WORKS, &c.

GRAND SESTETTO for Piano-Forte, two Violins, Tenor, Violoncello, and Double Bass, in which is introduced the admired Air, "'Tis the last Rose of Summer." Ries 8 6
 Piano-Forte part 6 6

		s.	d.			s.	d.
ALLEGRETTO et Valce.....	Kiallmark	2	0	Little's Exercises on Piano-forte.....		1	6
A Temple to Friendship.....	Evestaff	2	0	Lord Hardwicke's March.....	Cooke	2	0
Aria and Waltzer, inscribed to G. G. Ferrari. Violin Accomp.....		2	6	Lord Wellington.....	Jansen	1	6
Banks of Allan Water.....	Chipp	2	6	Marche Pastorale et Air Russe.....	Von Esch	2	6
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto. Flute accompaniment.....	Little	3	0	Minuetto. Flute accomp.....	Little	1	6
Bird-catcher.....	Mozart	1	6	Merch Megan.....	Dibdin	1	6
Blaize et Babet.....	Howell	2	0	Morgan Magan.....	Lanza	2	0
Cease your funning.....	Davy	2	0	Mozart's Grand March.....	Gelinek	2	0
Cogan's "Sonata." Violin Accomp.....		5	0	———— Military Waltz. Flute accom.	Metzler	1	6
Come chase that starting tear.....	Evestaff	2	0	———— Sonata. Op. 19. Harp and Flute accompaniment.....	Weippert	5	0
Conway Ferry.....	Parry	1	6	My love is like the red, red rose, &c....	Hummell	2	6
Devonshire Waltz.....	Voigt	1	6	Nel cor più non mi sento.....	Gelinek	2	0
Di piacer mi balza. Flute Accomp.....	Little	2	0	Oh! Lady Fair.....	Latour	3	0
Eveleen's Bower.....	Woelfl	2	0	O Pescator dell'onda.....	Little	2	6
Fantasia.....	Gladstones	2	6	O softly sleep.....	Kiallmark	2	0
Fly not yet.....	Woelfl	2	0	Partant pour la Syrie.....	Little	2	6
Gelinek's Air from "Alceste.".....		2	6	Pastoral Rondo.....	Holder	3	0
———— "Air" in C.....		2	6	Peace be around thee.....	Hummell	2	6
———— "Aria" in C.....		2	0	Pria che l'Impegno.....	Gelinek	2	6
———— "Minuet" from Le Nozze Disturbate.....		2	0	Prussian Air.....	Ditto	2	0
———— "Waltz".....		2	0	Pyrene Air.....	Ditto	1	6
Gladstone's Grand Sonata, with Orchestral accompaniments.....		6	6	Queen of Prussia's Waltz.....	Ditto	2	6
———— without accomps.....		4	6	Rode's Air, variations.....	Lysaght	2	0
Glow di Glow.....	Cooke	2	0	Row gently here.....	Evestaff	2	6
Go where glory waits thee.....	Corri	2	0	St. Patrick's Day.....	Logier	2	0
Guaracha Waltz.....	Little	3	0	Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace.....	Voigt	1	6
Harmonious Blacksmith (new edition).....	Handel	1	0	Sicilian Dance.....	Little	2	0
Holder's "Divertimento." Op. 46. to Mrs. L. H.....		2	0	Siciliana and Pollacca.....	Schulz	3	0
———— "Sonata." Op. 47. to Miss Emily Tower.....		2	6	Sophy.....	Burrowes	2	0
Howell's Progressive Sonatinas.....		4	0	Sun Flower.....	Hummell	2	6
J'ai de la raison.....	Gelinek	2	0	Sweet Richard.....	Parry	2	0
La Belle Henriette.....	Holder	2	0	Syren.....	Schulz	2	0
La belle Rosa.....	Ditto	2	6	Tema and Waltz.....	Holder	3	0
La ci darem.....	Gelinek	2	0	Tu che accendi, Flute accomp.....	Little	2	0
———— Flute accompaniment.....	Little	1	6	Turn again, Whittington, with accompaniments, Flute and Violoncello..	Turnbull	3	6
Lady Mary.....	Jansen	1	6	———— without accomps.....		2	6
La Gavotte de Vestris. Flute accomp.....	Little	2	0	Tyrolese Air.....	Gelinek	2	6
La Petit Sonate. Op. 45.....	Holder	1	6	Valse Française.....	Ringwood	1	6
L'Hymenée.....	Von Esch	2	6	Venetian Air.....	Hummell	1	0
Lieber Augustine.....	Gelinek	2	0	When love was a child.....	Ries	3	0
L'Oiseau de Venus.....	Kiallmark	2	6	When the Rosebud.....	Kiallmark	2	6
				Wood-pecker.....	Burrowes	2	6
				Ye Cambrian Youths.....	Parry	2	0
				Young Love.....	Burrowes	2	6

Flute and Piano-Forte.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Batti, batti, o bel Masetto.....	Little	2	0	O Dolce Concerto.....	Parry	3	0
Di piacer mi balza il cor.....	Little	2	0	Nightingale.....	Parry	3	0
Fra tante Angoscie, Flute Accomp.....	Little	1	6	Parry's Six Divertimentos.....		5	0
Gia'la mensa et Bravi Cosa Rara.....	Coggins	2	6	Polonoise.....	Metzler	3	0
Hornpipe danced by Mad. Milanie.....	Cooke	3	0	Thistle Grove.....	Coggins	2	6
La ci darem la mano.....	Little	1	6	Thrush.....	Parry	3	0
Mozart's Military Waltz.....	Metzler	1	6	Vestris' Gavotte. Flute accomp.....	Little	2	0
O Dolce Concerto.....	Burrowes & Nicholson	2	6	When the Rosebud.....	Kiallmark	2	6

Mozart's Overtures.

A New and corrected Edition, with Flute and Violoncello Accompaniments.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Così fan tutti.....		1	6	Il Flauto Magico.....		1	6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6
Idomeneo.....		1	6	Il Seraglio.....		1	6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6
Il Direttore.....		1	6	La Clemenza di Tito.....		1	6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6
Il Don Giovanni.....		1	6	Le Nozze di Figaro.....		1	6
Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6	Ditto, with accomp.....		2	6

Overtures.

Henry the Fourth, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello..... <i>Martini</i>	<i>s. d.</i> 4 0	Caliph of Bagdad..... <i>Lanza</i>	<i>s. d.</i> 2 0
with Flute accompaniment	3 0	Conquest of Taranto	<i>Kelly</i>
"Il Ratto di Proserpina," with accomp. for Flute and Violoncello	<i>Winter</i>	First Attempt	<i>Cooke</i>
"Il Tancredi," with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello.....	<i>Rossini</i>	Flodden Field	<i>Ditto</i>
with Flute accomp	2 6	Florence Macarthy	<i>Cooke</i>
Lodoiska, with accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello.....	<i>Kreutzer</i>	Frederick the Great.....	<i>Ditto</i>
with Flute Accompaniments.....	1 6	Harlequin Whittington	<i>Ware</i>
Bride of Abydos	<i>Kelly</i>	High Notions	<i>Parry</i>
All in the dark.....	<i>B. Livius, Esq.</i> ..	Medley	<i>Logier</i>
	2 0	Plots	<i>King</i>
		Successful Cruise.....	<i>Sanderson</i>
		Valley of Diamonds.....	<i>Corri</i>
			2 0

Waltzes.

FOUR WALTZES. Sets 1, 2, and 3, by <i>M. Schoengen</i>	<i>s. d.</i> 1 6	NATIONAL WALTZ and Six others, as danced by the Misses Dennett, com- posed by.....	<i>Miss H.M. Dennett</i> ..	<i>s. d.</i> 2 6
FOUR WALTZES, "The Wood-Hill," "Clifton," "Castle Mahon," and "Charlemont," by.....	<i>T. Holt</i>	THREE WALTZES, "The Cobourg," "The Anglesea," and "The Sarah Ann," composed by	<i>Augustus Meves</i> ..	2 0

Musard's Quadrilles, &c.

J. POWER, has the honour to announce to the Nobility and Gentry, Subscribers to the Balls at Almack's and the Argyll Rooms, that he has purchased from Messrs. Musard, Collinet, and Michau, the exclusive Copyright of all the Quadrilles and Waltzes composed by them this season.

11th Set, with Flute Accomp., dedicated to the Duchess of Somerset.....	<i>s. d.</i> 4 0	18th Set, with Flute Accomp., dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont	<i>s. d.</i> 4 0
12th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Princess Esterhazy	4 0	19th Set, with ditto, dedicated to the Countess of Wemyss and March	4 0
13th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Countess St. Antonio	4 0	20th Set, composed expressly for, and most humbly dedi- cated to, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Noble and Hon. Members of the Ball Committee at the King's Theatre for the relief of the Distress'd Irish	4 0
14th Set, with ditto, danced at the Juvenile Ball, Carlton Palace and the Pavilion, Brighton; composed by the command, and with permission dedicated to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth	4 0	21st Set, with Flute Accomp. dedicated to Lady Petre	4 0
15th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Miss Seymour	4 0		
16th Set, with ditto, dedicated to Lady Codrington	4 0		
17th Set, with ditto, dedicated to the Countess St. Antonio * * * The subjects of this set from "La Gazza Ladra,"	4 0		

Musard's Waltzes.

6th Set, with Flute Accomp.	2 6	8th Set, Ditto (Nouvelles Mazucas).....	2 6
7th Set, Ditto	2 6	9th Set, Ditto	2 6

Dances.

J. Power's Pocket Edition of Quadrilles, as danced at the Argyle Rooms, Almack's, &c., Books 1 to 7 ..each	3 0	Ditto, No. VI. containing "Echo Dance"—"Eclipse Waltz"—"Dr. Syntax"—"Burlington Arcade"— "Waring Waltz"—and "Captive Bird, (to be continued.)	1 0
J. Power's select Dances No V. containing "The Caro- line"—"Papageno"—"Highland Laddie"—"Gavotte de Vestris"—"Ivanhoe" and "Exmouth Waltz,"	1 0	J. Power's Collection of Dances, Waltzes, Quadrilles, &c., for 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1823, with Flute Accomp. ..	2 6

Duets for Two Performers.

Bagatelles	<i>Little</i>	3 0	Those evening bells	<i>Ries</i>	3 6
Cease your funning	<i>Bennett</i>	3 0	Ov. "Il Tancredi"	<i>Little</i>	2 6
Di tanti palpiti	<i>Bennett</i>	2 6	Do. Do. with Accomp. Flute and Violoncello		3 6
Flow on thou shining River	<i>Ries</i>	3 6	Overture and Selections from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico" arranged from the original score, by	<i>J. H. Little</i>	15 0
Hope told a flattering tale	<i>Bennett</i>	3 6	Book 1.		3 0
Les Belles Bergères, with Harp Accom- paniment	<i>Little</i>	4 0	Books 2, 3, 4, and 5,	each	4 0
Ditto, without Accompaniment	<i>Ditto</i>	3 0			
Oh Lady Fair	<i>Burrowes</i>	2 6			

NEW HARP MUSIC.

Banks of Allan Water	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	O softly sleep	<i>Dizi</i>	2 0
Brussels Waltz	<i>Holden</i>	2 0	Peace be around thee (from the National Airs)	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6
Cambrian Youth	<i>Parry</i>	2 0	Rhenish Air	<i>Weippert</i> ..	1 6
Crudel Perchè, &c. Harp and Piano-Forte ..	<i>Chipp</i>	3 6	Sly Patrick. Fantasia and Variations	<i>Bochsa</i>	
Drink to me only with thine eyes	<i>Weippert</i> ..	2 0	Sun-flower, the (from the Irish Melodies)	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6
Eveleen's Bower (from the Irish Melodies)....	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6	Sweet Richard	<i>Parry</i>	2 0
Hilton House	<i>Weippert</i> ..	1 6	Three Waltzes. Harp and Piano-Forte	<i>Hummell</i> ..	3 6
Introduction and Polonaise (Harp and P.-Forte)	<i>Chipp</i>	3 6	'Tis the last Rose of Summer	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6
Legacy (from the Irish Melodies)	<i>Chipp</i>	2 0	Venetian Air	<i>Hummell</i> ..	1 0
Merch Megan	<i>Miss Dibdin</i> ..	1 6	To Ladies eyes	<i>Ditto</i>	2 6
My love is like the red, red rose	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6	We're a' Noddin	<i>Chipp</i>	2 6
Munich Waltz, &c.	<i>Hummell</i> ..	2 6			

